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MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE
OF
DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.
INTERSPERSED WITH
Characters and Anecdotes
OF
HIS THEATRICAL CONTEMPORARIES.
THE WHOLE FORMING
A HISTORY OF THE STAGE,
WHICH INCLUDES A PERIOD OF THIRTY-SIX YEARS.

BY THOMAS DAVIES.

—Quem populus Romanus meliorem virum quam histrionem
esse arbitratur, qui ita dignissimus est scena propter artificium, ut
dignissimus sit curia propter abstinentiam.

CICERO pro Q. Roscio Comædo.

A NEW EDITION,
WITH AMPLE ADDITIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
IN THE FORM OF NOTES,

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THE
LIFE
OF
DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

CHAP. XXXI.

Account of the Riot occasioned by the advanced Prices to The Two Gentlemen of Verona, and the Tragedy of Elvira—Account of the chief Agent—Hero of the Fribbleriad, &c.

A RIOT in a playhouse is very different from a tumult in the street: the latter is a sudden fray arising from ignorance or mistake, generally soon ended, and often without any mischief done to any body; whereas the former is almost always the result of a conspiracy, proceeding from private resentment, and in its consequences pernicious to the object against whom it is levelled.

In January 1763, a certain gentleman

and his confederates circulated a printed advertisement throughout all the coffee-houses, taverns, and other public houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden and Drury Lane; wherein they set forth the great injustice of the managers of the play-houses, in presuming to exact the full prices on the night of a revived play; whereas they conceived that they had no reasonable claim to these charges from the beginning to the end of a night's entertainment, except on the addition of a pantomime. They declared, with seeming moderation, at the same time, that their demand of redress should be urged with decency and temper, and an explanation of the managers' conduct required in a manner becoming gentlemen.

The confederates chose a very odd, or rather improper, time to enforce the doctrine of submission to their authority, on the benefit night of the writer (*), who had altered

(*) It might appear, from this, as if Mr. Davies meant himself. The alterer of the play, however, was Mr. Victor; and this was the sixth night of the performance; of course, for his benefit.

the play of Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, at a time when the full charges were never disputed.

A Mr. Fitz——k (*), who is since dead, appeared the avowed ringleader of these reformers, who were determined to disturb the audience, and deprive them of their right to enjoy the representation of a play unmolested.

This gentleman harangued the spectators from the boxes, and set forth, in very warm and opprobrious language, the impositions of the managers; and, with much vehemence, pleaded the right of the audience to fix the price of their bill of fare. When Mr. Garrick came forward to address the house, he was received with noise and uproar, and treated with the utmost contempt by the orator and his friends. He was not permitted to show the progressive accumulation of theatrical expenses, the nightly charge of which, from the year 1702 to 1760, had been raised from 34*l.* to above

(*) Fitzpatrick.

90*l*. They would not suffer him to speak one word in defence of himself and his partner. It had been an invariable custom with Booth, Wilks, and Cibber, to demand full prices on the acting of a new play which cost them additional expense in decoration. I am informed too, that the present managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, from the prodigious increase of expenditure on various occasions, are obliged to charge their actors, for a benefit play, 100*l*.

But this tribune of the people, Mr. Fitz—k, would hear no apology, would listen to no remonstrances in favour of the patentees; they must not be allowed a night's time, no, not an hour, to deliberate on a matter of so much consequence to themselves and all dramatic writers, but must yield unconditional submission to a peremptory order of this despotical gentleman and his associates, or the house must be torn to pieces, as a punishment for non-compliance.

The consequence of not instantly giving up the privileges of authors to the superior

claims of dumb show, was the tearing up the benches, breaking the lustres and girandoles, and committing every act of violence to which they were prompted by their ungovernable rage and malice. The play was given up, and the money returned.

The next night a new tragedy, called *Elvira*, written by Mr. Mallet, was acted at Drury Lane. The rioters, headed by their spokesman, enforced their former demand in the same violent and laconic manner. When Mr. Garrick appeared, they cried out with one voice, "Will you, or will you not, give admittance for half price, after the third act of a play, except during the first winter a pantomime is performed?" The manager, who had learnt the lesson of obedience by the losses which he had sustained the preceding evening, replied in the affirmative. But, however, peace was not to be restored till some of the players had made an *amende honorable*, for daring to espouse the cause of their master. Mr. Moody was called upon to apologize for the offence he had given, in stopping a madman's hand

who was going to set fire to the playhouse. He, imagining that he should bring the audience into good humour by a laughable absurdity, in the tone and language of a low-bred Irishman, said, "He was very sorry " that he had displeased them by saving " their lives in putting out the fire." This speech was so ill taken, that it rather inflamed than cooled their rage; and they loudly and vehemently insisted that he should go down on his knees, and ask their pardon. Moody was so far from complying with this positive command, that he had the courage absolutely to refuse, saying, "I " will not by G—." When he came off the stage, Mr. Garrick was so pleased with his behaviour, that he received him with open arms, and assured him, that whilst he was master of a guinea, he should be paid his income; but that, if he had been so mean as to have submitted to the required abasement, he never would have forgiven him.

The tumult was so great on Moody's refusing to comply with the demand of the

audience; that, to appease their wrath, Mr. Garrick promised he should not appear on the stage again during the time he was under their displeasure.

Mr. Moody's situation was by no means eligible. He was reduced to the necessity of either taking leave of the capital, and joining the itinerant actors in the country, or of depending upon the generosity of the manager. He could expect no mercy from the gentlemen who had enjoined so severe a penance for an act of duty: he was therefore determined, after weighing all consequences, to seek redress from the original plotter of all the mischief, Mr. Fitz——k himself.

He waited upon him at his chambers in the Temple. The interview was extraordinary, and part of it will perhaps appear most to advantage in dialogue. That gentleman seemed somewhat surprised when Moody addressed him in these words, "I suppose, Sir, you know me."

Fitz. Very well, Sir; and how came I by the honour of this visit?

Moody. How dare you ask me that question, when you know what passed at Drury Lane last night ; where I was called upon by you to dishonour myself, by asking pardon of the audience upon my knees ?

Fitz. No, Sir, I was not the person who spoke to you.

Moody. Sir, you did ; I saw you, and heard you. And what crime had I committed, to be obliged to stoop to such an ignominious submission ? I had prevented a wretch from setting fire to the playhouse, and had espoused the cause of a gentleman in whose service I had enlisted.

Fitz. I do not understand being treated in this manner in my own house.

Moody. Sir, I will attend you where you please ; for be assured, I will not leave you till you have satisfied me one way or other.

Mr. Fitz——k, perceiving that Moody was determined to exact satisfaction, asked him what reparation he wished to have. Moody said, he expected that he would sign his name to a paper, and repair the injury, by acknowledgment that he had acted to-

wards him in a most unjust and improper manner ; at the same time that he would request his friends not to insist on the penance prescribed to Mr. Moody, but to receive him to favour on his making any reasonable excuse.

Mr. Fitz——k now assumed the man ; he declared that no power on earth should prevail on him to sign such a writing. Mr. Moody then renewed his positive resolution to right himself. After some farther altercation, Mr. Fitz——k proposed to serve Mr. Moody in another way, and perhaps more effectually than by the signing of any instrument whatsoever. “ I know Mr. Moody,” said Mr. Fitz——k, “ goes to the Jamaica “ coffee-house ; I will meet him there to-morrow morning, and fix upon a proper “ way to accommodate matters to his entire “ satisfaction.”

Mr. Fitz——k did not meet Mr. Moody. However, he sent a gentleman to him with whom he was well acquainted, and one very willing and able to bring about a reconciliation between the audience and the actor. Mr. Fitz——k now began to view his con-

duct with impartial eyes ; and, to make some amends for his past outrageous conduct to the actor and manager, he wrote a letter to Mr. Garrick in a strain very condescending, and to a proud man sufficiently humiliating. The chief purpose of this epistle was to acquaint him, that whenever he thought proper to introduce Mr. Moody to the audience, he and all his friends would attend, and contribute to his being reinstated in the favour of the public.

Having closed this article of Fitz——k's particular behaviour to Mr. Moody, I would beg leave to observe, that degrading the actor must tend to lessen the pleasure of the spectator. What just notions of propriety of behaviour, what knowledge of elegance in manners, or representation of what is grand or graceful, humorous or gay, can an audience expect from a wretch who is driven to a degree of meanness unworthy of a man ? I would by no means encourage insolence in the player, but repress it immediately, and exact such reparation as it becomes the actor to give, and a humane as well as polite assembly to receive.

Dufresne, an excellent French actor, much celebrated for his performance in all the heroic lovers of Voltaire's tragedies, was interrupted in a speech by a gentleman in the pit, who told him he spoke *too low*; "And you, Sir," said the actor, "*too loud*." The audience immediately took fire; the house was in a tumult, and resented the insolence of the actor, who had presumed to talk to a gentleman so rudely. The police interposed, and the next evening Dufresne was commanded to acknowledge his fault in very submissive terms. The actor came forward to make his acknowledgment, and the audience were attentive to what he was about to say. Dufresne began in this manner: "Gentlemen, till now I never felt the meanness of my condition."—This exordium struck the pit so forcibly, that they would not permit him to proceed, but dismissed him with loud and reiterated plaudits. They reflected, that, notwithstanding Dufresne had rather added to his former affront by what he had said, they did not wish to make him too sensible of the inferior rank he held in life.

Though Mr. Fitz——k's plan of reformation, as he called it, was principally levelled at Mr. Garrick, yet, as he was now engaged in a public cause, he thought it would appear very partial if he did not oblige Mr. Beard, the manager of Covent Garden, to submit to the same regulations he had imposed on Mr. Garrick. To this end he proceeded with his associates, the night following, to undertake the conquest of Covent Garden. He there delivered an harangue, similar to his oration at Drury Lane, and insisted on the manager's compliance. The opera of Artaxerxes was to be acted that night. Mr. Beard answered the speech of the orator with great firmness, and with a strong appearance of reason ; he more particularly observed, that operas had never been exhibited at such small prices any where as at this theatre ; that the nightly expenses were prodigiously increased since the days of former managers ; and that the public ought not to grudge the full charge, when no expense in actors, clothes, scenes, music, and every decoration of the stage, had been spared, for their entertainment.

All this, and much more, was urged in vain by the manager. No argument or reason could have any effect upon these public-spirited gentlemen; they wondered at Mr. Beard's confidence in opposing that authority to which Mr. Garrick had submitted; they insisted peremptorily on a positive answer to their demand, which was, Whether he would comply with their regulation of prices, or not? This being answered in the negative, they then proceeded to their most powerful argument, force, and demolished the play-house in such a manner, that the carpenters could not repair the damages sustained in the scenery, and other parts of the theatre, in less than four or five days. Mr. Beard, being determined to maintain and defend his property by legal methods, took care to fix upon some of the rioters, and, with the help of a chief justice's warrant, brought two or three of them before Lord Mansfield. Mr. Fitz——k, alarmed at the manager's resolution, thought proper to attend the judge, where the usual paleness of his cheek was rendered perfectly of a livid colour by the

dreadful rebuke of Lord Mansfield, who told him solemnly, that if a life was lost in this tumultuous contest, he would be answerable for it with his own.

Notwithstanding this severe check, the tribune and his confederates were determined to finish what they had begun, and force the manager to a compliance. However, they changed their mode of attack, sensible that force might be attended with bad consequences, and, perhaps, the chief justice's sentence be completed in their own persons, by proceeding to destroy the benches, and other like acts of violence. As soon as the playhouse was refitted, they attended as before, but contented themselves with laughing, hissing, and such-like innocent practices, to interrupt the play, till the manager should comply with their arbitrary decrees. Mr. Beard, finding it impossible to keep open the doors of the theatre to any purpose without submitting to these dictators, at last complied, and peace was restored.

Thus ended this formidable riot. The public gained, it is true, by the victory of

Mr. Fitz——k and his friends, the wonderful privilege of seeing two acts of a play at half-price, and the exaltation of pantomime to a rank superior to tragedy and comedy, so much boasted of by the conspirators, who called themselves the town. But I can tell them honestly, they owed these great emoluments to the private resentment of a splenetic man, not to public spirit or patriotic principle. And, as it will serve to show the false pretences, as well as mean passions of men, who, to gratify their ill-nature and malice, make an ostentatious parade of deep concern for the interests of others, I will give a short narrative of the quarrel which gave rise to this theatrical insurrection.

Mr. Fitz——k was a gentleman who lived upon a moderate income left him by his father. His education had given him a taste for the belles lettres, more especially for dramatical writings. He was a frequenter of the coffee-houses about Covent Garden, especially the Bedford.

This gentleman being a constant attendant at the theatre, and esteemed to be no mean

judge of the merit of authors and actors, he was introduced to Mr. Garrick, and, I believe, complimented with the freedom of his play-house. By his gentle and insinuating address, he so far gained Mr. Garrick's favour and regard, that, from an acquaintance, he ranked him among the number of his friends.

The criticisms which Mr. Fitz——k first published in the newspapers were rather of the liberal sort, favourable to the manager, and kind to the actor. A little success, owing to the flattering and exuberant applauses of his friends, inspired him with an immoderate share of conceit and vanity. He, who had been modest and doubtful before, became all of a sudden confident and decisive. The precise time when this critic began to conceive his observations of such intrinsic value, as to think himself a better judge of acting than Roscius himself, and announced his superior importance to the public, I do not know ; but I remember well, the critical time which he seized upon for an open rupture with Mr. Garrick, was at a meeting of a respectable society called the Shakespeare

Club, which had been chiefly brought together by Mr. Garrick and his most intimate friends, and of which also Mr. Fitz——k had been chosen a member. What the business was of this assembly, more than drinking toasts to the immortal remembrance of the great dramatic writer, and refreshing their minds with the recital of his various excellences, I cannot recollect; but it happened, that, at a meeting of this club, during Mr. Garrick's absence, when it was proposed by some of the members to contrive some peculiar marks of honour from their society to Shakespeare, a gentleman moved, that as Mr. Garrick, the great admirer and best speaking commentator of the poet, was absent, all business of that kind should be postponed to another time.

Mr. Fitz——k now laid hold of this incident to give vent to the malevolence of his temper, which he had hitherto smothered, or at least disguised. He wondered any gentleman should propose deferring the business of the club on account of a member's absence, "who was certainly the most insigni-

“ficant person that belonged to their society.”

This unexpected declaration of ill-will to a man who had never given the smallest provocation for such hostile behaviour, surprised every body present.

Mr. Garrick called upon Mr. Fitz——k for an explanation, but could obtain none ; he would neither recede, by making an apology for a rash or inadvertent expression, which would have been accepted ; nor justify his conduct, by supporting what he had said in a manner becoming the man who had given just cause of offence. Common friends to Mr. Fitz——k and Mr. Garrick proposed and appointed several meetings, but in vain. Whether the aggressor thought a player was a creature deserving neither a reasonable concession nor honourable resentment, I cannot pretend to decide ; but his enmity to Mr. Garrick was neither removed by *eclaircissement*, nor maintained by an act of courage.

His censures of Mr. Garrick’s manner of acting from this time became more frequent, severe, and acrimonious. Like the foolish rhetorician who presumed to pronounce leg-

tures on the art of war before Hannibal, this daring critic found fault with the emphasis and action of our English Roscius. He wrote letters in a paper called *The Craftsman*, signed X. Y. Z. In these he endeavoured to undeceive the public in their opinion of their favourite actor, and to prove that he was a theatrical impostor. Not content with pouring forth these effusions of a weak brain and malicious mind in a weekly paper, he collected them together, and published them in a shilling pamphlet, entitled, *An Inquiry into the real Merit of a certain popular Performer, in a Series of Letters, with an Introduction, to David Garrick, Esq.*

But however favourable he and his admirers might judge of this motley tissue of rancour and impertinence, the public in general received these criticisms with negligence and contempt. The Reviewers indeed, by pointing out their insignificancy, kept them alive for a day, and then consigned them to oblivion.

Against the attacks of a man so weak, so vain, and so malicious, Mr. Garrick judged that ridicule would be the surest guard, and

most offensive weapon. A poem was published, called *The Fribbleriad*, which was universally and justly attributed to Mr. Garrick. With much humour, great vivacity, pleasantry, and wit, he played with the tremendous plot of Fizzgigg, the hero of the poem, and the members of his contemptible club. He characterizes them as things of a peculiar species, who met together in assembly at Hampstead, to plot the downfall of Garrick, their great enemy, who had most abominably exposed them in his farce of *Miss in her Teens*. The author employs colours of ridicule, sufficiently glaring to excite laughter, when he describes the soft insignificance, consequential unimportance, and harmless conspiracies of these dainty nothings. The poem is really curious, and now out of print, or at least not to be purchased singly *. A

* It was inserted in "*The Repository*," a very entertaining miscellany (selected by a gentleman to whom the world of letters is under great obligations), published in 2 volumes by Mr. Dilly, 1776 (†).

(†) The gentleman alluded to was Isaac Reed, Esq. who afterwards published two additional volumes. Mr. Reed died Jan. 5, 1807. See *European Magazine*, vol. li. p. 83.

few quotations from it will, I believe, be diverting to the reader. The poet thus invokes his muse :

Say, gossip muse, who lov'st to prattle,
 And fill the town with tittle-tattle—
 To tell a secret such a bliss is !
 Say for what cause these master-misses
 To Garrick such a hatred bore,
 That long they wish'd to pinch him sore ;
 To bind the monster hand and foot,
 Like Gulliver in Lilliput ;
 With birchen-twigs to flay his skin,
 And each to stick him with a pin ?—
 Are things so delicate so fell ?
 Can cherubims be imps of hell ?
 Tell us how spite a scheme begot,
 Who laid the eggs, who hatch'd the plo
 O sing in namby-pamby feet,
 Like to the subject, tripping neat ;
 Snatch ev'ry grace that fancy reaches ;
 Relate their passions, plotting, speeches :
 You, when their Pan-Fribblerium sat,
 Saw them conven'd, and heard their chat ;
 Saw all their wriggling, fuming, fretting,
 Their nodding, frisking, and curvetting ;
 Each minute saw their rage grow stronger,
 Till the dear *things* could hold no longer ;

But out burst forth the dreadful vow,
 To DO A DEED!—But when? and how?
 And where? O muse, thy lyre new-string,
 The How, the When, the Where, to sing!
 Say in what sign the Sun had enter'd
 When these sweet souls on plotting ventur'd—
 'T was when the balmy breath of May
 Makes tender lambkins sport and play;
 When tenderer fribbles walk, and dare
 To gather nosegays in the air.

.

There is a place upon a hill,
 Where cits of pleasure take their fill;
 Where hautboys scream, and fiddles squeak,
 To sweat the *ditto* once a week;
 Where joy of late unmix'd with noise
 Of romping girls and drunken boys;
 Where Decency, sweet maid, appear'd,
 And in her hand brought Johnny Beard;
 'T was here (for public rooms are free)
 They met to plot, and drink their tea.
 Each on a satin stool was seated,
 Which, nicely quilted, curtain'd, pleated,
 Did all their various skill display;
 Each work'd his own, to grace the day.
 Above the rest, and set apart,
 A chair was plac'd, where curious art,
 With lace and fringe, to honour meant
 Him they should choose their President.

After some debate, one of the fribble heroes, Sir Cock-a-Doodle, proposes to choose Fizgigg for their chairman, whom he declares to be the most proper person to carry on the war with vigour against the common enemy. Fizgigg is thus described :

At which, one larger than the rest,
With visage sleek, and swelling chest,
With stretch'd-out fingers, and a thumb
Stuck to his hips, and jutting bum,
Rose up——

Captain Pattypan proposes to destroy Garrick by the sword.

———At length began
The valiant Captain Pattypan :
With kimbow'd arm, and tossing head,
He bridled up——“ Wear I this red ?
Shall blood be nam'd, and I be dumb ?
For that, and that alone, I come ;
Glory's my call, and blood my trade ;
And thus——” Then forth he drew his blade.

The Rev. Mr. Marjoram prescribes arsenic in the enemy's gruel, as the surest and safest method to dispatch him.

More soft, more gentle than a lamb,
 The reverend Mister Majoram
 Arose—but first, with finger's tip;
 He pats the patch upon his lip,
 Then o'er it glides his healing tongue ;
 And thus he said—or rather sung :
 “ Sure 't is the error of the moon ;
 What, fight a mimic, a buffoon !
 In France he has the Church's curse,
 And England's church is ten times worse.
 Have you not read the Holy Writ
 Just publish'd by a reverend wit * ?
 That every actor is a thing,
 A Merry Andrew, paper King ;
 A puppet made of rags and wood,
 The lowest son of earth, mere mud ;
 Mere public game, where'er you meet him,
 And coblers as they please may treat him ?
 Slave, coxcomb, venal, and what not ?
 Ten thousand names that I've forgot—
 Then risk not thus a precious life
 In such a low, *unnat'ral* strife ;
 And sure to stab him would be cruel ;
 I vote for—arsenic in his gruel.”

The chairman closes the debate, by as-
 suring them that he has found out a more
 mortal weapon than poison or the sword.

* Supposed to be written by a Methodist divine.

Then from his bosom forth he drew
 A crow-quill pen—" Behold, for you,
 And your revenge, this instrument !
 From hell it came, to me 't was sent :
 Within is poison, sword, and all ;
 Its point a dagger dipt in gall.
 Keen ling'ring pangs the foe shall feel,
 While clouds the hand that stabs conceal.
 With this, while living, I'll dissect him ;
 Create his errors, then detect 'em ;
 Swell tiny faults to monstrous size,
 Then point them out to purblind eyes.

.

Attended with some noisy cit,
 Of strong belief, but puny wit,
 I'll take my seat, be rude and loud,
 That each remark may reach the crowd ;
 At Lear will laugh, be hard as rocks,
 And sit at Scrub like barber's blocks ;
 When all is still, we'll roar like thunder ;
 When all applause, be mute, and wonder !
 In this I boast uncommon merit ;
 I like, have prais'd, his genius, spirit :
 His various pow'rs, I own, divert me ;
 'T is his *success* alone has hurt me."

Churchill drew his rough, but masterly
 pen against Fitz——k ; and, in fifty ex-
 pressive lines, described one of the most

odious characters that nature is capable of producing (*).

Mr. Fitz——k, whatever his feelings might be from the Fribbleriad, smothered his resentment, till it burst forth in the riot which he raised on account of the play-house charges.

(*) The reader will find it in an early part of *The Rosciad*. It first appeared in the eighth edition of that masterly poem.

CHAP. XXXII.

Author of Elvira—Some Account of him—His first poetical Production—His Acquaintance with Mr. Pope and Lord Bolingbroke—Tragedy of Eurydice—Alfred, in conjunction with Mr. Thomson—Anecdote of Thomson—Tragedy of Mustapha—Appointed to write the Life of the Duke of Marlborough with Mr. Glover—Alfred revived—The Publisher of Bolingbroke's Works—Behaviour to a Printer—Stratagem to get Elvira acted—Success of it—Mallet's religious Principles—A remarkable Story—His Death.

BEFORE I take notice of the success which followed *Elvira* in 1763, the reader may possibly desire to peruse some account of Mr. Mallet, the author, who had, long before that period, written several dramatic compositions, which were acted at the same theatre of Drury Lane.

This writer was, when very young, janitor of the High School of Edinburgh. His real name was Macgregor, a member of a Scotch clan, which had rendered themselves so notorious, as well as noxious, for acts of violence and robbery, that they were obliged, by an act of parliament, to change the name of Macgregor for another. Our author chose that of Malloch; but after having used it some time, and signed it to a dedication, he thought it sounded so unpolitely, and was so unharmonious, that he afterwards softened it into Mallet. The first production of his muse, and when he was very young, was a sweet and plaintive ballad called William and Margaret. Captain Thomson, the editor of Andrew Marvell's works, declares that he found this poetical nosegay among many other productions of the same author in a folio MS. of his works, and with several poems published by Mr. Addison in the Spectator.

The English poetry, in Marvell's time, was certainly not arrived at that elegance and harmony so visible in the song of Wil-

liam and Margaret, and the hymns and versions of Psalms in the Spectator ; which latter bear evident marks of their being Mr. Addison's own composition. Nor can I presume to rob Mr. Mallet of the merit of writing William and Margaret, on so slender a proof as that of its being found in a volume of manuscript poems attributed to Mr. Marvell, a name which deserves to be revered by every sincere lover of his country. Mr. Mallet, having distinguished himself as a man of learning and capacity, was appointed private tutor to His Grace the Duke of Montrose, and his brother, Lord George Graham. Soon after, he went abroad with Mr. Craggs ; and after he returned to England, he wrote his tragedy of Eurydice, which was acted at the theatre in Drury Lane in 1731. Aaron Hill wrote the prologue and epilogue, and was enthusiastically warm in his praises of the play, though he found great fault with the acting of it. Eurydice is not written to the heart ; the language is not original in many places, but borrowed from other plays ; nor are the situ-

ations in which the characters are placed interesting, any more than the characters themselves are justly or powerfully drawn : Periander and Procles are Tamerlane and Bajazet, only in dissimilar situations of fortune.

We have in this play rage without producing terror, and grief that causes no commiseration. Eurydice was revived almost thirty years after its first representation. The principal characters were personated by Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, but to no effect. The passions of love and jealousy are, of all others, the most capable of affecting the minds of the spectators ; but all the fire of a Garrick, and pathos of a Cibber, could not extort a tear from the audience. But the author would not take the-blame upon himself ; he sat in the orchestra, and bestowed his execrations plentifully upon the players, to whom he attributed the cold reception of his tragedy.

Soon after the first acting of Eurydice he published his poem of Verbal Criticism ; a trite satire on pedants and pedantry, com-

posed of such common-place raillery as that with which small wits usually attack great and eminent scholars. Bentley's *Paradise Lost* was indeed a fair mark for censure; and we must, I am afraid, reckon it among the dotages of that learned man, who published his edition of Milton in a very advanced age. But Mallet's attack upon Theobald was equally ignorant and illiberal; for the *Shakespeare Restored* of this writer laid the foundation of just criticism upon our great poet. However, the poem was written with a design to ingratiate the author with Mr. Pope, who soon after introduced him to Lord Bolingbroke.

Thomson and Mallet were recommended to the patronage of Frederick Prince of Wales, who appointed them both his secretaries. The politics of St. James's and of Leicester House being very opposite, these writers were employed by the friends of the Prince to justify his conduct, and vindicate his cause, by attacking the administration of Sir Robert Walpole.

It must be confessed that no prince was

ever surrounded with men of more extensive abilities and greater worth than Frederick Prince of Wales, who, I am well informed, sometimes condescended to take up the pen in vindication of his own cause ; but so diffident was His Royal Highness of his abilities, that he generally destroyed what he had written, though he might sometimes permit Dr. D---, or some other able writer, to make use of his ideas. The two poets, Thomson and Mallet, did not pretend to understand political argument, but were supposed capable of interesting the public in favour of their master's cause, by the art of working up a fable in a tragedy, and in the drawing characters, and giving them such language, as an audience could not fail properly to apply. Thomson, under the auspices of his great patron, brought his *Agamemnon* on Drury Lane stage. I remember, the following speech of the principal character in the play, which was spoken to *Ægisthus*, was greatly applauded :

—But the most fruitful source
 Of every evil—Oh that I in thunder
 Could sound it o'er the list'ning world to kings!—
Is delegating power to wicked hands.

Agamemnon, though well acted, was not written agreeably to the taste of the critics, who very justly observed, that he had not entirely preserved ancient manners and characters; Clytemnestra did not resemble the portrait drawn of her by Æschylus, which is more consistent and agreeable to history. The displeasure of the audience shown to certain scenes produced a whimsical effect upon the author; he had promised to meet some friends at a tavern as soon as the play was ended, but he was obliged to defer his attending them to a very late hour. When he came, they asked him the reason of his stay; he told them, that the critics had sweated him so terribly by their severe treatment of certain parts of his tragedy, that the perspiration was so violent, as to render his wig unfit to wear; and that he had spent a great deal of time among the peruke-makers in procuring a proper cover for his head.

Though Thomson's *Edward and Eleonora* was excluded the stage, because the licenser saw, as he imagined, a formidable attack upon the Minister; Mallet's *Mustapha*, which was said to glance at the King and Sir Robert Walpole, in the characters of Solyman the Magnificent and Rustan his vizier, was acted with great applause.

On the first night of its exhibition were assembled all the chiefs in opposition to the court; and many speeches were applied by the audience to the supposed grievances of the times, and to persons and characters. The play was in general well acted; more particularly the parts of Solyman and *Mustapha*, by Quin and Milward. Mr. Pope was present, in the boxes; and at the end of the play went behind the scenes, a place which he had not visited for some years. He expressed himself to be well pleased with his entertainment; and particularly addressed himself to Quin, who was greatly flattered with the distinction paid him by so great a man; and when Pope's servant brought his master's scarlet cloak, Quin insisted upon the honour of putting it on him.

The language of Mustapha differs widely from that of Eurydice, which abounds in turgid expression ; the former is more flowing and genuine, as well as more easy and natural. In all probability Mr. Pope contributed not a little to this visible alteration of style. The characters of Solyman, Mustapha, Zanga, Rustan, and Roxolana, are drawn with skill ; and the conduct of the fable is managed with some degree of probability. The play is founded on the jealousy of power which cannot bear a rival in a successor. The author has in several places made good use of Tacitus, particularly in a speech of Rustan, where he describes the tumultuous behaviour of the janizaries at the appearance of the emperor ; which is nearly a translation of an admirable passage in that writer, where he describes the struggle of contending passions in the equally terrified and terrifying Roman legions in Pannonia, when in the presence of their general Drusus, the emperor's son :—
 “ Illi quoties oculos ad multitudinem retulerant, vocibus truculentis strepere, rursum viso Cæsare, trepidare, murmur incertum,

atrox clamor, et repente quies diversis animorum motibus pavebant, terrebantque :"

——When they cast their eyes abroad
On their own gather'd strength, rekindled rage
Spoke loud their madness in tempestuous shouts,
And mingled uproar !—I beheld from far
The various horror ; now at once they rag'd,
At once kept silence ; and as thwarting passions
By turns prevail'd, were dreadful and dismay'd.

Thomson and Mallet were soon after commanded by the Prince of Wales to write the masque of Alfred, to celebrate the birthday of Lady Augusta, his eldest daughter, which was twice acted, in the gardens of Clifden, by Quin, Milward, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Horton, and other players. The accommodations for the company, I was told, were but scanty, and ill managed ; and the players were not treated as persons ought to be who are employed by a prince. Quin, I believe, was admitted among those of the higher order ; and Mrs. Clive might be safely trusted to take care of herself any where.

Mr. Mallet's reputation was now so highly advanced, that the Dutchess of Marlborough

left 1000*l.* by legacy to him and Mr. Glover, as a reward for writing the Life of the Duke of Marlborough. The latter declining the task, the whole sum became the property of the former.

Mr. Mallet, after the death of his friend Thomson, which happened in 1748, resumed the story of Alfred, on which they had written in conjunction. He observed, that, in the first sketch, Alfred was but the second character in his own piece ; and this, I imagine, was owing to the influence of Quin, whose manner of speaking and figure were better adapted to the part of the Hermit than Alfred. He found himself obliged to make great alterations, more agreeable to the dignity of the principal part, and more suited to Mr. Garrick's powers, who undertook to act it. Abundance of songs, and some odes, were added, and many new incidents and characters ; so that little of the old masque remained. In decorations of magnificent triumphal arches, dances of furies, various harmony of music and incantations, fine scenes and dresses, this masque exceeded every

thing which had before made its appearance on the English stage.

The subject was noble, and well worthy the pen of the most sublime genius. I scarcely know any character in history so truly sublime and venerable as that of Alfred *; and we may defy all the writers from his days to our own to furnish one equal in every princely virtue to this renowned king. That Mallet's genius could not rise to the idea of this great and accomplished man, is not to be wondered at; but at the same time we must grant that the attempt was generous. He has laid hold of a circumstance in his history truly dramatical, his disguising himself in a mean habit, to preserve himself for occasions to deliver his people from the tyranny of the Danes, and to restore their liberty; and it must be owned too, that the principles of government which he inculcates throughout the piece are liberal,

* Swift, in his list of six great men, to whom no seventh (in his opinion) could be added, might have very safely made a septemvirate with Alfred, who had a better title to renown than Aristides; a man who, after having robbed the common treasury of Greece deposited at Delphi, confessed, indeed, that the action was not just, but very profitable.

and fit for the instruction of a prince who is to govern a free people.

This masque was, I believe, written under the influence, and by the encouragement, of Lord Bolingbroke; nor do the political maxims insisted upon in it differ from those laid down so copiously in his *Idea of a Patriot King*. More than this, and what the reader will perhaps think worth his attention, Lord Bolingbroke wrote the three following stanzas in the celebrated song of *Rule Britannia*, in the year 1751, a few months before his death, and which, I suppose, he intended to be prophetic of the glories of His present Majesty's reign.

Should war, should faction, shake the isle,
And sink to poverty and shame,
Heaven still shall on Britannia smile,
Restore her wealth and raise her name.

Rule, Britannia, rule the waves :
Britons never will be slaves.

How blest the prince reserv'd by fate,
In adverse days to mount thy throne,
Renew thy once triumphant state,
And on thy grandeur build his own !

Rule, Britannia, &c.

His race shall long, in times to come,
 (So Heaven ordains,) thy sceptre wield;
 Rever'd abroad, belov'd at home,
 And be at once thy sword and shield.
 Rule, Britannia, &c. &c.

Mr. Mallet, in the end of the year 1748, was employed by his patron, Bolingbroke, in a business, which, if he had any feeling, must have been very disagreeable to him, the writing the preface to an edition of *The Patriot King*, in which he was obliged to censure the conduct of his friend Mr. Pope. This great man had been entrusted with several printed copies of the book, and enjoined to communicate the knowledge of it to a few select persons only; but he had, unknown to the author, printed an edition privately of 1500 copies.

To undertake the defence of Mr. Pope would argue either folly or disingenuity: where pardon is wanted, apology is presumption. But, after all, did he deserve to be exposed so publicly and so severely by the man whom he loved, nay adored, and whose praises in his admirable verses will live to all

posterity? No, surely: he that could confer immortality might well be forgiven the intended publication of a work which did honour to him who was intentionally deprived of the right to publish it.

The Hermit, or Amyntor and Theodora, a poem, Mr. Mallet published in the year 1747. Some critics have been very warm in their censures of it; and particularly Dr. Warton, in his Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope: “The nauseous affectation of expressing every thing pompously and poetically, is no where more visible than in a poem, lately published, called Amyntor and Theodora.”

Dr. Warton is said to have as much candour as learning, and I am inclined to believe it; but he must have read the poem very superficially, to have pronounced so uncandid a sentence upon it.

It is, of all Mallet's poems, the most affecting and pathetic; and which, if he had worked up into a play, as he once intended, would have produced a very fine effect. What glorious parts would Garrick and Barry have made of Aurelius and Amyntor! and how

much would the public have been charmed with Mrs. Cibber's Theodora !

There are in this poem two interviews, between Aurelius and Amyntor, and Amyntor and Theodora, which will draw tears from the most unfeeling.

The Hermit has, besides these pathetic scenes, great poetical merit. The descriptions of wild and savage nature are striking and picturesque ; the storm and shipwreck are worked up with all the images natural to the tremendous scene : it abounds with many excellent moral precepts, which receive weight and energy from the sanction of religion : despair and suicide are discountenanced, and mentioned with horror and detestation ; an awful submission to the divine will is strongly inculcated throughout the whole poem. So far from censuring Mr. Mallet's poem of The Hermit, Dr. Warton should rather have exclaimed, with every friend of truth and virtue,

O ! si sic omnia dixisset !

Lord Bolingbroke died in December 1751, and left all his writings, published and un-

published, to Mr. Mallet ; but with respect to those political works printed in his lifetime, he expressed himself cautiously, as if he foresaw that somebody would lay claim to them ; and therefore he left them to his legatee, as far as he lawfully could.

When Mallet had prepared Lord Bolingbroke's works for the press, he was surprised with a claim of Mr. Richard Francklin, the printer, who had, in 1726, published Lord Bolingbroke's Political Tracts ; and in 1735-6 retailed in *The Craftsman* his Remarks upon the History of England, and his Dissertation on Parties ; and afterwards by the consent, or at least connivance, of the author, printed them in separate volumes. And, indeed, the printer and publisher of *The Craftsman* had a claim, from his sufferings at least, to all that the heads of the then country party could do for him. He was prosecuted by the Crown several times, and had been confined some years in the prison of the King's Bench, for a letter written from the Hague, which, at this time, would have passed unnoticed. It is true, several noblemen and gentlemen subscribed, each of them, a sum of

fifty pounds to Francklin, as a compensation for his losses ; and it is as true that no more than three of them paid their money. Lord Bath was one. Mr. Francklin was printer to Drury Lane theatre. He and Mr. Mallet were advised, by Mr. Garrick and other friends, to leave the matter in dispute to the arbitration of two persons who were supposed by them to be competent judges of the question. Mallet named Mr. Garrick's friend, Mr. Draper, a partner of Jacob Tonson ; and Francklin chose Mr. Thomas Wotton, an eminent bookseller, who had retired from business. A writing was drawn, wherein the question was stated, and a power given to the umpires to decide upon it, signed by the parties.

After mature deliberation, the arbitrators gave their decree in writing, as follows : That Mr. Mallet should pay Mr. Francklin the sum of five hundred pounds, for leave to print the political works of Lord Bolingbroke, which had been published in his Lordship's lifetime, in a complete collection of the said Nobleman's writings, and in any form which he thought proper, and as often

as he pleased ; with this proviso, that Mr. Francklin should be at liberty to print the books in question in separate volumes, as usual.

Mr. Mallet did by no means approve the decision ; and Francklin, by trusting to his honour, in not having insisted upon bonds of arbitration, was deprived of the benefit of the award.

A near relation of the printer stated the facts, as related, in a small pamphlet, which he dispersed in the metropolis, especially in all the most frequented coffee-houses, and particularly in that which Mr. Mallet used to visit almost every day. . Soon after several of Mr. Mallet's and Mr. Francklin's Case had been laid on the table, the former entered the room of this coffee-house, and took up one of them as if he intended to read it ; but he was so confounded with the subject, that he withdrew, taking the pamphlet with him, which was immediately replaced by the person who came for the purpose of dispersing it.

The sum of five hundred pounds for

leave to print two or three old volumes, will doubtless appear exorbitant at present ; but, at that time, the right of copy was esteemed a valuable perpetuity ; and we cannot now condemn two very intelligent and honest men for a decision in favour of that property which was so highly rated above six and twenty years ago. Mr. Mallet's conduct will not bear justification. But though we cannot defend his behaviour, we may perhaps allege something by way of excuse. Mr. Mallet and his lady appeared to all the world to be the happiest couple in it, and I desire to have no doubt that they really were what they wished the world to think them. However, Mrs. Mallet, to her excessive love, joined the most consummate prudence. Every shilling of her fortune, which amounted to seven or eight thousand pounds, she settled upon herself ; but then she took all imaginable care that Mr. Mallet should appear like a gentleman of distinction, and, from her great kindness, she always purchased every thing that he wore ; hat, stockings, coat, waistcoat, &c. were all of her own choice, as

well as at her own cost ; and such was the warmth of her fondness, that she took care all the world should know the pains she bestowed on her husband's dress *.

Mallet dreamt of getting golden mountains by Bolingbroke's legacy ; he was so sanguine in his expectations, that he rejected the offer of three thousand pounds, tendered to him by Mr. Millar the bookseller, for the copy-right of that nobleman's works ; at the same time, he was so distressed for cash, that he was forced to borrow money of Mr. Millar to pay his stationer and printer.

To have paid Mr. Francklin the allotted fine of five hundred pounds, would have been a most distressful circumstance to Mallet ; and we must charitably suppose, that his conduct on that occasion was not an act of choice, but of necessity.

Mallet heartily repented his refusal of Mr. Millar's offer ; for the first impression of his edition of Bolingbroke's works was not sold off in twenty years.

* Mr. Mallet's favourite dress was a suit of black velvet.

The whole affair may seem foreign to a stage history, and perhaps be termed an idle digression ; but it will not altogether appear so very unconnected with the narrative I proposed to write, when the reader is told that Mr. Garrick, who was an acquaintance of Mr. Pelham, and a firm friend to the establishment in church and state, published an ode, which is to be seen in Mr. Dodsley's Collection of Poems, and well deserves a place in that valuable miscellany ; in which he laments very pathetically two things—the death of Mr. Pelham, and the publication of Bolingbroke's works, which fell out on the same day, March 6, 1754.

A few quotations from this little poem will give the reader a taste of Mr. Garrick's genius in this species of writing, a proof of his unalterable regard for Mr. Pelham, and of his detestation of the philosophical and religious principles of St. John.

In the first and second stanzas he insists upon the generous and disinterested motives which inspire his muse to lament the death of Mr. Pelham.

Let others hail the rising sun,
 I bow to that whose course is run,
 Which sets in endless night ;
 Whose rays benignant bless'd the isle,
 Made peaceful nature round it smile
 With calm, but cheerful light.

No bounty past provokes my praise,
 No future prospects prompt my lays,
 From real grief they flow.
 I catch th' alarm from Britain's fears,
 My sorrows fall with Britain's tears,
 And join a nation's woe.

After describing the lamentations and distress of a grateful people for the loss of so patriotic a minister, and the more affectionate sorrow of his intimate friends, his family and relations, he addresses the poetical tribe, reproaching them for their silence on such a melancholy occasion, and so public a calamity.

What ! mute, ye bards ? no mournful verse,
 No chaplets to adorn his hearse ?
 To crown the good and just ?
 Your flowers in warmer regions bloom ;
 You seek no pensions from the tomb,
 No laurels from the dust.

He supposes that some crime of the deepest dye had provoked the hand of Heaven to snatch from Britain its greatest ornament and defence ; and to punish our wickedness, by calling off our guardian angel, and permitting our evil genius to stalk at large. He then explains his meaning, by pointing out two dreadful events of one unpropitious day.

The same sad morn to church and state,
(So for our sins 't was fix'd by fate,)

A double stroke was given :
Black as the whirlwinds of the north,
St. John's fell genius issu'd forth ;
And Pelham fled to heaven.

Then, in the true spirit of poetry, he addresses the divine part of his deceased friend, and begs him still to watch over Britain.

Look down, much-honour'd shade, below,
Still let thy pity aid our woe,
Stretch out thy healing hand ;
Resume those feelings which on earth
Proclaim'd thy patriot love and worth,
And save a sinking land,

The next stanza seems to imply that Pelham had misplaced his confidence, and cherished men unworthy of his friendship.

Search with thy more than mortal eye
 The breast of all thy friends ; descry
 What there has got possession :
 See if thy unsuspecting heart
 In some, for truth, mistook not art ;
 For principle, profession.

He then exhorts him to guard the King, on whom the nation's welfare depends, from such disguised traitors.

From these, the pests of human kind,
 Whom royal bounty cannot bind,
 Protect our parent King ;
 Unmask their treach'ry to his sight,
 Drag forth the vipers into light,
 And crush them ere they sting.

He concludes with a warm invitation to the patriotic band to unite in the cause of their country, and to imitate the virtues of Pelham.

Unite, ye kindred sons of worth,
 Strangle bold faction in its birth,
 Be Britain's weal your view ;
 For this great end let all combine,
 Let virtue link each fair design,
 And Pelham live in you.

Mr. Mallet's masque of Britannia was acted in 1755. Mr. Garrick spoke a humorous epilogue to it in the character of a drunken sailor, part of which he composed himself.

The masque has little variety in it, nor does it charm either with power of imagination or energy of sentiment. The Britons are called bold and brave in one place, rough and honest in another. The plainest is the truest heart—Let not Punic art amuse thee—Let not Punic oaths abuse thee, &c. With such trite thoughts and hackneyed metre does the Britannia abound. However, Mallet gained what he wanted by it ; it was acted a few nights, and played for the benefit of the author.

There was indeed something in this masque that deserves our remembrance.

Britannia was represented by Mrs. Jefferson, the most complete figure in beauty of countenance and symmetry of form I ever beheld. This good woman (for she was as virtuous as fair) was so unaffected and simple in her behaviour, that she knew not her power of charming. Her beautiful figure and majestic step in the character of Anna Bullen, drew the admiration of all who saw her. She was very tall; and, had she been happy in abilities to act characters of consequence, she would have been an excellent partner in tragedy for Mr. Barry. In the vicissitudes of itinerant acting, she had often been reduced, from the small number of players in the company she belonged to, to disguise her lovely form, and to assume parts very unsuitable to so delicate a creature.

When she was asked what characters she excelled in most, she innocently replied, *Old men in comedy*; meaning such parts as Fondlewife in *The Old Bachelor*, and Sir Jealous Traffic in *The Busy Body*. She died suddenly at Plymouth, as she was looking at a dance that was practising for the

night's representation. In the midst of a hearty laugh, she was seized with a sudden pain, and expired in the arms of Mr. Moody, who happened to stand by, and saved her from falling to the ground.

Mr. Mallet obtained a pension from the ministry in 1757, and was employed to write a vindication of their measures, and more particularly respecting their sending a fleet into the Mediterranean under Byng: this he effected in a letter, written, as it is said in the title, by a Plain Man, which was published in a large sheet of paper: the ministers were soon after changed: however, his old friends some time after had the interest to procure him a very considerable place in the customs, which he enjoyed to his death.

Till the year 1763, we hear nothing of Mallet, except a dedication of his poems to the late Duke of Marlborough, in which he promises himself speedily the honour of dedicating to him, the Life of his great relation. In the preface to his *Alfred*, published with his other works in 1759, he had suppressed what he had said in a former adver-

tisement to that masque, published 1751, that it was written to amuse himself, amidst the fatigues of his great work, the *Life of the Duke of Marlborough*.

However, this same *Life*, of which he never wrote one line, served him as a kind of stalking-horse, to reach at any game which he had in prospect.

When he had finished his *Elvira*, he cast about in what manner he could best prevail upon Mr. Garrick to act it. He knew that his revived *Eurydice*, and his masque of *Britannia*, had done nothing for the managers, though he had gained something by them himself. He waited on Mr. Garrick, in the usual intercourse of friendship, with *Elvira* in his pocket.

After the common salute, Mr. Garrick asked him what it was that employed his studies. "Why, upon my word," said Mallet, "I am eternally fatigued with preparing and
 "arranging materials for the *Life of the great*
 "Duke of Marlborough; all my nights and
 "days are occupied with that history; and you
 "know, Mr. Garrick, that it is a very bright

“ and interesting period in the British annals.
 “ But hark you, my friend ! do you know
 “ that I have found out a pretty snug niche in
 “ it for you ?”—“ Heh ! how ’s that ! a niche
 “ for me !” said the manager, turning
 quickly upon him, his eyes sparkling with
 unusual fire. “ How the devil could you
 “ bring me into the history of John Churchill
 “ Duke of Marlborough ?”—“ That’s my bu-
 “ siness, my dear friend,” rejoined Mallet ;
 “ but I tell you, I have done it.”—“ Well,
 “ faith, Mallet, you have the art of surpri-
 “ sing your friends in the most unexpected
 “ and the politest manner ; but why won’t you,
 “ now, who are so well qualified, write some-
 “ thing for the stage ? You should relax.
 “ *Interpone tuis*—ha ! you know ! for I am
 “ sure the theatre is a mere matter of diver-
 “ sion, a pleasure to you.”

“ Why, faith,” said the other, “ to tell
 “ you the truth, I have, whenever I could
 “ rob the Duke of an hour or so, employed
 “ myself in adapting La Motte’s Ines de Cas-
 “ tro to the English stage, and here it is.”
 The manager embraced Elvira with rapture,

and brought it forward with all expedition.

A gentleman of the law, who could not miss such an opportunity of laughing at Mr. Garrick's vanity, met him one day, and told him he had been applied to by the booksellers to publish an edition of the Statutes at Large, and he hoped he should find a snug niche in them to introduce him.

The story of *Elvira* is exceedingly affecting, and Mrs. Cibber would excite tears, if possible, from insensibility ; but the style of Mallet is not dramatic ; it is laboured and affected, void of nature and simplicity. The play was well acted, but I believe it was stopped at the ninth night. Some application made by the pit to an unpopular nobleman did no manner of service to it. Mallet, alarmed at the discontinuing the run of his last and favourite offspring, acquainted Mr. Garrick by a note, that he had received forty cards from persons of distinction, all of whom desired to know the reason why his play was stopped ; and for an answer, he had referred them to him, the proper judge.

Mr. Garrick had no stomach to repeat the acting of a tragedy that was not approved by the public, and in which he had received so great a mortification. The part of Don Pedro in *Elvira* was the last new character he ever acted (*).

I have said a great deal of Mr. Mallet, and yet there was a striking peculiarity in his conduct that I ought not to omit, as it may very probably convey some useful advice to others. He was a great free-thinker, and a very free-speaker of his free-thoughts; he made no scruple to disseminate his sceptical opinions wherever he could with any propriety introduce them.

At his own table, indeed, the lady of the house (who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions) would often, in the warmth of argument, say, "*Sir, we deists.*"

(*) Mr. Davies was not quite accurate in these statements: Garrick's part in the play was *Don Alonzo*, King of Portugal (Holland performed *Don Pedro*). *Sir Anthony Branville* (in *The Discovery*) was a new character acted by Mr. Garrick subsequently to that in the play of *Elvira*; though not long after.

She once made use of this expression in a mixed company to David Hume, who refused the intended compliment, by asserting that he was a very good Christian ; for the truth of which he appealed to a worthy clergyman present ; and this occasioned a laugh, which a little disconcerted the lady and Mr. Mallet.

The lecture upon the *non credenda* of the free-thinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness, that the inferior domestics became soon as able disputants as the heads of the family. The fellow who waited at table being thoroughly convinced, that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after-account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly plate. Luckily he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends. At first, the man was sullen, and would answer no questions put to him ; but being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said, “ Sir, I had
“ heard you so often talk of the impossibility

“ of a future state, and that after death
“ there was no reward for virtue, or punish-
“ ment for vice, that I was tempted to com-
“ mit the robbery.”—“ Well ; but, you ras-
“ cal,” replied Mallet, “ had you no fear of
“ the gallows ?”—“ Sir,” said the fellow,
looking sternly at his master, “ what is
“ that to you, if I had a mind to venture
“ that ? you had removed my greatest terror ;
“ why should I fear the lesser ?” Mr. Mallet
died April 21, 1765.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Reflections upon the ill Success of Drury Lane Theatre in 1763—Mr. Garrick sets out for Italy—Causes of his Journey.

THE profits of Drury Lane theatre, in 1763, fell very short in their amount of those of preceding years. This was owing to one of those revolutions in the public taste, which we cannot well be surprised at, because it so frequently happens, and is so fairly deducible from the love of novelty and variety. Mr. John Beard, a man universally beloved for his many amiable qualities, had, in 1761, succeeded his father-in-law, Mr. Rich, in the management of Covent Garden theatre. Mr. Beard was a joint sharer in the patent with several other near relations of Mr. Rich, and was with great propriety chosen to manage the interest of the several legatees.

He applied himself with great care to the

task assigned him ; as he was an excellent singer, and a complete judge of all musical pieces, he was determined to promote, amongst other entertainments of the stage, that which he understood best. He, in a very short time, presented to the public English operas and ballad operas, burlesque operas and dramatic operas, &c. particularly *Artaxerxes*, *Thomas and Sally*, *Love in a Village*, *Midas*, and *The Maid of the Mill* ; all which were played successively, and so accommodated by music, as well as acting, to the reigning taste, that they met with uncommon approbation. But by his engaging a new singer, rejected by the manager of Drury Lane, he absolutely turned the scale of public approbation, in spite of all the skill and various abilities of Mr. Garrick, in favour of Covent Garden.

Miss Brent, a scholar of Dr. Arne, had been employed in an oratorio performed at Drury Lane in the spring of 1762 : her voice had not then reached that full strength and melody, to which, by frequent practice, it afterwards attained. However, it was

then clear, pleasing, and harmonious, and gave a very fair promise of its rising to great perfection. Arne made a tender of her abilities to Mr. Garrick, at a very moderate income. A taste for music, or even a tolerable ear for a song, was not among Mr. Garrick's endowments.

Notwithstanding he was strongly pressed by several of his friends to employ Miss Brent, he persisted in refusing. It was one of his failings to reject frequently propositions from others, though apparently for his advantage. He would always seem at least to be the first mover himself of every undertaking ; as if he thought listening to the advice of his friends implied a degradation of his understanding.

The ensuing winter he had full leisure to repent his obstinacy ; for Mr. Beard made Miss Brent his most powerful engine to demolish the success and humble the pride of Drury Lane.

Of all the entertainments of the stage, none has been so perpetually serviceable to the players as Gay's *Beggar's Opera*. A new

Polly, or a new Macheath, has successively given such a spirit and lustre to that humorous dramatic satire, that the public has often run in crowds to see it, for twenty or thirty nights successively.

Miss Brent was deficient in beauty, as well as form, to represent the amiable simplicity of Polly Peachum ; but such were the powers of her voice, though in her songs she was absolutely wide of the author's original design (who intended no more than the giving a common ballad tune, in the simplest manner), that London seemed to be more enamoured with the Beggar's Opera, than when the principal parts were originally acted by Tom Walker and Miss Fenton, afterwards the Dutchess of Bolton.

In vain did Garrick oppose his prime characters in comedy and tragedy, such as Ranger and Benedict, Hamlet and Lear, to Polly Peachum. That bewitching Syren charmed all the world ; and, like another Orpheus, drew crowds perpetually after her. Beard followed his blow with the opera of Artaxerxes, in which the songs were set to

most delightful music by Arne. In short, the people were allured this year by nothing but the power of sound and sing-song; Shakespeare and Garrick were obliged to quit the field to Beard and Brent.

Mr. Garrick had long meditated a journey to the continent; and I cannot but suppose, that the several disagreeable occurrences which attended the last year of his management had contributed to quicken his resolution of leaving for a time his native country. His own and Mrs. Garrick's health were not so firm as their friends and the public wished. The baths of Padua were celebrated for their healing power in certain disorders, and pronounced efficacious in Mrs. Garrick's case. Exercise, amusement, and change of air, were what he seemed principally to want. To a mind active and inquisitive, such as Mr. Garrick's, the knowledge of foreign customs would afford instruction as well as entertainment. The theatres on the continent, with their multifarious exhibitions, might, in all probability, furnish him with proper materials to enrich his own dominions

on his return home. His inclination to travel might gain additional strength from two other motives, very incidental to the human breast; the desire of increasing his importance, by not being so often seen(*); and convincing the public that the success and splendour of the stage depended solely on himself. He set out for Dover, in his way to Calais, the 15th of September 1763, accompanied by Mrs. Garrick, who, from the day of her marriage till the death of her husband, had never been separated from him for twenty-four hours.

(*) We are told, as a fact, that one night during this year the cash-receipt of Drury Lane theatre (though Garrick and Mrs. Cibber performed in the same play) amounted to no more than 3*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* !!!

CHAP. XXXIV.

State of the Stage during Mr. Garrick's Absence on his Tour to the Continent—Mr. Powell, a young Actor, favoured by Mr. Lacy and Mr. Colman—Greatly applauded and followed—His Fondness for the Profession of Acting—Consequence of the Dispute between him and a low Comedian—His Merit rewarded.

WHEN Mr. Garrick set out on his travels, he did not leave his theatre unprovided of some support during his absence : he engaged Pompeio, an Italian singer ; and he recommended to his partner, and Mr. George Garrick his brother, whom he had appointed his substitute in his absence, the performing of some musical pieces, and such sort of stage entertainment chiefly as would please the sight and charm the ear.

The joint labours of the mechanist, the painter, and the musician, with a very small portion of the poet's art, he knew would pro-

duce a considerable effect upon an audience such as the English, which is composed of all ranks and degrees of people.

He had, besides the giving this important advice, during the summer months, instructed a young gentleman, whose name was Powell, in several characters, and particularly the Philaster of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Posthumus in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*. But notwithstanding these helps, he had so just an opinion of his own personal strength, and the great chasm which his absence must create in the operations of the theatre, that he assured his partner he would write to him from every stage of his journey; and if his presence should be found to be absolutely necessary, he would be in London at a very short warning.

Powell had the good sense, by a most obliging manner and polite address, to recommend himself to Mr. Lacy and Mr. Colman. The latter was induced, either by desire of Mr. Garrick, or his own opinion of the merit of the play, to make *Philaster* a proper entertainment for a modern audience,

by retrenching superfluous scenes, as well as licentious expressions ; and with the addition of new matter to connect the story more dramatically.

The young actor had not only the advantage of Mr. Garrick's instructions, but of Mr. Colman's advice, who constantly attended the rehearsal of *Philaster*, and was of great service to the performers, from his acquaintance with the drama.

Mr. Lacy, as well as Mr. Colman, had formed a high opinion of Powell's merit ; and indeed he did not disappoint their expectations ; for to a brilliant and critical, though candid audience, he gave very great satisfaction and pleasure ; they crowned his first endeavours repeatedly with loud and universal approbation. Foote was in the boxes, and was the only snarler in the house ; he endeavoured to laugh those who sat near him out of their feelings, but the power of nature was too strong for the efforts of wit.

We must not forget that Powell had a very able second in the play of *Philaster* ;

Mrs. Yates, in the character of Bellario, a lady dressed in the apparel of a youth, displayed such an example of chaste and simple excellence in acting, by the just representation of that character, as the stage had scarcely ever seen before. She was dressed with the greatest elegance, as well as propriety, and appeared to be a young innocent shepherd of about seventeen. She preserved through the part a puerile softness and effeminacy, joined to the greatest expression of sensibility.

Powell was particularly happy to have so excellent an assistant in his first effort to gain the good-will of the town. This young actor became the favourite of the public to such a degree, that no player, except Mr. Barry, had, since Mr. Garrick's first eclat, so captivated the affections of all ranks of people. Powell was an enthusiast in acting; he loved the practice of his profession to that extent, that he cared not what number of parts, however different from each other, he was called upon to represent. To the surprise of every body,

he acquitted himself handsomely, though not equally, in every character which he attempted. Had he restrained his impetuosity, he certainly might have been twice the actor he was.

Holland, who was the friend of Powell, a young actor of much the same age, but who had been upon the stage for five or six years, and had been trained up by the same master, could not help feeling a little jealousy on the great success of his acquaintance. He was so injudicious at first, as to decline acting in plays where Powell had a principal part; but was advised by a friend not to make himself useless by such peevish and inconsiderate conduct, but rather to embrace every opportunity to act an equal, and sometimes an inferior part in the same play: this behaviour (besides the advantage of being in continual practice) would convince the public of his diligence and readiness to please them, and of his not being mortified at Powell's good fortune. Holland had the judgment to pursue this counsel, and reaped advantage from it.

The great and unexpected profits arising from the merit of the young actor's performance, were equal, as I was then informed by Mr. Lacy, to those of the most successful æra during the joint management of himself and Mr. Garrick. Powell was too fond of acting, to be troubled with theatrical fevers, or feigned sickness; no play was idle where his assistance was wanted; and it is really astonishing, that a raw young man, taken from Sir Robert Ladbroke's compting-house, could throw out such native fire and just spirit, and be touched with such true feeling, accompanied with propriety of action and deportment, in a great variety of parts; in *Philaster*, *Jaffier*, *Orestes*, *Othello*, *Alexander the Great*, *Lear*, *Oroonoko*, and many others of almost equal consequence and difficulty.

Mr. Lacy took no small pleasure in giving information to his brother manager (then on his travels) of his great tide of success and unexpected good fortune; he assured him, he need not abandon any pleasure or amusement which he enjoyed abroad,

from any anxiety which he might possibly feel on account of the theatre at home, for that all things went on smoothly and happily ; the new actor had attracted such uncommon crowds of people, that even Mr. Garrick's most principal parts, he said, had not acquired a larger amount of money than the other's acting had produced. He begged him, therefore, to indulge in all the delights which travelling could afford, for his share of gain would not be diminished during his absence.

When Mr. Garrick was at Paris, he corresponded with this phænomenon of the theatre, Powell. I have seen a letter of the manager's to him, replete with excellent advice. He politely congratulated him on his great reputation and success in acting ; he put him in mind, that diligence and assiduity could alone establish that fame which he had acquired ; that the falling into low and mean company, and being attached to it, would dissipate his faculties, and lessen his consequence with the public. He quoted a remarkable saying of Baron,

the French Roscius, "That actors should "be educated on the knees of Princes;" intimating, that they could not possibly personate great and elevated characters, without the acquaintance and countenance of persons of superior rank. Powell's answer, which I likewise saw, was modest, and expressive of the deepest gratitude, with an assurance of his obeying such friendly and reasonable advice.

But indeed Powell was more particularly obliged to Mr. Lacy for the advancement of his fortune. It was a practice with Mr. Garrick to give to raw and unexperienced stage adventurers a small salary the first year of their noviciate, and to raise their income gradually, by some little advance every year after; and this method he pursued with Holland. The manager did, besides this, give some assistance to these rising players at their benefits, either by playing a part himself, or giving them such other advantages as might make up any deficiency of stipend.

However, it must be granted, that, after the novelty of a few nights performance, such actors as Holland did not much increase the receipts of the treasury.

But with respect to Powell the case was widely different; he was the great pillar of the theatre for near two years, during which time he maintained by his merit a superior rank and importance in it. An accidental contest, which he had with a celebrated low comedian, about the priority of rank in a benefit, produced a very happy consequence to Powell. The comedian contended (and I believe with truth) that the young actor had no right to precedence of benefit, for that he was sure his income was far below his own. Mr. Lacy, who was present at the dispute, interposed, and declared, that Powell had, and deserved to have, as much as any actor; "And if you will," said he (turning to the comedian), "go to the treasurer's office next week, you may there learn your mistake."

Mr. George Garrick consented, in the

name of his brother, to this generous reward of merit; "For he was sure," he said, "that he would not object to it." Holland, I believe, owed likewise a large advance of salary to this happy incident.

CHAP. XXXV.

Mr. Garrick's Entertainment in France and Italy—The Baths of Padua serviceable to Mrs. Garrick—The Duke of Parma invites Mr. Garrick to give some Proof of his theatrical Talents—His friendly Contest with La Clairon—Surprising Effect of his Skill in dumb Exhibition—His Partiality to La Clairon—His Opinion of foreign Stages.

I SHALL now, for a time, leave Mr. Lacy to the full enjoyment of a most agreeable flow of success during the absence of Mr. Garrick, and take a view of the latter in his travels on the continent. The baths of Padua had proved medicinal to Mrs. Garrick ; and he too, from the pleasure which so many new objects continually presented to his mind, was full of that spirit and gaiety with which he was sure to enliven every company he came into.

From the travels of a private gentleman and his wife much entertainment cannot be expected, especially when health and amusement were the principal objects of their peregrination.

From his countrymen whom he saw in France and Italy, Mr. Garrick was sure to meet with that respect and friendship which were due to a man of his genius, consequence, and character. He was very happy to meet with them, and they rejoiced in having an opportunity to show him every mark of respect and kindness in their power, and which he could reasonably expect from them. His access to persons of high and distinguished rank on the continent, was, by his acquaintance with the nobility of England then abroad, rendered as easy and as frequent as his own station in life would admit. The Princes of Italy, some of them the descendants and successors of the Roman patricians, affect a grandeur and magnificence, and a state of reserve, unknown to their ancestors. A Cæsar, and a Cicero, would have conversed freely with

Roscus and Æsopus in the Roman forum, and admitted them to the most familiar converse in their houses and villas. An Italian Marchese would, with some difficulty, admit a Garrick at his levee, much less would he invite him to a conversazioné. Ostentatious pride and distant ceremony supply the place of real grandeur and substantial power.

However, Mr. Garrick's manner was so engaging and attractive, that his company was desired by many foreigners of high birth and great merit. He was sometimes invited to give the company a taste of that art in which he was known so greatly to excel. Such a request he very readily consented to, for indeed his compliance cost him nothing. He could, without the least preparation, transform himself into any character, tragic or comic, and seize instantaneously upon any passion of the human mind. He could make a sudden transition from violent rage, and even madness, to the extremes of levity and humour, and go

through the whole circle of theatric evolution with the most surprising velocity.

One of the illustrious Princes of Italy * requested he would favour him with some very striking or affecting scene in one of the most admired English tragedies. Mr. Garrick immediately recited a soliloquy of *Macbeth*, which is spoken during the instant of time when a dagger is presented to the disturbed imagination of a man ready to perpetrate a horrid murder. His ardent look, expressive tones, and impassioned action, convinced the nobleman of his great theatric excellence. But the most remarkable instance which I ever heard of our Roscius's great power to raise the attention, and fix the admiration of an intelligent and very polite company, was told me by a gentleman of unquestioned veracity, and who related the occurrence to me, from the mouth of one who was present when it fell out.

Not long before Mr. Garrick left Paris,

* The Duke of Parma.

in 1765, several persons of the first distinction of both sexes, English and French, met by appointment at the Hotel de ———. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and Mademoiselle Clairon, were of the party. The conversation turned for some time on the belles lettres, in which the merits of several eminent writers were discussed with equal judgment and candour. Many critical observations were made on the action and eloquence of the French and English theatres; and, at the request of this very brilliant circle, La Clairon and Garrick consented to exhibit various specimens of their theatrical talents, which produced great entertainment. This friendly contest lasted for a considerable time, with great animation on both sides; the company loudly declared their approbation, in the strongest terms, of the two exhibitors.

It was remarked, that the French gave the preference to Mr. Garrick; and that the English, with equal politeness, adjudged the victory to Mademoiselle Clairon. But as the greater part of the former were but little

acquainted with the English language, Mr. Garrick was induced to relate a certain fact, and afterwards to exhibit it by action, which happened in one of the provinces of France at the time he was there (*), and of which he had been an eye-witness. A father, he said, was fondling his child at an open window, from whence they looked into the street; by one unlucky effort the child sprang from his father's arms, fell upon the ground, and died upon the spot: what followed, he said, was a language which every body understood, for it was the language of nature; he immediately threw himself into the attitude in which the father appeared at the time the child leaped from his arms.

The influence which the representation of the father's agony produced on the company, and exhibited by this darling son of Nature, in the silent, but expressive language of unutterable sorrow, is easier to be imagined than expressed; let it suffice to say, that the

(*) This is not correctly stated. See the Note at the end of Chap. V.

greatest astonishment was succeeded by abundant tears.

As soon as the company had recovered from their agitation, Mademoiselle Clairon caught Mr. Garrick in her arms, and kissed him; then turning to Mrs. Garrick, she apologized for her conduct, by saying, it was an involuntary mark of her applause. Mademoiselle Clairon was always a favourite actress of Mr. Garrick; he saw her when she was in the dawn of her reputation, when he paid his first visit to Paris in 1752; and though Mademoiselle Dumesnil was then the favourite actress of the French theatre, and justly admired by foreigners as well as her own countrymen, he ventured to pronounce that Clairon would excel all competitors. When he was last at Paris, she had, in the opinion of the public, fulfilled his prediction; on which he published a print, from a drawing of Gravelot, called *La Prophétie Accompli*.

Mr. Garrick's residing for a considerable time in France and Italy afforded him an opportunity to compare the English stage with

the theatres on the continent ; and it cannot be doubted that he noticed with accuracy the form of their buildings, their several ornaments and decorations, the performances of the actors, and all the various compositions of authors which were worthy of observation.

Notwithstanding the learned of France, and some other countries on the continent, pretend, in their stage exhibitions, to a most accurate imitation of the ancient Greek and Roman dramatic authors, Mr. Garrick was soon convinced that every country, in its theatrical representations, has a taste peculiar to itself, derived from the genius of the people. He saw very plainly that the characters of Corneille, Voltaire, Crébillon, and Racine, were very different from those of the Greek tragedians ; and that the French comedies and Italian burlettas were far from perfect imitations of Aristophanes, Plautus, and Terence. He saw too, that the nearest resemblance of the Greek tragedies is to be found in the present Italian operas ; they represent some great action in a simple fable ; one eminent character generally is the object

of the poet, with a strict observation of the unities : the music in the overture, the recitative, and the airs, bear some correspondence to the ancient chorus. The accomplished Metastasio, by the force of an excellent genius, brought the Greek and Roman heroes to enrich and dignify the Italian opera. His Alexander, Regulus, Cato, and Themistocles, are as truly, though not so strongly, delineated, as the masterly characters of Shakespeare himself.

CHAP. XXXVI.

State of the Stage during Mr. Garrick's Absence continued—His Advice pursued—Several musical Pieces — Royal Shepherd, Almena, Pharnaces—Platonic Wife unexpectedly saved from the Fury of the Critics —Folly of two young Actors—Powell and Holland characterized.

MR. Lacy did not neglect the advice of his partner, who had very seriously recommended to him the acting of musical pieces in his absence. The Royal Shepherd, Almena, and Pharnaces, three English operas, were played in succession, with little or no profit to the manager, the poet, or the musician. Nor will such serious and pompous entertainments in our own language, though accompanied with excellent music, vocal and instrumental, with fine scenes, magnificent habits, and other beautiful decorations, ever become the favourite amusement of an English audience.

The serious and comic happily blended, as in *The Duenna* and *Love in a Village*; or the entirely comic, as in *The Beggar's Opera*; the farcical, as in *Midas*; or even a simple fable, elegantly told, such as *The Oracle of Mrs. Cibber*, altered afterwards to *Daphne and Amintor*: such dramatic pieces as these are just representations of nature, humour, and passion, and will for ever charm.

The fortune of *The Platonic Wife*, written by Mrs. Griffith, merits our remembrance, on account of some whimsical and absurd circumstances which fell out during its representation.

The audience, under the influence of a few tremendous critics (though not very formidable persons, except on account of their extreme want of candour), who took upon themselves the trouble of judging for all the rest of the spectators, treated this comedy, on the first night of acting it, with uncommon severity, though the play had a just claim to attention, from sentiment, character, and moral tendency. The greatest fault of the writer, perhaps, consisted in

the title of the play, which was certainly a misnomer; for the lady is so far from a Platonic, that her resentment to her husband proceeds from his neglect of her after marriage; nor did the management of the principal incident of the play, the portraits, produce on the first night the effect which the author, who wrote, perhaps, with too much precipitation, intended. The critics were so exceedingly clamorous, that the writer gave up her play for lost. Holland and Powell, who acted the principal parts in it, and had not been used to the noise of catcalls, hisses, groans, and horse-laughes, the most powerful instruments in the exploding of a play, were so much intimidated, and so forgetful of their duty, as to thrust their heads on the stage from behind the curtain, and to entreat those merciful gentlemen, called the town, to put an end to the play that very night, that they might be no longer exposed to such terrible mortifications. But the absurd counsel of these actors did not prevail; the good-natured part of the audience, esteeming this opposition and uproar

to be a kind of cruel interlude, acted by these very gay gentlemen at the expense of the author, managers, and actors, insisted upon the play having the chance of a new trial. Against the next representation it was altered, to the general satisfaction of the public, and the author had the good fortune to obtain two benefits.

The principal parts in tragedy during Mr. Garrick's absence, fell to the lot of Holland and Powell: had their judgment and taste been equal to their inclination to please, and, indeed, to their industry, they must have attained to a great degree of excellence. As these actors, who were inseparable friends, were confessedly the principal supports of the theatre, as well as ornaments of it, and their loss considerably felt and lamented, it will, I hope, give some entertainment to the general reader, and it may perhaps afford matter of instruction and caution to future candidates for theatrical fame, to compare their several talents, to do justice to their merits, and to mark with candour their mistakes.

In person they were both rather strongly

than elegantly formed ; nor had they, by an early acquaintance with polite accomplishments, such as dancing and fencing, acquired an easy and disengaged deportment. Powell, though he was round-shouldered, was not altogether ungraceful or awkward in his behaviour ; his countenance was open and manly, and strongly marked with an expressive brow. Holland, to speak in a familiar phrase, was what we call a good-looking man ; he had an affectation of carrying his head either stiffly erect, or leaning towards one shoulder, which gave an awkwardness to his person, which was not otherwise ungenteel. They were both scholars of the same great master, and under his instruction both made considerable proficiency. One seldom merited more praise than being a tolerable copy of a fine original : the other seemed always to act from his own instruction. Powell was endowed with great sensibility, and on the stage indulged all the tender feelings of the soul to excess ; if ever he displeased, it was from a defect of that critical judgment which is never the companion of a warm imagination.

Holland's ear was perfectly good, and he had a moderate share of sensibility. By a constant attention to the voice, manner, and action of Mr. Garrick, he did not displease when he represented some of his most favourite characters : particularly Hamlet, Chamont, Hastings, and Tancred. In the last he manifested an uncommon degree of spirit.

Powell's Philaster greatly prepossessed the public in his favour; the passions were touched by him in their genuine and native force, unattended with laborious art or theatrical trick, which so often diminish that power which they are employed to invigorate. Few actors have for these twenty years displayed such talents for tragic passion as Powell. It is less to be admired that he did not succeed in some parts, than that he should come off triumphantly in so many. Among his worst failings we may reckon an inclination sometimes to rant and bluster, and sometimes a propensity to whine and blubber. There is no part of acting so difficult as that sort of feeling which is expressed by loud sorrow ; the tragic tear, if too wantonly shed, becomes

ridiculous, and is apter to excite laughter in an audience than to awaken sensibility.

But to return to Holland: he was always most correct when in his trammels; when under the immediate eye and direction of his master, he was scrupulously exact; and if he never rose to excellence, his endeavours to attain it merited approbation. It was his misfortune to be too much elated by applause, and he too soon thought he was able to walk alone; in consequence of this he became tumid in speech, and extravagant in action. He “cried out on the top of question,” as our great poet expresses it; instead of attending to the real situations of his character, he stretched his voice to an insufferable degree of loudness: but to Holland’s praise it must be allowed that he represented some parts invariably well; these were characters of art. His Iago and his Jachimo will be remembered with great pleasure. It will perhaps be expected, after having written so largely on their theatrical abilities, that I should speak of Powell and Holland as members of society.

Mr. Colman, who honoured Powell with

his friendship, has told the world that the goodness of his heart exceeded his professional talents. It can truly be said that both these players were extremely illiterate; they were either too attentive to the business of acting, or too negligent, to bestow a reasonable time upon the cultivation of their minds. Had they followed the example of their teacher, they would have known that an acquaintance with the best authors, and the conversation of learned and polite men, was absolutely necessary to improve their faculties for representation, and to render their conversation agreeable to their superiors. For want of this the affability of Powell often sunk into insipid civility; and the spirit of Holland degenerated into vulgarity. A boisterous laugh, and the courage to say any thing to any body, with him too often supplied the place of humour and pleasantry. His two admired patrons, Foote and Garrick, were men justly celebrated for genius; but when he retailed their bon mots, he made wild work; he rendered that pert vivacity, which was originally sterling wit. But though

Holland was by nature denied that shining talent which he aimed at, he had something to boast of which was more valuable; he had a mind exempt from all bad meaning, and was ever disposed to do acts of kindness. To sum up his character in a few words, he was an indefatigable, decent actor, and an honest, good-natured man.

Holland introduced Powell to Mr. Garrick. Though rivals in fame, these actors were friends through life. Powell purchased a share in the patent of Covent Garden theatre, and died at Bristol, July 3, 1769, of a raging fever. Holland did not survive him above a few months; he died December 7th following, of the small-pox.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Mr. Garrick's Return to England—The Sick Monkey—Address to the Public in a humorous Prologue—Public Opinion of his Improvement in Acting—Fortune of several new Plays—Plain Dealer, Clandestine Marriage, Falstaff's Wedding, &c.

AFTER Mr. Garrick had been abroad about a year and half; satiated with the amusements and pleasures of the continent, he turned his thoughts towards his native country. But before he would set out for Calais, he was resolved to put in practice his usual method of preventing censure, and blunting the edge of ridicule, by anticipation. For this purpose, before he left Paris, he sat down very seriously to write a kind of satirical poem on himself; it was called *The Sick Monkey*, and the plan of it was, the talk or censure of other animals and reptiles on him and his travels, &c. This poem he

sent from Paris to a friend, with a request that he would get it printed, to prepare his reception in London. There is almost in every thing which Mr. Garrick has written, some mark of genius, some display of humour, or some strokes of satire, some effusions of gay fancy, something which rewards the reader for the time spent in perusing it. But *The Sick Monkey* is among the few things he wrote, which one would wish not to remember ; I believe it scarcely ever urged the public curiosity to read it, for it died almost still-born. In short, he missed his aim ; for having no enemies to fight with, his shafts spent themselves idly in the air ; or, if any persons were really hurt by them, they were careful to hide their wounds.

He arrived in London about the latter end of April 1765. The pleasure of the public for his return was universal. The King honoured his first appearance (*) by commanding the play of *Much Ado about Nothing*. As soon as he was seen by the spectators,

(*) On the 14th of November.

such loud and repeated applauses were given him as perhaps no actor ever before was welcomed with. The joy of the audience was expressed, not in the usual methods of clapping of hands and clattering of sticks, but in loud shouts and huzzas. He had prepared a facetious and well-timed introduction by way of prologue; it was so well adapted to his situation, and so full of that humour which was peculiar to himself, that it will be thought no improper entertainment in this place.

With doubt—joy—apprehension—almost dumb,

Once more to face this awful court I come;

Lest Benedick should suffer by my fear,

Before he enters I myself am here.

I'm told, (what flatt'ry to my heart!) that you
Have wish'd to see me, nay, have press'd it too :
Alas ! 't will prove another Much Ado. }

I, like a boy who long has truant play'd,

No lessons got, no exercises made,

On bloody Monday take my fearful stand,

And often eye the birchen-sceptred hand.

'T is twice twelve years since first the stage I trod,

Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the critic's rod.

A very nine-pin I, my stage-life through,

Knock'd down by wits, set up again by you.

In four-and-twenty years the spirits cool ;
 Is it not long enough to play the fool ?
 To prove it is, permit me to repeat
 What late I heard in passing through the street :
 A youth of parts, with ladies by his side,
 Thus cock'd his glass, and through it shot my pride ;
 " 'Tis he, by Jove ! grown quite a clumsy fellow,
 " *He's fit for nothing but a Punchinello.*"—
 " O yes ! for comic scenes, Sir John—no further ;
 " He's much too fat for battles, rapes, and murther."
 Worn in the service, you my faults will spare,
 And make allowance for the wear and tear.

The Chelsea pensioner, who, rich in scars,
 Fights o'er in prattle all his former wars,
 Though past the service, may the young ones teach
 To march, present, to fire, and mount the breach.
 Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
 For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve ;
 Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest ;
 "Tis for my King ! and, zounds, I'll do my best.

Whatever defects the critical eye may discover in reading this composition, they were all amply supplied by the speaker. The archness of his look, the propriety of his action, and the general touch of humour and pleasantry which accompanied every line he spoke, drew from the audience loud and

involuntary mirth, with the greatest applause which had ever been known in a theatre. Mr. Garrick was obliged to repeat this prologue for more than ten successive nights.

It was remarked by the most discerning judges, that our Roscius had, by visiting foreign theatres, greatly profited in his mode of representation; they observed, that his action, though always spirited and proper, was become easy and unrestrained; that his deportment was more graceful, and his manner more elegant; that he did not now appear so solicitous for applause, as to disturb his own feelings, and lessen the pleasure of the audience; that he had entirely dropped that anxious exertion at the close of a speech, both in look and behaviour, which is called by the comedians a clap-trap. That there was certainly an alteration as well as improvement in his style of acting, was noticed by the spectators in general.

A history of Mr. Garrick and his theatre will unavoidably comprehend an account of the most remarkable dramatic pieces acted

under his auspices. The first comedy that was brought on the stage after he had resumed the management of it, was an alteration of Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*. The play, as it originally stood, was greatly celebrated for wit, character, and satire. James the Second was so delighted with it, that, on seeing it acted, he was determined to make the author happy by paying his debts; but Wycherley's modesty prevented the King's generous intention, for he presented him with a schedule which did not contain one half of what he owed.

The licentious manners of Charles the Second's reign are so incorporated in this play, from the beginning to the end, that it was impossible to separate them from the ground-plot, without pulling down the whole fabric. A man may as well expect to walk the streets in the dress of that merry monarch's time without being stared at or ridiculed, as to think of mixing the language of these times with that of a hundred years past. Bickerstaff, the reviver, found the task of adapting the *Plain Dealer's* old wit to modern delicacy so difficult, that half the co-

medy was curtailed in the acting; however, the characters were so properly distributed, that the play had good success. Mrs. Clive, in the Widow Blackacre, found a proper subject to display her rich vein of humour; and Mrs. Yates, in the constant and tender Fidelio, acted with that modest diffidence and sweet simplicity, which are the chief characteristics of that amiable part. Mr. Yates is always sure to please; but neither his age nor his look were suited to Jerry Blackacre, a stripling of seventeen: an old woman of sixty might with equal propriety have attempted to represent a Miss in her Teens. But this impropriety I attribute rather to the managers than the player; they are unwilling to lose the name of an established actor in their bills. I have seen Hippisley, when near sixty, act Daniel in Oroonoko, another boy about the age of Jerry Blackacre; the galleries, it is true, laughed, but the rest of the house gave such ridiculous misrepresentations a smile of contempt.

The Clandestine Marriage, acted soon after The Plain Dealer, was the joint labour

of Mr. Colman and Mr. Garrick. It has been observed, and I believe justly, that there has been no dramatic piece, since the days of Beaumont and Fletcher, written by two authors, in which wit, fancy, and humour, are so happily blended, that the texture of the whole might well be supposed to be woven by one hand, as in this comedy. The part of Lord Ogleby is a finished portrait: an enervated debauchée, affecting all the warmth and gaiety of youth, and making love to a fine young lady, is a character, if not odious, at least contemptible; but the skilful hand of the author, by giving him humane and generous principles, has not only saved him from our hatred, but has dignified him with a degree of approbation which the man of a benevolent mind will always be sure to obtain.

This part Mr. Garrick intended to have acted himself; but apprehending, from his frequent attacks of the gout and stone and his advanced age, too much fatigue from the playing such an important character several nights successively, he resigned all thoughts of it. Mr. Colman was not pleased with

losing the performance of so great a master as Mr. Garrick in the play; but his ideas of Ogleby were faithfully transcribed by Mr. King, who in that difficult part far exceeded all that was hoped for or expected from a man of his great industry and merit. King's Ogleby is as singularly meritorious, as the part is happily discriminated from any other libertine of rank.

The great run of the comedy, which was acted excellently in all its parts, soon reconciled Mr. Colman to his disappointment. Mrs. Clive almost closed her long list of comic characters in Mrs. Heidelberg; for this was her last new character except one, which was Lady Fuzz, in *The Peep behind the Curtain*.

Falstaff's Wedding, approved by the audience, and commended by all persons of taste as the only good imitation of Shakespeare's richest vein of humour, did not continue long upon the stage. Whether the acting of Falstaff by Love, a good general actor, was superior to the performer's abilities, or from what other cause the neglect of Fal-

staff's Wedding proceeded, I am not a judge; but as we have in Mr. Henderson an admirable representer of the jolly knight, I hope Falstaff's Wedding will be restored to the public (*).

Mrs. Griffith's School for Rakes was condemned by the actors, but greatly applauded by the public. This too was the case with Mr. Colman's English Merchant, a very successful comedy: two principal players were greatly disappointed in meeting with the applauses, when they expected the hisses of the audience. Le Sage, in his *Gil Blas*, has deservedly censured the actors of Madrid (by whom he certainly meant those of Paris) for circulating unfavourable reports respecting the merits of dramatic pieces whilst in rehearsal: this conduct is not only absurd, but unjust. What should we say of a lawyer, who, after having been retained in a cause, should contrive to do all the mischief in his

(*) Mr. Henderson did not take this hint; though certainly his talents would, if any thing could, have restored the piece to the stage.

power to his client? The conduct of these actors is exactly similar. The frequent proofs of mistaken judgment which the comedians have passed on the merit of plays before they were acted, should teach them to be more cautious as well as more candid.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

*Death of Mrs. Cibber—Of Mr. Quin—
Some material Transactions of their Lives.*

NOT long after Mr. Garrick's return to England from his travels, the lovers of theatrical entertainment felt a very sensible diminution of their pleasure by the loss of Mrs. Cibber, who died in January 1766; and Mr. Quin, who had retired from the stage about sixteen years, and had chiefly resided at Bath, where he was greatly respected, and lived very jovially upon a large annuity, paid the great debt of nature in March following.

Mrs. Cibber had been for a long time so subject to a disorder which was unfortunately unknown to her physician, and consequently treated improperly, that she was often prevented from giving the public that exquisite pleasure which she was sure to impart whenever she acted. Her health was so precarious, and she was so subject to frequent re-

lapses, that the newspapers ranked her among the dead near three months sooner than her decease. About a month before her death the King commanded the comedy of *The Provoked Wife*: she was then indisposed, but was imagined to be recovering some degree of health. Nothing could prevent her paying her duty to the King and Queen by playing the part of Lady Brute, a character for which she had always discovered a most remarkable fondness. The acting this part when her health was so infirm, some people believed to be the immediate cause of her death; but the truth is, she had been strongly pressed to bathe in sea-water, to which she had a most fixed aversion: however, she complied with the advice of a very eminent and skilful physician, and that compliance precipitated her death. Her indisposition was supposed to be a bilious colic; but, on her body being opened, it proved that her disorder arose from stomach-worms.

Mrs. Susannah Maria Cibber was daughter to Mr. Arne, an upholsterer, who lived in King Street, Covent Garden, and was born

much about the time the Indian Kings, mentioned by the Spectator, were lodged in her father's house. When very young, her voice was so melodious, that her friends entertained great hopes of her becoming a very excellent singer; and I believe she acted, when she was about fourteen years of age, the part of Tom Thumb in the opera of that name, which was set to music by her brother the celebrated Dr. Arne, and performed at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. She certainly made some considerable progress in music, and was occasionally employed to sing at concerts. When she was married to Theophilus Cibber, his father, Colley Cibber, observed to his son, that though his wife's voice was very pleasing, and she had a good taste in music, yet, as she could never arrive at more than the rank of a second-rate singer, her income would be extremely limited. The old man added, that he had overheard her repeat a speech from a tragedy, and he judged by her manner that her ear was good. Upon this she became a pupil to her father-in-law, and he publicly declared, that he took

infinite pleasure in the instruction of so promising a genius. She was likewise certainly indebted to the lessons of Aaron Hill for great part of her success in Zara ; he gave her critical lessons upon every line of the character.

To what I have already said of Mrs. Cibber's inimitable power of acting, I have little more to add. Her great excellence consisted in that simplicity which needed no ornament ; in that sensibility which despised all art : there was in her person little or no elegance ; in her countenance a small share of beauty ; but nature had given her such symmetry of form and fine expression of feature, that she preserved all the appearance of youth long after she had reached to middle life. The harmony of her voice was as powerful as the animation of her look. In grief and tenderness her eyes looked as if they swam in tears ; in rage and despair they seemed to dart flashes of fire. In spite of the unimportance of her figure, she maintained a dignity in her action and a grace in her step.

In conversation Mrs. Cibber was extremely

agreeable ; she was civil without constraint, and polite without affectation. She was not the mere actress ; her accomplishments rendered her dear to persons of the first quality of her own sex. There was ever such an engaging decency in her manners, that, notwithstanding a peculiarity of situation, she charmed and obliged all who approached her. She was a perfect judge of music, vocal and instrumental ; and though she was not mistress of a voice requisite to a capital singer, yet her fine taste was sure to gain her the applause and admiration of the best judges. Though I do not vouch for the following story, yet it will serve to prove the public opinion of her musical expression : it has been said, that many years since, when she sung in the oratorio of the Messiah at Dublin, a certain Bishop (*) was so affected with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying, *Woman ! thy sins be forgiven thee !* Mrs. Cibber was buried privately in Westminster Abbey.

(*) Mr. Davies was mistaken : it was Dr. Delany, the friend of Swift.

To Mr. Quin's various excellences in acting I have endeavoured to do equal justice ; and in general we have authority to say, that to his various parts in comedy may be added no mean list of dignified characters in tragedy, where sentiment and gravity of action, and not passion, predominated. He had so happy an ear for music, and was so famous for singing with ease a common ballad or catch, that Gay was persuaded to offer him the part of Macheath in *The Beggar's Opera* ; but after a short trial of his abilities, Quin gave it up, from a despair of acquitting himself with that dissolute gaiety and bold vigour of deportment necessary to the man who mixes with all sorts of company.

In the opera of *Achilles*, written by the same author, he acted *Lycomedes*, and acquitted himself in the singing of the songs in that part to the satisfaction of the audience. He recited with such energy and judgment, even in his younger years, that Lord Chancellor Cowper pronounced him one of the best speakers then living. Mr. Booth gave ample testimony to his elocution ; for having

seen him act the part of the Duke in Measure for Measure, he declined reviving the play and acting that character, though pressed to it by Wilks and Cibber; Booth declared he would never, if he could avoid it, hazard a comparison between himself and Quin. I have been assured by Mr. Hudson the painter, that Quin always spoke of Booth with reverence and affection, and sometimes with tears in his eyes.

The education of this actor was not mean, though he never applied himself to the cultivation of the belles-lettres. His language in conversation was nervous, and his bon-mots had a force in them that secured their remembrance long after their transitory effusion. Bon-mots depend so much on the spirit and look of him that utters them, that in the transcript of them their force is generally weakened, if not entirely lost.

However, two of Quin's remarkable sayings, relating to the beheading of Charles the First, may, perhaps, be thought worthy of preserving; on a thirtieth of January, he said, that every King in Europe would

rise with a crick in his neck. This has been attributed to Voltaire, but unjustly. Contending one day with a gentleman about the rectitude of taking away the life of Charles, Quin was asked by what law the judges deprived him of his life? "By all the laws," he replied, "which he had left them."

An author, whose malignity of expression could not obscure the brightness of his genius*, has, in his *Life of Beau Nash*, inserted a letter, attributed by some unknown hand to Quin; but it is so full of bad spelling, as well as vulgar phrases, that it was impossible a man, who was honoured with a command to teach the royal children to read the English language with propriety, could write such stuff. All the world was charmed with the elegant and powerful manner in which His Majesty pronounced his first speech from the throne. Quin was told of it; he heard of the accomplishments of his royal pupil with pleasure, and said exultingly,

* Goldsmith.

“ I knew he would speak well, *for I taught the boy.*”

He was celebrated for his great skill in reading the *Paradise Lost*, and once a subscription was talked of for his reciting passages from that book to a select number of gentlemen ; but this project his love of ease and good fellowship rendered abortive. Quin’s company was sought after upon many accounts. In providing excellent and choice dishes for dinner, and high-flavoured wines, he was esteemed a perfect *arbiter elegantiarum*. And let me observe, that the pleasure he took in catering, and more especially in talking over the various excellencies of his provisions, with some premeditated conceits, whimsically imagined and quaintly expressed, fixed on him the character of an epicure. The mere indulgence of his palate, it must be confessed, he enjoyed in common with many other of his bottle companions ; if it appeared more flagrant in him than others, it was owing to his love of drawing the notice of all companies to it, by omitting no opportunity of introducing the subject.

If ever he saw a fishing-rod, or heard any mention of angling, he would say it was a barbarous diversion. “ Suppose now any
 “ being that was as much my superior as I am
 “ to these poor fish, was to say,—‘ *This is a*
 “ ‘ *fine evening ; I’ll go a Quinning ;*’ if he
 “ were to bait with a haunch of venison, I
 “ should gorge ; and how should I like to be
 “ dragged from Richmond to Kingston,
 “ floundering and flouncing, with a hook in
 “ my gullet ?” To such discourse as this, which was very usual with him, we owe the following epigram, published about a year before his death :

Says Epicure **Quin**, Should the **Devil** in **Hell**
 In fishing for men take delight,
 His hook bait with ven’son ; I love it so well,
 By G—d, I am sure I should bite.

In entertaining his friends with sharp and poignant wit, he had few equals. His remarks upon persons and things were very acute, and often sarcastical : but his great power of pleasing in mixed company consisted in a variety of apposite allusions, short

stories, and diverting moralities ; in all which he abounded. He loved Thomson, and generously relieved him in his necessities. In conferring his kindness, he contrived, that the person obliged should not feel any uneasiness from the manner of bestowing it.

His acquaintance with Ryan was of fifty years standing, and his friendship to him steady and inviolable. They had often been engaged, in their younger years, in adventurous frolics and dangerous hair-breadth escapes. Ryan had borne Quin on his back a hundred times, triumphantly, from many a drunken fray and noisy riot. The former never spoke of the latter without the honest warmth of friendship. It was Quin's custom to act Falstaff for Ryan's benefit every year ; and this practice he continued, till the loss of his teeth rendered his speech inarticulate ; he then swore he would never whistle Falstaff ; and to make up for the loss of his annual performance, he made his friend a present of five hundred pounds.

A close intimacy between Garrick and Quin could not be expected during the time

their rivalry lasted ; I believe the latter very severely felt the superiority of the former. Before Mr. Garrick snatched the laurel from the brow of Quin, he was accounted sole monarch of the stage, nor could he bear the dethronement very patiently. But when all competition for pre-eminence had ceased by Quin's retiring from the stage, it was no difficult matter for them to unite in the bonds of friendship, because they could not but have an esteem for each other. The commencement of a warm profession of friendship between them, and which lasted till the death of Quin, as I was informed by an intimate acquaintance of both, began at Chatsworth, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, about twenty years since. They were His Grace's old acquaintance and welcome guests, and were invited to fill up the large cup of social happiness which the noble owner of the house proposed to enjoy in the company of his friends during some part of the summer season.

One evening Mr. Garrick and Mr. Quin were by chance left by themselves. After

some overtures to conversation on both sides, Mr. Quin kindly asked after Mrs. Garrick's health, for which he expressed a very solicitous regard. Nothing could give the other greater pleasure than such interrogatories concerning one whom he so affectionately loved : they spent the remainder of the evening with mutual satisfaction.

Quin's visits at Hampton soon became as frequent as they were welcome : here he poured out willing and large libations at the shrine of Shakespeare ; here he indulged in the dear delights of high-seasoned venison, delicious turtle, and excellent claret. Mr. Garrick would sometimes honour him with the title of his butler, and send him on a most agreeable errand, to search for bottles of choice Burgundy.

Quin was an honest voluptuary, who openly professed his enjoyment of the good things of this world ; and Mr. Garrick, in the following happy lines, has celebrated his epicurism.

*A Soliloquy by Mr. Quin, upon surveying the
Body of Duke Humphry, in the Abbey
Church of St. Albans.*

I.

A plague on Egypt's arts, I say ;
Embalm the dead ! on senseless clay
Rich wines and spices waste !
Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I,
Bound in a precious pickle, lie,
Which I can never taste !

II.

Let me embalm this flesh of mine
With turtle fat and Bourdeaux wine,
And spoil th' Egyptian trade ;
Than good Duke Humphry happier I,
Embalm'd alive ; old Quin shall die
A mummy ready made.

*Epitaph on Mr. Quin by Mr. Garrick, en-
graved upon his Monument in the Abbey
Church at Bath.*

That tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more :
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before the tongue what Shakespeare writ :

Cold is that hand, which, living, was stretch'd forth
At Friendship's call to succour modest worth.

Here lies James Quin—Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last,

CHAP. XXXIX.

Mr. Garrick's Country Girl—Unhappy in the Subject, and Choice of the Actress—His Cymon, and Christmas Tale—Earl of Warwick—Mrs. Yates's Margaret of Anjou—Dido—Widowed Wife—Zenobia.

AFTER his return from his foreign tour, Mr. Garrick was not so constantly employed as formerly in the fatigues of acting ; he had now more leisure to apply himself to writing ; and in a few months his muse produced *The Country Girl*, a comedy, and the dramatic romance of *Cymon*.

The *Country Girl* was borrowed from the most licentious play in the English language, *The Country Wife* of Wycherley ; in which there is to be found a more genuine representation of the loose manners, obscene language, and dissolute practices of Charles the Second's reign, than in any other play whatsoever. The comedy, notwithstanding,

is not deficient in wit, humour, and character. The decency of the French stage, and the profligacy of our own, may be marked out in this æra; for *The Country Wife* was evidently taken from the *L'Ecole des Femmes* of Moliere, a comedy written upon the most simple plan, and worked up with wonderful skill by that excellent comedian.

Great part of *The Country Girl* is entirely new written by Mr. Garrick, who preserved some of the most interesting scenes of the old play, but he absolutely changed the plot, and new-modelled the dialogue; to the characters he also gave a more modern gloss. Notwithstanding he took infinite pains to adapt the whole of the play to the present taste, he could not entirely please the palate of the audience; he was unhappy in the choice of his actress to personate the *Country Girl*; Miss Reynolds, though not deficient in merit, neither in age, person, or look, could pretend to be the innocent and simple lass of sixteen. The last scene of the play was an improvement on the original; the

rage and disappointment of an old debauchée, who finds himself outwitted by a raw country girl, were well conceived by the writer, and very naturally felt by the actor. Mr. Holland, in the part of Moody, rose above his usual style in playing.

Cymon was termed by the author a dramatic romance, a title unknown to our stage. I do not mean to question its propriety; it seems an attempt to reconcile two things very opposite, pastoral life and magical enchantment; it is the story of Cymon and Iphigenia greatly extended, and heightened by incantation.

Shakespeare was the first dramatic writer who perfectly understood the force of theatrical effect: he knew that the eye must be fed, as well as the ear and the understanding: many of his plays might be represented in pantomime. He saw that show and magnificence were essential requisites; and, wherever his plot would bear it, he has taken effectual care to make his exhibition of dress, machinery, dance, and every decoration, as striking to the sight as the then

mean state of our theatres would permit. Of this great art of combining fable, character, passion, and sentiment, with splendour and show, Ben Jonson was either entirely ignorant, or disdained the use of it; we find him continually, in his prologues and inductions, upbraiding Shakespeare with stealing the applause of an audience by such low artifices.

Mr. Garrick, in his *Cymon* and *The Christmas Tale*, embraced every occasion to treat the audience with fine scenes, splendid dresses, brisk music, lively dances, and all the ornaments which his plot would admit. The scene of the several orders of chivalry in *Cymon* was new, and finely imagined; and the whole piece is happily varied, very lively and entertaining. *The Christmas Tale* was fit only to be exhibited to a holiday audience. However, he gained his ends by both these pieces; they were acted frequently to crowded houses: *Cymon* continues a favourite of the public; but *The Christmas Tale* is absolutely forgotten.

The Earl of Warwick, a tragedy, taken

from a play of Monsieur de La Harpe, was acted much about the same time.

The original author has led his translator into one capital error. An event, of which every reader of history is well informed, should not be altered for the sake of any purpose whatsoever ; it is a glaring error, for which all the beauties of style and character cannot compensate. That the famous Earl of Warwick, *the raiser up and puller down of Kings*, as Shakespeare styles him, died in the battle of Barnet, fighting for King Henry the Sixth against Edward the Fourth, is a fact as well known as that Richard the Third was killed in Bosworth Field, or that Henry the Eighth was our first King who threw off the papal yoke. Setting aside this fault, the play deserves much commendation : the characters of Edward and Warwick are justly and powerfully delineated ; and that unhappy, but great woman, Margaret of Anjou, in this tragedy, deserves our pity, and commands our admiration. The scenes between the sovereign and subject, Edward and Warwick, are managed with that nice skill which such inter-

views demand ; and the arguments for prerogative and privilege are discussed with a knowledge and propriety which manifest the author's acquaintance with so difficult a subject.

In the preparing this play for the stage, something fell out worthy of notice. Powell was at first extremely well satisfied with his part of Edward ; and Holland thought he should bear away the palm from every actor in the tragedy in the part of Warwick.

Mrs. Yates had well weighed, and knew perfectly the value of Queen Margaret ; but seemed to be extremely diffident of its power to attract the regard of an audience, when opposed to the splendour of Edward, or the popularity of Warwick. The heroes, at rehearsal, threw out all their force of elocution ; Mrs. Yates, like an experienced general, concealed her power till the time of employing it ; she so far deceived these gentlemen, that they affected to pity her in being obliged to act a part of such small importance.

But when the play was acted, notwithstanding all the dazzling show of Edward's

grandeur, and Warwick's popular speeches, Mrs. Yates acted so characteristically, displayed such grandeur of mind, pride of behaviour, resentment of injury, and dignity of action, that the other characters seemed to be totally eclipsed ; the audience was full of admiration of the unfortunate queen, who, in her last scene, seemed to triumph over all her enemies.

Dido, a tragedy, written by Mr. Reed, a rope-maker, was acted for the benefit of Mr. Holland. It was thought an unusual favour to give the first night of a play to an actor ; nor does the public know why Dido was not played more than three nights. If the managers pleaded that the season was too far advanced to act it successively, as was usual in other new pieces, it might have been resumed the next winter ; and that it merited such favour, if it really was a favour, may be presumed from the applause bestowed upon it. The author is certainly a man of genius ; his farce of *The Register Office* contains a variety of characters aptly drawn ; and it has

accordingly met with great and deserved approbation.

The Widowed Wife, a comedy by Dr. Kenrick, was acted with applause fourteen nights, and resumed the season following (*). The merit of the piece was considerable, from a variety of new characters, as well as much pointed satire, and several just observations on the many fashionable vices of the times. The part of the Widowed Wife, excellently performed by Mrs. Pritchard, was the last new character which she acted.

To no author has the stage, for almost thirty years, been more obliged, than to Mr. Murphy. Equally happy in a rich and pleasant vein for comedy, and a pathetic and noble style for tragedy, he has alternately, and indeed successfully, delighted the public with his *Melpomene* and *Thalia*; with his *All in the Wrong*, *The Citizen*, *The Way to Keep Him*, *Know Your Own Mind*; with *The*

(*) The *Biographia Dramatica* says, that it reached nine nights with little applause, and was not afterwards heard of.

Orphan of China, Zenobia, Alzuma, and The Grecian Daughter.

His *Zenobia* was acted soon after the *False Delicacy* of Hugh Kelly. The author emancipated himself from the slavish and hackneyed custom of dedicating a play to persons of high rank, “to wealthy merchants or rich commissaries.” He surprised Mrs. Barry, then Mrs. Dancer, who acted *Zenobia*, with a very handsome address; and inscribed to her a play which, by her inimitable action, he says, was saved from the critics. He however, in the same epistle, contrives to show his gratitude to Mr. Garrick for his politeness and assiduity in preparing his tragedy for the stage, and his taste in the decoration of it; to Mr. Barry, for the fine exertion of his powers; but Mrs. Dancer’s powerful address to “snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,” and her multiplied beauties of representation, he compares to Rinaldo’s sword in Tasso’s *Jerusalem*, which to a whole army appears to be three swords.

Zenobia is, in my opinion, the most af-

fecting in story, as well as the most judicious in its plan, of all our author's tragedies. He had rivals to encounter, and difficulties to overcome, which were not easily surmounted. The *Rhadamiste* of Crebillon is universally said to be his masterpiece; and the harmonious, pathetic, and moral *Metastasio* has treated the same subject with his usual grace and dignity.

Notwithstanding this, the English *Zenobia* claims all the praise which the most judicious, as well as candid critic can give; the language never soars above that proper elevation of style which the subject and characters require; the situations are the most dramatic of any modern tragedy; and the passions are all derived from those eternal ties which bind human nature; from affections which spring from connubial and parental bonds, and involve the dearest interests of father, mother, son, brother, lover, and friend. The catastrophe is not a trick of the stage; no, it is truly striking, and formed on the distress of the principal character, who

nobly exerts herself to save her husband and child by her own certain death.

In the strong expression of conflicting passions, and in the feeling of complicated distress, no actor can be named with Barry. Rhadamistus died with him.

However prodigal of praise the author was in his address to Mrs. Dancer, every spectator of *Zenobia* must confess, that it was not possible to say too much of her inimitable performance. Mrs. Barry knows perfectly well the ready avenues to the heart, and can rouse every latent spring of human feeling; she, if any actress can, will force lamentations from the obdurate, and sensibility from the brutal. But if no author was ever more indebted to an actress than Mr. Murphy to Mrs. Barry, it must be allowed, that no actress could well be more obliged to a writer for situations to display her abilities than she was to him in *Zenobia*.

There is no character so odious to an audience as the dignified villain, the bloody and remorseless tyrant. Pharsamenes scarcely receives any impressions of softness from that

passion, which, of all others, contributes most to humanize the most savage breast ; love has no other effect on him than to render him more cruel and boisterous.

Mr. Aikin, in drawing his Pharsamenes, very judiciously threw part of his fierceness into shade ; he was deservedly praised for supporting the spirit of the character, without rendering it glaringly disgusting.

CHAP. XL.

Hugh Kelly—An Author who writes against the Players—Supposed the first English Writer of sentimental Comedy—His False Delicacy, Word to the Wise, Clementina, and School for Lovers—His Death.

FALSE Delicacy, a play by Mr. Kelly, was acted, in order of time, before Zenobia ; but as I shall confine what I have to say of this writer to one chapter, I was unwilling to interrupt the narrative by keeping too closely to chronology.

From Mr. Kelly's first literary essays so little of entertainment was promised, that his rapid progress in fame, and great success in dramatic poetry, may be deemed almost incredible.

Mr. Hugh Kelly served his apprenticeship in Dublin to a staymaker ; but finding no sufficient encouragement to continue in that trade, and having no inclination to tie himself

down to so mean an occupation, he arrived in London about the year 1763, in very low circumstances. He conceived that the surest method to get employment as an author, would be to signalize himself by writing short essays and paragraphs in the newspapers. He constantly paid attendance at a public-house within a few doors of Drury Lane theatre ; in this place he learned from the lowest retainers of the stage the characters of the actors, or rather, he gleaned the idle and insignificant remarks, which were made on their conduct in private life, as well as their professional merit. From what he gained in such company, and from such information, he treated the players with great and unexampled severity in the public prints ; he seemed indeed to think himself under no restraint, when he attacked either their morals as men, or their abilities as actors ; he rather loaded them with reproaches than criticized their errors : in short, he descended to the lowest abuse of language. Some of them smiled at his attacks, and treated him as one below their notice ; others threatened

loudly to chastise him ; and Kelly was at last reduced to the necessity of wearing a sword, to protect himself from the resentment which he apprehended, and had provoked. In imitation of Churchill's *Rosciad*, he wrote a poem, called *Thespis* ; in the first part of which he outrageously attacked Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Dancer, and Mr. Moody ; at the same time, from the bias of his connexions, he poured forth lavish encomiums upon others, and recorded the merits of Ackman, and the lowest of the comedians.

He was now become the scourge of the theatre ; and his face in the pit was supposed to be as terrible to the players as Churchill's had been formerly.

But, at the time he was prosecuting this illiberal practice of stage scandal, he was busy in preparing a new comedy upon the sentimental plan, and of this species of dramatic poetry he was said to be the first English writer. As soon as he had brought it into form, he presented it to Mr. Garrick. The manager perused it ; and observing in it some marks of genius, he kindly pointed

out to him such parts of the play as stood in need of retouching or heightening ; he besides helped him to curtail all such superfluous scenes as an author unacquainted with the stage would insensibly, in the warmth of his fancy, produce.

When the play was ready for rehearsal, he consulted Mr. Garrick about distributing the parts : he now, to his great regret, found his error in making so free with those persons whose assistance was absolutely necessary to him, and without whose consent his play could not be acted. Here too Mr. Garrick befriended him ; he prevailed upon Mrs. Dancer to sacrifice her resentment to the interest of the community. To Mrs. Clive, I fancy, he had not the courage to make any application ; and indeed Kelly had treated this great actress with such rudeness, and affectation of contempt, that it was impossible to hope she could be brought into any temper with him. No entreaty of the manager, or submission of the author, could, I believe, prevail on Moody to be reconciled to any terms of accommodation.

False Delicacy was acted with much applause, and continued to draw the public to the theatre near twenty nights successively. Mr. Garrick supplied the author with prologue and epilogue, which were spoken with great humour by Mr. King and Mrs. Dancer. The critics attacked it as a dull sentimental sermon, but surely not altogether with reason. The plot contains variety of interesting action ; and though many of the sentiments have in them a grave cast, the dialogue in general is gay and sprightly ; some of the characters are marked with passion, others distinguished by humour. The piece is interesting, moral, and entertaining, and deserved encouragement.

The author, who had thus emerged from obscurity into sunshine, felt uncommon pleasure at this sudden reverse of his circumstances. When he went to the play-house treasury to receive the profits of his first third night, which amounted to 150*l.* not having ever seen so much money of his own before, he was all astonishment ; he put the money into his pocket as fast as he

could, and ran home to his wife in a rapture to communicate to her the pleasure he had enjoyed.

The mind of Kelly was naturally active, and turned to industry. His great success in his first stage attempt did not prevent his thinking of more serious business. After having applied himself for some time closely to the study of the law, he was called to the bar, and pleaded causes. He likewise undertook the care of a newspaper, and stood forth a very staunch vindicator of public measures. Not content with that proof of his zeal for Administration, he attacked with great warmth and keenness of satire, some say indeed with illiberal abuse, several gentlemen who had distinguished themselves as leading patriots.

The consequence of his espousing the ministerial cause, though I believe it passed not unrewarded by Government, was very disagreeable to him in his capacity of a dramatic writer.

His next comedy, called *A Word to the Wise*, not all the friendship and skill of the

manager, with the assistance of a numerous acquaintance, could support against an enraged popular party, who were determined, at all events, to crush it. The catastrophe is the more to be lamented, as this comedy is one of his most judicious compositions. He was soon after reduced to the necessity of sheltering himself under the patronage of friends, by begging others to adopt his dramatic productions. His tragedy of *Clementina* Mr. Colman, with great good-nature, took under his protection, and pushed its acting as far as the merit of the piece would possibly admit. The plot of that play is wild and romantic; and the language, though sometimes impressed with sentiment, and raised by passion, is generally tame and prosaic. The tragedy owed its success to the animated action of Mrs. Yates.

The *School for Wives* was brought on the stage by Mr. Addington, who kindly lent his name to this offspring of Kelly: he as generously renounced any pretension to the merit of writing that comedy, when it was no

longer necessary to conceal the name of the real author.

It may be justly said of Kelly, that no man ever profited more by a sudden change of fortune in his favour : prosperity caused an immediate and remarkable alteration in his whole conduct ; from a low, petulant, absurd, and ill-bred censurer, he was transformed to the humane, affable, good-natured, well-bred man. His conversation in general was lively and agreeable ; he had an uncommon stock of ready language ; and though not deeply read, what he said was generally worthy of attention. He sometimes, indeed, from an attempt to assume uncommon politeness, and a superabundance of benevolence, became rather tiresome and luscious in his compliments.

The fate of his comedies was as uncommon as his sudden elevation from distress to affluence was surprising.

False Delicacy was the favourite comedy of the times, and continued, for a few years, to draw multitudes to its representation. An unexpected dash of Foote's satire laid

that play, and all sentimental comedy, in the dust.

Piety in Pattens (*) was a charm as power-

(*) As this entertainment was never published, it may gratify the curiosity of some of our readers, if we give a brief account of it.

Foote styled his piece *The Primitive Puppet-show*, and it was first produced on Monday, February 15, 1773, at the Little Theatre, in the Haymarket. He addressed the audience in a very pertinent, well-written exordium, pointing out the long existence of the species of the drama that he was attempting to revive, and its superior excellence over other dramas, showing by what means it grew into disrepute.

He concluded his address by observing, that he wished there was in this town no other Puppet-show than that at his Theatre; and informed the house, that the piece about to be performed was a sentimental comedy, called, *The Handsome Housemaid*; or, *Piety in Pattens*: that the audience would not discover much wit and humour in it; for that his brother-writers had all agreed it was highly improper, and beneath the dignity of a mixed assembly, to show any signs of joyful satisfaction; and that creating a laugh was forcing the higher order of an audience to a vulgar and mean use of their muscles: he had therefore, like them, given up the sensual for the sentimental style.

When the curtain drew up, a figure, admirably well

ful in demolishing that species of comedy which the French term *larmoyante*, as The

made and dressed, was discovered bowing to the audience ; and, according to the usual contrivance at a puppet-show, he spoke a humorous prologue, in which he personated a sapling, declared himself the offspring of an oak, that had been made into a vessel, which was now laid up to rot in a dock ; and that he stood forth a cudgel for the present follies of the age. The piece was of two acts ; the story, a servant-girl whose master had fallen in love with her ; and being offered a settlement by him, is warned by Thomas the Butler, who loves her, and tells her to beware of her master ; for if she once loses her virtue, she will have no pretensions to chastity. She takes his advice, and slights her master, who, overcome by her honest principles, and the strength of his passion, offers to marry her ; she begs Thomas may be by, to hear the reply she gives to such a noble offer ; when she immediately bestows her hand on the Butler for counselling her so well. The Squire, vanquished by such goodness, gives his consent to their junction ; when the heroine, out of gratitude for his great condescension, resolves to marry neither, and to live single, although she loves them both.

Just at the conclusion of the piece a Constable enters to take up the puppets, and carry them before Justice Girkin, an oilman in the Strand, who has issued his warrant for their apprehension as vagrants, together with Foote. A most laughable examination-scene ensues at

Rehearsal was in banishing the rants and bombast of Dryden and other writers.

the Justice's house, where the puppets are brought, and the Counsellors Quirk (a Scotch advocate) and Quibble appear one against, the other for, the puppets. It is agreed that the puppets cannot be committed or punished under the vagrant act, 'as all the whipping in the world could never make them labour; and the food prescribed to be given, viz. bread and water, nothing could induce them either to chew or swallow. An argument ensues what shall be done with Foote; the Scotchman says he ought to be sent to the house of correction, as *he* is surely no puppet; the other declares he will not altogether agree to that, for that Foote is certainly, a fourth part of him, a puppet, his left leg being composed of the same materials as his figures; and if he is committed as a man, the puppet part of him has a right to his action for damages; on the other hand, if he is committed as a puppet, the body may sue for false imprisonment. It is at length decided, by learnedly consenting that the only way will be by waiting till they can catch his body without his leg, or his leg without his body.

This entertainment was rather too short, and the comedy, as was premised in the exordium, occasionally insipid; on the whole, however, it had a very considerable share of merit. The humour and originality of the matter was alone sufficient to ground a claim on for liberal encouragement. In the comedy some laugh-

Mr. Kelly died, in the 38th year of his age, of an abscess formed in his side, which

able ridicule is thrown on the stale, hash-meat truths which modern writers are so eternally cramming their pieces with, under the name of *sentiment*. The audience, however, did not universally relish the matter ; it appears, that they did not entirely conceive the drift of the representation before them. They did not distinguish that it was a burlesque of a very insipid species of dramatic writing, then too prevalent and too successful ; and that the subject therefore would not afford an opportunity of throwing in the quantity of humour that Mr. Foote's productions generally abounded with.

After it was concluded, Mr. Foote told the audience, that during the performance he had observed several essential improvements which he could make in future, if it was their pleasure that he should persevere in his attempt to revive this species of the drama ; but that he paid too great a deference to the sense of the public to obtrude any entertainment upon them which they objected to. A general plaudit ensued, and he quitted the stage ; but the music striking up with a design to play the audience out of the theatre, they thought something more was about to be produced, and therefore stayed in the house ; and on a performer's telling them that all was finished, a great noise began : Mr. Foote was called for, and made an apology, which satisfied many. The galleries, however, would not be contented, but began rioting, and tore up a bench or two. Some few in the pit

was said to be owing to his constant application to business, and to a sedentary life ; and

also were rather troublesome, and broke down the orchestra.

By the advice of a friend, Mr. Foote was preparing to speak his prologue to *The Author*, as a matter apposite to the present disturbance, but the gallery would not suffer him to go on with it. At length it was agreed, that the contest relative to the repetition of the Puppet-show should be decided by holding-up of hands ; when three to one appeared in favour of it. The gentlemen in the boxes, and the greater part of the pit, behaved with candour and propriety ; but from the illiberal conduct of the gallery, it seemed as if some of the persons there had come to the theatre not in hopes of seeing a *primitive* but a *modern* Puppet-show ; and that they grew out of temper because Punch, his wife Joan, and little Ben the Sailor, did not make their appearance. The figures were nearly as large as the life, constructed with admirable skill, all exceedingly well dressed, their action managed with great adroitness, and their features made striking and expressive.

On Saturday, March 6, Mr. Foote's theatre was again opened for a renewal of his attempt to revive the Primitive Puppet-show. The sentimental comedy of the *Handsome Housemaid*, or *Piety in Pattens* (in which two new songs were introduced, and sung by Mrs. Jewell), was performed in a manner more regular and perfect than before : the audience tasted the salt of

perhaps too it might proceed, in some measure, from too great indulgence in his manner of living.

the satire, by loudly approving what might justly be termed *Foote's Mirror for sentimental writers*. On its first exhibition the entertainment was too short, but it was now very considerably lengthened. After the exordium, the comedy, and the justice-scene, Punch was introduced, who complained loudly of Foote's interfering in his immediate province, without calling for *his* assistance: he attacked the humourist, as having been *touched* to be silent on some characters whom it had been reported he meant to satirize, and particularly mentioned a Barrister of considerable fame and practice: Foote, however, replied, "He is too fond of a fee himself, to part " with one to silence me." Punch then declared himself well qualified to succeed in the drama, both as an author and an actor; as a proof of the former, he produced to the manager two theatrical performances; Mr. Foote read the titles, the first of which was, *The Bastard Baronet, or Punch in a Puddle*; on which Foote remarked, that this was a dangerous subject, and expressed a dislike of the word "puddle," for fear it should lead to too gross an idea. The second piece was called *The Ceded Island, or the Caribbees cribbed*. This, Punch declared, was a tragedy after his very best manner; for what with the *sword* and the *season*, the actors on each side must be left dead on the stage.—After this, Punch insisted on being engaged as a principal performer; and, as a proof

of his merit as an actor, he imitated the manner and voice of Mr. Barry, Mr. Reddish, Mr. Cautherley, Mr. King, Mr. Hartry, Mr. Weston, Mr. Bannister, and Mr. Vernon. Foote paid him some compliments on his mimicry ; but Punch, as a part of his bargain, demanded that his wife Joan should be engaged : a jest or two was cracked on the deformity of her face and person ; but Foote positively refused to engage her, and gave his refusal in words, form, and manner, so similar to the language and method of Mr. Garrick, that the house could not but see the imitative intention, and applaud the successful imitator.

CHAP. XLI.

Dr. Goldsmith—Solicits Mr. Garrick for his Vote and Interest—Offers him the Play of The Good-natured Man—Their Contest about it—Some farther Account of the Doctor—His Envy, Malice, Absurdity, Good nature, Generosity, Benevolence—Dies.

DR. Goldsmith having tried his genius in several modes of writing, in essays, descriptive poetry, and history, was advised to apply himself to that species of composition which is said to have been long the most fruitful in the courts of Parnassus. The writer of plays has been ever supposed to pursue the quickest road to the temple of Plutus.

The Doctor was a perfect heteroclite, an inexplicable existence in creation; such a compound of absurdity, envy, and malice, contrasted with the opposite virtues of kind-

ness, generosity, and benevolence, that he might be said to consist of two distinct souls, and to be influenced by the agency of a good and bad spirit.

The first knowledge Mr. Garrick had of his abilities, was from an attack upon him by Goldsmith, when he was but a very young author, in a book called *The Present State of Learning*. Amongst other abuses (for the Doctor loved to dwell upon grievances) he took notice of the behaviour of managers to authors : this must surely have proceeded from the most generous principles of reforming what was amiss for the benefit of others, for the Doctor at that time had not the most distant view of commencing dramatic author.

Little did Goldsmith imagine he should one day be obliged to ask a favour from the director of a playhouse : however, when the office of secretary to the Society of Arts and Sciences became vacant, the Doctor was persuaded to offer himself as a candidate. He was told that Mr. Garrick was a leading member of that learned body, and his interest and

recommendation would be of consequence to enforce his pretensions.

He waited upon the manager, and, in few words, requested his vote and interest. Mr. Garrick could not avoid observing to him, that it was impossible he could lay claim to any recommendation from him, as he had taken pains to deprive himself of his assistance by an unprovoked attack upon his management of the theatre, in his *State of Learning*. Goldsmith, instead of making an apology for his conduct, either from misinformation or misconception, bluntly replied, in truth he had spoken his mind, and believed what he said was very right. The manager dismissed him with civility; and Goldsmith lost the office by a very great majority, who voted in favour of Dr. Templeman.

The Doctor's reputation, which was daily increasing from a variety of successful labours, was at length lifted so high, that he escaped from indigence and obscurity to competence and fame.

The first man of the age, one who, from

the extensiveness of his genius and benevolence of his mind, is superior to the little envy and mean jealousy which adhere so closely to most authors, and especially to those of equivocal merit, took pleasure in introducing Dr. Goldsmith to his intimate friends, persons of eminent rank and distinguished abilities. The Doctor's conversation by no means corresponded with the idea formed of him from his writings.

The Dutchess of Rambouillet, who was charmed with the tragedies of Corneille, wished to have so great an author among her constant visitors, expecting infinite entertainment from the writer of the *Cid*, the *Horace*, and *Cinna*. But the poet lost himself in society; he held no rank with the *beaux esprits* who met at the hotel of this celebrated lady; his conversation was dry, unpleasant, and what the French call *distract*. So Dr. Goldsmith appeared in company to have no spark of that genius which shone forth so brightly in his writings; his address was awkward, his manner uncouth, his language unpolished, his elocution was conti-

nually interrupted by disagreeable hesitation, and he was always unhappy if the conversation did not turn upon himself.

To manifest his intrepidity in argument, he would generously espouse the worst side of the question, and almost always left it weaker than he found it. His jealousy fixed a perpetual ridicule on his character, for he was emulous of every thing and every body. He went with some friends to see the entertainment of the Fantoccini, whose uncommon agility and quick evolutions were much celebrated. The Doctor was asked how he liked these automatons. He replied, he was surprised at the applause bestowed on the little insignificant creatures, for he could have performed their exercises much better himself. When his great literary friend was commended in his hearing, he could not restrain his uneasiness, but exclaimed, in a kind of agony, “ No more, I desire you ; “ you harrow up my soul ! ” More absurd stories may be recorded of Goldsmith than of any man : his absence of mind would not permit him to attend to time, place, or com-

pany. When at the table of a nobleman of high rank and great accomplishments, one to whom England stands indebted in many obligations, and it is hoped that he will more and more increase the debt by his continual and vigorous efforts to secure her happiness ; to this great man Goldsmith observed, that he was called by the name of Malagrida ; “ but I protest and vow to your Lordship, I can’t conceive for what reason, *for Malagrida was an honest man !*”

When the Doctor had finished his comedy of *The Good-natured Man*, he was advised to offer it to Mr. Garrick. The manager was fully conscious of his merit, and perhaps more ostentatious of his abilities to serve a dramatic author, than became a man of his prudence : Goldsmith was, on his side, as fully persuaded of his own importance and independent greatness. Mr. Garrick, who had been so long treated with the complimentary language paid to a successful patentee and admired actor, expected that the writer would esteem the patronage of his play as a favour : Goldsmith rejected all ideas of

kindness in a bargain that was intended to be of mutual advantage to both ; and in this he was certainly justifiable. Mr. Garrick could reasonably expect no thanks for the acting a new play, which he would have rejected, if he had not been convinced it would have amply rewarded his pains and expense. I believe the manager was willing to accept the play, but he wished to be courted to it ; and the Doctor was not disposed to purchase his friendship by the resignation of his sincerity. He then applied to Mr. Colman, who accepted his comedy without any hesitation.

The Good-natured Man bears strong marks of that happy originality which distinguishes the writings of Dr. Goldsmith. Two characters in this comedy were absolutely unknown before to the English stage ; a man who boasts an intimacy with persons of high rank whom he never saw, and another who is almost always lamenting misfortunes he never knew. Croaker is as strongly designed, and as highly finished a portrait of a discontented man, of one who disturbs every hap-

piness he possesses, from apprehension of distant evil, as any character of Congreve, or any other of our English dramatists. Shuter acted Croaker with that warm glee of fancy, and genuine flow of humour, that always accompanied his best and most animated performances. The great applause and profit which attended the acting of this comedy, contributed to render the author more important in his own eyes, and in the opinion of the public. But no good fortune could make Goldsmith discreet, nor any increase of fame diminish his envy, or cure the intractability of his temper. John Home was taught by experience, that his connexions with the great were of no avail with the public; and that courtly approbation was no protection from popular dislike; he therefore veiled himself in obscurity, and prevailed upon a young gentleman, his friend, to adopt his play of *The Fatal Discovery*; but the foster-father performed his assumed character so awkwardly at the rehearsal of this tragedy, that it was soon discovered that the child was not his own; for he submitted to have the

piece altered, lopped, and corrected, with such tranquillity of temper, as the real parent could not have assumed. Of the true author Goldsmith by chance found out the knowledge; and when the play was announced to the public, it will hardly be credited, that this man of benevolence, for such he really was, endeavoured to muster a party to condemn it; alleging this cogent reason for the proceeding, that such fellows ought not to be encouraged.

“ No author ever spar’d a brother :

“ Wits are game-cocks to one another.”

The tragedy of *The Countess of Salisbury*, a play in which Mr. Barry and Mrs. Dancer displayed great powers of acting, was in a good degree of favour with the town. This was a crime sufficient to rouse the indignation of Goldsmith, who issued forth to see it, with a determined resolution to consign the play to perdition. He sat out four acts of *The Countess of Salisbury* with great calmness and seeming temper; but as the plot thickened, and his apprehension began to be

terrified with the ideas of blood and slaughter, he got up in a great hurry, saying, loud enough to be heard, *Brownrig! Brownrig!* by G—.

Goldsmith never wanted literary employment; the booksellers understood the value of his name, and did all they could to excite his industry; and it cannot be denied that they rewarded his labours generously: in a few years he wrote three Histories of England; the first in two pocket volumes in letters, and another in four volumes octavo; the first, an elegant summary of British transactions; and the other, an excellent abridgment of Hume, and other copious historians. These books are in every body's hands. The last is a short contraction of the four volumes in one duodecimo. For writing these books he obtained 750*l.* or 800*l.*

His squabbles with booksellers and publishers were innumerable; his appetites and passions were craving and violent; he loved variety of pleasures, but could not devote himself to industry long enough to purchase them by his writings: upon every emer-

gency half a dozen projects would present themselves to his mind ; these he communicated to the men who were to advance money on the reputation of the author ; but the money was generally spent long before the new work was half finished, or perhaps before it was commenced. This circumstance naturally produced reproach from one side, which was often returned with anger and vehemence on the other. After much and disagreeable altercation, one bookseller desired to refer the matter in dispute to the Doctor's learned friend, a man of known integrity, and one who would favour no cause but that of justice and truth. Goldsmith consented, and was enraged to find that one author should have so little feeling for another, as to determine a dispute to his disadvantage, in favour of a tradesman.

His love of play involved him in many perplexing difficulties, and a thousand anxieties ; and yet he had not the resolution to abandon a practice for which his impatience of temper and great unskilfulness rendered him totally unqualified.

Though Mr. Garrick did not act his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*; yet, as he was then upon very friendly terms with the author, he presented him with a very humorous prologue, well accommodated to the occasion, of reviving fancy, wit, gaiety, humour, incident, and character, in the place of sentiment and moral preachment.

Woodward spoke this whimsical address in mourning, and lamented pathetically over poor dying Comedy. To her he says,

—A mawkish drab of spurious breed,
Who deals in *sentimentals*, will succeed.

In the close of the Prologue, the Doctor is recommended as a fit person to revive poor drooping Thalia; with a compliment which hinted, I imagine, at some public transaction, of not dealing in poisonous drugs.

She Stoops to Conquer, notwithstanding many improbabilities in the economy of the plot, several farcical situations, and some characters which are rather exaggerated, is a lively and faithful representation of nature; genius presides over every scene of this play;

the characters are either new, or varied improvements from other plays.

Marlow has a slight resemblance of Charles in *The Fop's Fortune*, and something more of Lord Hardy in *Steele's Funeral*; and yet, with a few shades of these parts, he is discriminated from both. Tony Lumpkin is a vigorous improvement of Humphry Gubbins, and a more diverting picture of ignorance, rusticity, and obstinacy; Hardcastle, his wife, and daughter, I think, are absolutely new; the language is easy and characteristical; the manners of the times are slightly, but faithfully, represented; the satire is not ostentatiously displayed, but incidentally involved in the business of the play; and the suspense of the audience is artfully kept up to the last. This comedy was very well acted; Lewis played Marlow with the ease of a gentleman; Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin were supported in a masterly style by Shuter and Quick; so was Miss Hardcastle by Mrs. Bulkeley. Mrs. Green, in Mrs. Hardcastle, maintained her just title to one of the best comic actresses of the age.

Though the money gained by this play amounted to a considerable sum, more especially so to a man who had been educated in straits and trained in adversity ; yet his necessities soon became as craving as ever : to relieve them, he undertook a new History of Greece ; and a book of animals, called, *The History of Animated Nature*. The first was to him an easy task ; but as he was entirely unacquainted with the world of animals, his friends were anxious for the success of his latter undertaking. Notwithstanding his utter ignorance of the subject, he has compiled one of the pleasantest and most instructive books in our language ; I mean, that it is not only useful to young minds, but entertaining to those who understand the animal creation.

Every thing of Goldsmith seems to bear the magical touch of an enchanter ; no man took less pains, and yet produced so powerful an effect : the great beauty of his composition consists in a clear, copious, and expressive style.

Goldsmith's last work was his poem called *Retaliation*, which the historian of his life

says was written for his own amusement, and that of his friends, who were the subjects of it. That he did not live to finish it, is to be lamented, for it is supposed he would have introduced more characters. What he has left is so perfect in its kind, that it stands not in need of revisal.

In no part of his works has this author discovered a more nice and critical discernment, or a more perfect knowledge of human nature, than in this poem ; with wonderful art he has traced all the leading features of his several portraits, and given with truth the characteristic peculiarities of each ; no man is lampooned, and no man is flattered.

The occasion, we are told, to which we owe this admirable poem, was a circumstance of festivity. The literary society to which he belonged proposed to write epitaphs on the Doctor. Mr. Garrick, one of the members, wrote the following fable of Jupiter and Mercury, to provoke Goldsmith to a retaliation.

Jupiter and Mercury. A Fable.

Here, Hermes! says Jove, who with nectar was
mellow,

Go, fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow.

Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold and
some dross ;

Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross :

Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions ;

A great lover of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions.

Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the
baking,

Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking ;

With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste,

Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine
taste ;

That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,

Set fire to his head, and set fire to his tail.

For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it,

This scholar, rake, christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.

Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,

And among brother mortals be Goldsmith his name.

When on earth this strange meteor no more shall ap-
pear,

You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here.

There never was surely a finer picture, at
full length, given to the world, than this warm
character of the incomprehensible and hete-
rogeneous Doctor.

And here Dr. Goldsmith's portrait of Mr. Garrick will be introduced with propriety.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man :
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine ;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And be-plastered with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'T was only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day :
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew, when he pleas'd, he could whistle them
 back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind ;
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls, so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
 gave !

How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
 While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd !
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies ;
 'Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;
 Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

The sum of all that can be said for and against Mr. Garrick, some people think, may be found in these lines of Goldsmith. That the person upon whom they were written was displeased with some strokes of this character, may be gathered from the following jeu d'esprit, which Mr. Garrick wrote on *The Retaliation* soon after it had been produced to the society ;

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us ?
 Is this the great poet whose works so content us ?
 This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine
 books ?
 Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Candour must own, that Mr. Garrick, in his versè on Goldsmith, was gentle in describing the subject, as well as delicate in the

choice of his expressions ; but that Garrick's features in *The Retaliation* are somewhat exaggerated.

Not long before his death, he had formed a design of publishing an *Encyclopædia*, or an *Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences* ; a prospectus of which he printed and sent to his friends, many of whom had promised to furnish him with articles on different subjects ; and, among the rest, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Garrick. His expectations from any new-conceived projects were generally very sanguine ; but from so extensive a plan his hopes of gain had lifted up his thoughts to an extraordinary height.

The booksellers, notwithstanding they had a high opinion of his abilities, yet were startled at the bulk, importance, and expense of so great an undertaking, the fate of which was to depend upon the industry of a man with whose indolence of temper and method of procrastination they had long been acquainted : the coldness with which they met his proposal was lamented by the Doctor

to the hour of his death, which seems to have been accelerated by a neglect of his health, occasioned by continual vexation of mind, arising from his involved circumstances. Death, I really believe, was welcome to a man of his great sensibility.

The chief materials which compose Goldsmith's character are before the reader ; but, as I have with great freedom exposed his faults, I should not have dwelt so minutely upon them, if I had not been conscious, that, upon a just balance of his good and bad qualities, the former would far outweigh the latter.

Goldsmith was so sincere a man, that he could not conceal what was uppermost in his mind : so far from desiring to appear in the eye of the world to the best advantage, he took more pains to be esteemed worse than he was, than others do to appear better than they are. His envy was so childish, and so absurd *, that it may be very easily

* At a dinner of the Royal Academicians, one of the company, by some lively jests, excited the mirth of

pardoned, for every body laughed at it ; and no man was ever very mischievous whose errors excited mirth : he never formed any scheme, or joined in any combination, to hurt any man living.

His inviting persons to condemn Mr. Home's tragedy, at first sight wears an ill face ; but this was a transient thought of a giddy man, who, upon the least check, would have immediately renounced it, and as heartily joined with a party to support the piece he had before devoted to destruction. It cannot be controverted, that he was but a bad economist, nor in the least acquainted with that punctuality which regular people exact. He was more generous than just ; like honest Charles, in *The School for Scandal*, he could not, for the soul of him, make justice keep pace with generosity. His disposition of mind was tender and compassionate ; no unhappy person ever sued to him for relief, without obtaining it, if he had any thing to

the society : the Doctor was uneasy, and desired those who sat next him not to laugh, for he thought in truth it would make the man vain.

give ; and, rather than not relieve the distressed, he would borrow. The poor woman, with whom he had lodged during his obscurity several years in Green Arbour Court, by his death lost an excellent friend ; for the Doctor often supplied her with food from his table, and visited her frequently with the sole purpose to be kind to her. He had his dislike, as most men have, to particular people, but unmixed with rancour. He, least of all mankind, approved Baretti's conversation ; he considered him as an insolent, overbearing foreigner ; as Baretti, in his turn, thought him an unpolished man, and an absurd companion : but when this unhappy Italian was charged with murder, and afterwards sent by Sir John Fielding to Newgate, Goldsmith opened his purse, and would have given him every shilling it contained ; he, at the same time, insisted upon going in the coach with him to the place of his confinement.

CHAP. XLII.

The Padlock—Mr. Dibdin—Mungo—Mrs. Arne—The Hypocrite, taken from Cibber's Non-Juror—French Manners and English—Maria and Charlotte—Mrs. Abington—Her various Talents in Acting—Her Accomplishments, and Behaviour in private Life.

THE Padlock is a very pleasing musical performance, which more engaged the liking of the public than any little piece of the kind that has been acted these twenty years. The plot is taken from a Spanish novel *. The music was composed by Mr. Dibdin, who played the part of Mungo with much satisfaction to the audience. Bannister played Diego, and sung some very difficult songs with great skill. Bannister is, in many parts, a judicious actor, as well as an agreeable singer of such songs as please an English audience.

* The 6th of the Exemplary Novels of Cervantes.

Mrs. Arne, who died about nine or ten years since, charmed every body in Leonora; she was universally cried up as the most pleasing of all our English singers; the melody, fulness, and flexibility of her tones, have not been equalled on our stage. She fell a sacrifice, it is thought, to her intense application to singing; the weakness of her constitution could not sustain the perpetual exercise of the theatre. The great desire of the public to hear her incessantly, deprived them of a most harmonious singer, who was termed the nightingale of the stage in the seventeenth or eighteenth year of her age.

The Hypocrite, a comedy, is an unimproved and slovenly alteration of Cibber's Non-Juror, and was acted with more applause and profit to the alterer than could have been expected; but, I believe, he owed the greater part of its success to the admirable performance of Mrs. Abington, in Charlotte.

Cibber's Non-Juror was certainly a party play, if a comedy may be called so, which was professedly written in defence of those principles, and that constitution, upon which

the government was established, and against those men who were its avowed enemies; for Jacobites, in the reign of George the First, were certainly not esteemed friends to the House of Brunswick.

Cibber understood English manners too well, to adopt all the characters and plot of Moliere's *Tartuffe*; the frequent interposition of a chambermaid, her influence over her young mistress, and pertness to her master, would not suit the economy of an English fable, however agreeable to French customs. The lovers in Moliere are generally insipid, and the Valere and Mariane of *The Impostor* have no farther importance than that of being agents in the play. The quarrelling scene between them, in the third act, is a mere farcical altercation: Cibber, in the *Non-Juror*, has finely improved this incident by a most interesting scene of jealous love, and has besides drawn such an amiable character of a gay, good-natured, sensible, and generous coquette, in his Maria, that we may challenge any of our own, or foreign stages, to produce an equal; but this author has not been altogether

so attentive through his play to that discrimination of French and English customs, as might have been expected from a man of his great judgment and experience.

In the French play, the lady is engaged to make two discoveries of Tartuffe's passion for her; and this the manners of France would justify. The scene in the third act would have been a sufficient proof of the Impostor's villany to an Englishman. The language of love every French lady expects to hear from the gravest of characters; and we find Elmire apologizing to Tartuffe, an infamous hypocrite, for the part she had acted in the discovery of his passion for her, by assuring him that it was contrary to her own inclination, and that she was engaged in it by the desire of others.

*C'est contre mon humeur que j'ai fait tout ceci ;
Mais on m'a mise au point de vous traiter ainsi.*

In the Non-Juror the case is different; an elderly gentleman marries a young lady of five-and-twenty, for love; the serious remonstrances of such a woman as Lady Wood-

vile must have got the better of her husband's bigotry, therefore Cibber should have reserved the detection of Wolfe to the last act.

The alterer has injudiciously introduced into the play an old lady Lambert, borrowed from the Madam Pernelle of Moliere, which Cibber very judiciously threw out, as of no service to his plot. Maw-worm, a new character, was supported by the irresistible power of Weston's acting: the cheapest way to gain applause is to make a character speak false English; and in this the greater part of Maw-worm's merit consists. Cantwell, the Methodist, the genuine offspring of the Antinomian saints in the days of Oliver Cromwell, bears no mark of discrimination.

It is with the greatest pleasure I speak of Mrs. Abington's action in Charlotte. Though the part had been most excellently performed by Mrs. Oldfield, and since her time with great applause and approbation by Mrs. Woffington and Mrs. Pritchard; yet it is impossible to conceive that more gaiety, ease, humour, elegance, and grace, could have been assumed by any actress, than by Mrs. Abing-

ton in this part; her ideas of it were entirely her own, for she had seen no pattern.

But the various talents of Mrs. Abington will demand from a stage historian particular attention, and a more accurate description of them : her person is formed with great elegance, her address is graceful, her look animated and expressive. To the goodness of her understanding, and the superiority of her taste, she is indebted principally for her power of pleasing ; the tones of her voice are not naturally charming to the ear, but her incomparable skill in modulation renders them perfectly agreeable : her articulation is so exact, that every syllable she utters is conveyed distinctly, and even harmoniously. Congreve's *Millamant* of past times she has skilfully modelled and adapted to the admired coquette and the lovely tyrant of the present day. All ages have their particular colours and variations of follies and fashions ; these she understands perfectly, and dresses them to the taste of the present hour. In Shakespeare's *Beatrice* she had difficulties to encounter, and prejudices to conquer : remembrance of Mrs.

Pritchard's excellence in that favourite part had stamped a decisive mark on the mode of representing it ; notwithstanding this, Mrs. Abington, knowing her own particular powers of expression, would not submit to an imitation of that great actress, but exhibited the part according to her own ideas ; nor did she fail of gaining great applause wherever her judgment directed her to point out the wit, sentiment, or humour of Beatrice.

In the *Widow Bellmour* of *Murphy's Way to Keep Him*, her disengaged and easy manner, familiar to one who had been used to the company of persons distinguished by high rank and graceful behaviour, rendered her the delight of a brilliant circle of admirers. In *Lady Bab Lardoon*, the author of *The Maid of the Oaks* has, in a very delicate strain of panegyric, paid a lasting tribute to her merit. When this lady of high life, to impose on *Dupeley*, a young travelled coxcomb, assumes a character of great simplicity, and tries her skill at a little naïveté ; she says to one who is a witness of the diversion, “ You shall see
“ what an excellent actress I should have

“made, if Fortune had not unluckily brought
 “me into the world an earl’s daughter.”
 This elegant compliment needs no comment *.

Though the theatre would have been almost deprived of the accomplished and well-bred woman of fashion, without the assistance of Mrs. Abington; yet so various and unlimited are her talents, that she is not confined to females of a superior class; she can descend occasionally to the country girl, the romp, the hoyden, and the chambermaid, and put on the various humours, airs, and whimsical peculiarities of these under parts; she thinks nothing low that is in nature; nothing mean, or beneath her skill, which is characteristic.

The decency of her behaviour in private life has attracted the notice and gained her the esteem of many persons of quality of her

* For this character the writer drew the portrait of a young lady of high rank and fine accomplishments. A more lively representative of her inimitable powers of charming, than Mrs. Abington, could not have been chosen.

own sex. Like another Oldfield, or Cibber, she receives visits from, and returns them to ladies of the most distinguished worth, and the highest rank. Her taste in dress is allowed to be superior, and she is often consulted in the choice of fashionable ornaments by her female friends in high life; but as it would be absurd to confine her merit to so trifling an accomplishment, she cannot be denied the praise of engaging and fixing the regard of all her acquaintance, by her good sense, elegance of manner, and propriety of conduct.

The following little poem, written by a gentleman of fashion, and considerable eminence in literature, will, I hope, be esteemed no unwelcome present to the reader, though it has been already once published.

On Mrs. Abington's Appearance in the Character of Charlotte, in The Hypocrite; occasioned by the Report of her quitting the Stage.

Scarce had our tears forgot to flow,
 By Garrick's loss inspir'd,
 When Fame, to mortalize the blow,
 Said, Abington's retir'd!

Sad with the news, THALIA mourn'd,
The Graces join'd her train ;
And nought but sighs for sighs return'd,
Were heard at Drury Lane.

But see—'T is false ! in Nature's style
She comes, by Fancy dress'd ;
Again gives Comedy her smile,
And Fashion all her taste.

CHAP. XLIII.

Mrs. Pritchard retires from the Stage—Reason for it assigned—Account of her Introduction to and Progress in the Theatre—Her singular Talents in Acting—Object of the public Care—Her Death—Mrs. Clive leaves the Theatre—Her Interview with Mr. Garrick on the Occasion—Her Stage Abilities described at large—Her Love of Characters in high Life, &c.

MRS. PRITCHARD, who, for near thirty-six years, had been admired for her superior merit in her profession, and beloved for her many virtues in private life, in 1768 resolved to withdraw into retirement, and spend the remainder of her life at Bath. To this she was tempted by the prospect of great advantages which were to accrue to her from a legacy of one Mr. Leonard, an attorney, of Lyon's Inn, a distant relation; of whose will her brother, Mr. Vaughan, was the executor.

But, whatever might have been the intention of the testator, by his will the bulk of his estate fell to the heirs at law, who were his nearest relations. Mr. Vaughan's conduct in this affair was publicly censured, and legally questioned. Mrs. Pritchard was unhappily led into a gross error.

She was, when very young, recommended to the notice of Mr. Booth, who was exceedingly pleased with her manner of reciting several scenes of parts in tragedy and comedy : he was then so great a valetudinarian, and so little connected with the management of the theatre, that it is thought he advised her to apply to Mr. Cibber, or some other governing person of the stage.

Her first appearance was, it is said, in one of Fielding's pieces at the little theatre in the Haymarket. Her second stage trial was in *Lady Diana Talbot* in *Anna Bullen*, at the playhouse in Goodman's Fields ; and soon after that she acted at Bartholomew Fair, where she gained the notice and applause of the public by her easy, unaffected manner of speaking ; and was greatly caressed and ad-

mired for singing, in some farce or droll, a favourite air, which began with

Sweet, if you love me, smiling turn—

Mrs. Pritchard was a candidate for theatrical fame in 1733, at the time when Mr. Highmore, patentee of Drury Lane theatre, quarrelled with his principal actors, who revolted from him, and opened the playhouse in the Haymarket. To the seceders she applied for employment ; they very gladly embraced so promising an addition of strength to their company.

One of the first parts she acted in this theatre was Belina, in a play called *The Mother-in-Law*, translated by Miller from Moliere's *Malade Imaginaire*, and adapted to the English stage. Her genteel person, for she was then young and slender, her attractive countenance, which, in the phrase of Shakespeare, beat an alarm to love ; her expressive, yet simple manner ; her unembarrassed deportment and proper action, charmed all the spectators, who looked at one another with surprise and pleasure, as if congratulating

themselves on seeing a rising genius, capable, perhaps, one day, of consoling them for the loss of their favourite Oldfield, who was then lately deceased.

When Mr. Fleetwood united the two companies of Drury Lane and the Haymarket, Mrs. Pritchard was of too much consequence to be neglected ; but notwithstanding her just claim to encouragement, the manager for some time omitted to bring her forward to public notice, by not giving her a proper opportunity to display her talents : she was often, from pique or prejudice, thrust into characters unworthy of so great a genius ; such as Lady Loverule in *The Wives Metamorphosed* ; and I remember, when Mrs. Cibber made her first essay in *Zara*, in the tragedy of that name, Mrs. Pritchard was cast into the inferior part of *Selima*, her friend and confidant. But it was impossible to obscure the lustre of so bright a diamond as Pritchard ; by degrees she convinced the patentee, that it was his interest to have her often seen in parts of importance ; *Rosalind*, in *As You Like It*, at once established her theatrical character : her

delivery of dialogue, whether of humour, wit, or mere sprightliness, was never, I believe, surpassed, or, perhaps, equalled. Her fame was now enlarging every day by the eagerness which the town expressed to see her in various attitudes. Not confined to any one walk in acting, she ranged through them all; and what is singular, she discovered a large degree of merit in every distinct class of it : her tragic power was eminent, but particularly in characters which required force of expression and dignity of figure.

She excelled in the Queen Mother of Hamlet, Zara in the Mourning Bride, Merope, Creüsa, and more especially in Queen Katherine, the wife of Henry VIII. She gave to all these parts importance by her action, as well as speaking ; her few defects in tragedy proceeded from a too loud and profuse expression of grief, and want of grace in her manner ; her natural ease of deportment and grandeur of person generally hid the defect of this last requisite from the common spectator. Her great force in comedy lay in a middle path, between parts of a superior life,

and those of humour in a lower class; Cibber's Lady Townly, Lady Betty Modish, and Maria in the Non-Juror, she conceived accurately, and acted pleasingly, and with applause; but neither her person nor manner were sufficiently elegant and graceful for the high-bred woman of fashion. In Shakespeare's Beatrice, Vanbrugh's Bérinthia, Farquhar's Mrs. Sullen, and all such parts as are thrown into situations of intrigue, gaiety, and mirth, with diversity of humour, wit, and pleasantry, she was inimitably charming, and has left no equal; she could descend to the affectations of a Lady Dainty, and the Scrivener's Wife, in *The Confederacy*; but her powers seemed to be checked by such inanimate parts of assumed delicacy.

Notwithstanding the fulness of her person, and her advanced age, the town was charmed to the last with her representation of Congreve's delightful portrait of wit, affectation, and good-nature, in *Millamant*. Her disengaged and easy manner in speaking and action supplied the want of an elegant form and a youthful countenance. In the course of conversation,

upon the most trifling topics, she had an unaccountable method of charming the ear ; she uttered her words, as the great poet advises the actor, smoothly and trippingly from the tongue ; and however voluble in enunciation her part might require her to be, not a syllable of articulation was lost. Might I be allowed the expression, I should say that she was a mistress of dramatic eloquence in familiar dialogue.

Though Mrs. Clive, among many other stage accomplishments, was famous for scolds and viragos, Mrs. Pritchard in such characters was not her inferior : her Mrs. Termagant in *The 'Squire of Alsatia*, and Mrs. Oakly in *The Jealous Wife*, were finished pictures of female violence.

Her unblemished conduct in private life justly rendered her the great favourite of the people ; few actresses were ever so sincerely beloved, and powerfully patronized, as Mrs. Pritchard.

A remarkable instance of public regard was shewn to this comedian when she first brought her daughter on the stage. Mrs.

Pritchard stooped to play Lady Capulet in *Romeo and Juliet*, in order to introduce Miss Pritchard, in her attempt to act Juliet; the daughter's timidity was contrasted by the mother's apprehensions, which were strongly painted in their looks, and these were incessantly interchanged by stolen glances at each other. This scene of mutual sensibility was so affecting, that many of the audience burst into involuntary tears.

This young actress was extremely agreeable, and, in many parts suited to her youth and beauty, was a favourite of the audience. But she did not continue long an actress: a daughter of Mrs. Pritchard might be excused for quitting the stage, when she recollected, that, however indulgent the people were to her performance, she put them in mind of her mother's great superiority.

Miss Pritchard married Mr. John Palmer, a respectable player in a variety of parts, and a man esteemed for his integrity. Since his death she was married to Mr. Lloyd, a man who, after having gone through many vicis-

situdes of fortune, became a great jobber in the stocks.

Mrs. Pritchard took leave of the public in an epilogue written by Mr. Garrick. The tragedy of Macbeth was acted for her benefit. Mr. Garrick, out of respect to this very valuable woman, gave the public, and I believe for the last time, one of his principal and most masterly performances, in the character of Macbeth. Lady Macbeth is the chief agent of the poet to carry on his plot : a woman of unbounded ambition, divested of all human feelings, to gain a crown urges her reluctant husband to the murder of the king. Mrs. Pritchard's action, before and after the commission of the horrid deed, was strongly characteristical ; it presented an image of a mind insensible to compunction, and inflexibly bent to gain its purpose. When she snatched the daggers from the remorseful and irresolute Macbeth, despising the agitations of a mind unaccustomed to guilt and alarmed at the terrors of conscience, she presented to the audience a picture of the most consummate intrepidity

in mischief. When she seized the instruments of death, and said,

Give me the daggers !

her look and action cannot be described, and will not soon be forgotten by the surviving spectators. At the banquet scene, in the third act of the play, she still discovered more characteristic skill, if possible, than in the preceding act. The guilty king, whose mind is full of horrors resulting from the murder of Banquo, by his alarming terrors betrays himself to his guests. Pritchard's art in endeavouring to engage the attention of the company, and draw them from the observation of Macbeth's feelings, equalled any thing that was ever seen in the art of acting.

In exhibiting the last scene of Lady Macbeth, in which the terrors of a guilty conscience keep the mind broad awake while the body sleeps, Mrs. Pritchard's acting resembled those sudden flashes of lightning which more accurately discover the horrors of surrounding darkness.

She spoke her farewell epilogue with many sobs and tears, which were increased by the generous feelings of a numerous and splendid audience. She retired to Bath, and died there, about four months after, of a mortification in her foot.

About a year after Mrs. Pritchard had withdrawn from the theatre, her constant companion and friend, Mrs. Clive, determined to follow her example; had she thought proper, she could have continued several years longer to delight the public in various characters adapted to her figure and time of life; for to the last she was admirable and unrivalled.

Mr. Garrick sent Mr. Hopkins, the prompter, to her, to know whether she was in earnest in her intention of leaving the stage. To such a messenger Mrs. Clive disdained to give an answer. To Mr. George Garrick, whom he afterwards deputed to wait on her upon the same errand, this high-spirited actress was not much more civil; however, she condescended to tell him, that, if his brother wished to know her mind, he

should have called upon her himself. When the manager and Mrs. Clive met, their interview was short, and their discourse curious. After some compliments on her great merit, Mr. Garrick wished, he said, that she would continue, for her own sake, some years longer on the stage. This civil suggestion she answered by a look of contempt, and a decisive negative. He asked how much she was worth; she replied briskly, as much as himself. Upon his smiling at her supposed ignorance or misinformation, she explained herself, by telling him, that *she* knew when she had enough, though *he* never would. He then entreated her to renew her agreement for three or four years; she peremptorily refused. Upon repeating his regret at her leaving the stage, she frankly told him, that she hated hypocrisy; for she was sure that he would light up candles for joy of her leaving him, but that it would be attended with some expense.—Every body will see there was an unnecessary smartness in the lady's language, approaching to rudeness;

but, however, it was her way, as her friend Mrs. Pritchard used to express it.

Mrs. Clive, when very young, had a strong propensity to acting. Her first theatrical engagement to Booth, Wilks, and Cibber, in 1727, was principally owing to the goodness of her voice, and to some proficiency which she had made in singing ; nor, till her merit as an actress showed itself in Nell, the cobbler's wife, was she considered in any other light than as one qualified to entertain the audience with a song between the acts of a play, or to act some innocent country girl, such as Phillida in Damon and Phillida: an engraving of her in that character is still to be seen in the print-shops. The comic abilities of this actress have not been excelled, nor indeed scarcely equalled, by any performer, male or female, these fifty years ; she was so formed by nature to represent a variety of lively, laughing, droll, humorous, affected and absurd characters, that what Colley Cibber said of Nokes may with equal truth be applied to her ; for Clive had such a stock of comic force about her, that

she, like Nokes, had little more to do than to perfect herself in the words of a part, and to leave the rest to nature ; and if he, by the mere power of his action, kept alive several comedies, which after his death became obsolete, it may justly be said of her, that she created several parts in plays of which the poet scarce furnished an outline ; and that many dramatic pieces are now lost to the stage, for want of her animating spirit to preserve them.

A more extensive walk in comedy than that of Mrs. Clive cannot be imagined ; the chambermaid, in every varied shape which art or nature could lend her ; characters of caprice and affectation, from the high-bred Lady Fanciful to the vulgar Mrs. Heidelberg ; country girls, romps, hoydens, and dowdies, superannuated beauties, viragoes, and humourists. To a strong and melodious voice, with an ear for music, she added all the sprightly action requisite to a number of parts in ballad farces.

She had an inimitable talent in ridiculing the extravagant action, impertinent conse-

quence, and insignificant parade of the female opera-singer; she snatched an opportunity to show her excellence in this stage mimicry, in the *Lady of Fashion in Lethe*.

Her mirth was so genuine, that, whether it was restrained to the arch sneer and the suppressed half-laugh, widened to the broad grin, or extended to the downright honest burst of loud laughter, the audience was sure to accompany her; he must have been more or less than man, who could be grave when Clive was disposed to be merry.

But the whole empire of laughter, large as it is, was too confined to satisfy the ambition of a Clive; this daughter of mirth aspired to what nature had denied her; she wished to shine in those parts of high life where elegance of form and graceful deportment give dignity to the female character. Not content with this deviation from her own style in acting, she would fain try her abilities in the more lofty tread of the buskin.

If Hogarth had never delighted the world with a genuine history of nature in his *Harlot's Progress*, his *Marriage Alamode*, and

other admirable works of humour, his *Sigismunda* and his *Pharaoh's Daughter* might have passed for tolerable pictures ; so Clive's attempts in the higher comedy and tragedy might have been unnoticed and uncensured, had not her exquisite comic vein thrown a comparative contempt upon them.

Nature has seldom given to the same person the power to raise admiration, and to excite mirth : to unite the faculties of Milton and Butler, is a happiness superior to the common lot of humanity.

The art of expressing with equal force the effusion of comic gaiety and tragic terror, was a talent peculiar, in its fullest extent, to Garrick, and to him alone ; for even Mrs. Pritchard enjoyed these different powers of excelling in an inferior degree.

The uncommon applause which Mrs. Clive obtained in Shakespeare's *Portia*, was owing to her misrepresentation of the character : mimicry in a pleader, when a client's life is in danger, is but misplaced buffoonery.

This inclination to figure in parts, ill adapted, not only to her genius, but her

age and person, accompanied this great actress to the last, and sometimes involved her in disagreeable disputes, from which she had the good fortune to extricate herself by her undaunted spirit.

Mr. Garrick dreaded an altercation with her as much as a quarrel with an author whose play he had rejected : whenever he had a difference with Mrs. Clive, he was happy to make a drawn battle of it. At a time of life when she was utterly unfit to represent a girl of sixteen, he prevailed upon her to surrender *Miss Prue in Love for Love*, by making her a present of *Mrs. Frail* in the same play, a part almost as improper for Mrs. Clive as the other.

It was the wish of her life to act female characters of importance with Mr. Garrick : wherever she could thrust herself into a play with him, she always exerted her utmost skill to excel, and particularly in *Bizarre*, in *The Inconstant*, when he acted *Duretête*. He seems to have studiously avoided a struggle for victory with her, which, I believe, she attributed to his dread of her getting the

better of him. She certainly was true game, as her friend Mr. Lacy the manager expressed it; and would have died upon the spot, rather than have yielded the field of battle to any body. Mr. Garrick complained that she disconcerted him, by not looking at him in the time of action, and neglecting to watch the motion of his eye; a practice he was sure to observe to others. I am afraid this accusation is partly true; for Mrs. Clive would suffer her eye sometimes to wander from the stage into the boxes in search of her great acquaintance, and now and then give them a comedy nod or half curtsy; she was in this guilty of the very fault which she ridiculed so archly in Mingotti, and other Italian ladies of the opera; but yet it must not be denied, that though she seemed absent by her look, she was present by her spirit; the soul of humour was active on the stage, though the bodily organs seemed to be elsewhere employed.

Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive, though of characters extremely different, were closely

united in the bonds of friendship for almost forty years.

No actress ever laboured more assiduously to make her family affluent and happy than Mrs. Pritchard. In this Mrs. Clive followed her example, and more effectually. But whilst one seemed to confine all her attention to her relations, which indeed were very numerous, the other occasionally exerted her interest in the service of others. Clive resigned the part of Polly, which was no trifling sacrifice, in favour of Miss Edwards, afterwards Mrs. Mozeen, whom she instructed and encouraged; and, to promote the general interest of the community, she undertook the part of Lucy, a character so truly played by her, that it has never since been equalled: to her lessons, care, and countenance, as well as to her own industry and abilities, we owe the proficiency of that very valuable actress Miss Pope.

Mrs. Clive, in private life, was so far above censure, that her conduct, in every relation of it, was not only laudable, but exemplary. Her company was always courted

by women of high rank and character, to whom she rendered herself very agreeable. She is still visited by many distinguished persons of both sexes. Her conversation is a mixture of uncommon vivacity, droll mirth, and honest bluntness. The polite and learned Horace Walpole, the son of a nobleman to whom this country is indebted for the extent of her commerce, and that greatest of all civil blessings, the preservation of her free constitution, wrote Mrs. Clive's farewell epilogue, in which she took leave of an audience who parted with so bright an ornament of the stage with much regret (*).

(*) Mrs. Clive died Dec. 6, 1785, aged 72.

CHAP. XLIV.

Mr. Havard leaves the Stage—His respectable Character—Employed by Mr. Giffard—His Scanderbeg—Charles the First—Some Observations on that Tragedy—Inquiry into the Reasons of the Contempt thrown on Player Authors—Mr. Gray censured—Story of the Golden Rump—Mr. Havard engaged to Fleetwood—His Regulus—Employed by Mr. Garrick—His Death.

HAVARD, who, for almost forty years, had been the approved servant of the public in a variety of characters, and always acceptable to the various managers of theatres who had employed him, being now advanced towards the sixtieth year of his age, resolved to imitate the example of his old acquaintance, Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Clive, and exchange the bustle of the stage for ease and retirement.

This player deserves to be remembered,

not so much for his stage abilities, which were indeed far from contemptible, as for his probity, the gentleness of his manners, and the benevolence of his disposition.

Mr. Havard's father was a vintner, and a citizen of Dublin: he gave his son, who was born there in July 1710, a liberal education; he, for some time, applied himself to surgery, but a strong and early inclination for the stage prevented his making any great proficiency in that science.

In 1730, Mr. Havard left Dublin, and arrived at London. Mr. Giffard, then master of the theatre in Goodman's Fields, pleased with his agreeable address, engaged him as an actor, at a moderate salary: his good sense and polite manner soon won so far upon the manager, that he took his tragedy of Scanderbeg under his care, and acted it with all the strength of his company. Scanderbeg is a juvenile performance not destitute of merit; in many scenes of it there is a deficiency of judgment, with language somewhat too swelling and boisterous; but many passages of it are vigorous and pathetic.

When Giffard, in 1736, hired the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Havard was esteemed one of his principal supports, in the double capacity of actor and author.

In the progress of the winter season, this manager was reduced to great straits ; and, in order to retrieve his affairs, the story of Charles the First was proposed to him as a proper subject to engage the public attention. Havard undertook the office of writing an historical play which should comprehend the trial and death of that unhappy prince. But Havard's desire of ease was known to be superior to his thirst for fame, or love of money ; and Giffard insisted upon the power of locking him up till the work was finished. To this he, with his usual good-nature, consented ; and Giffard actually turned the key upon him, and let him out at his pleasure till the play was completed. This circumstance Havard would often relate among his friends, and laugh at.

Charles the First was acted with great emolument to the manager, and with some degree of reputation, as well as gain, to the

author. The subject was thought by many improper for the stage; the trial and beheading of a King, it was said, would revive republican notions of government; besides, it was alleged the fact was too recent for representation.

This is a point which I have not abilities to discuss, nor is it necessary in a book of this kind; but in a free country, like ours, why such a great historical event as the death of Charles the First should not be brought on the stage, for a warning and instruction to king and people, I cannot see any good reason. In a limited monarchy, the mischiefs arising from the encroachments of prerogative on privilege, and the turbulence of the people, who, in their turn, may invade the rights of the crown, will ever furnish matter for the historian, and, I believe also, subjects for the dramatic writer. Shakespeare's historical plays must be admitted good evidence in this case. I shall neither justify nor condemn the beheading of Charles the First; but the act itself, whether just or unjust, was certainly great, and

at this day, throws a tremendous dignity on those men who had the courage to put it in execution.

The diction of the play is stiff and metaphorical, resembling the nervous, but pedantic, language of the times. The characters of Charles and Cromwell are drawn in conformity to history. Fairfax, a presbyterian and a warrior, is honest and weak, and the dupe of Cromwell, a man of superior understanding, who had either no religion, or such as he could mould to his purposes. The scene of the trial was a faithful picture of an historical fact. The King's parting with his children cannot be read in the historian without great emotion; what effect must it then have on the stage? Never were tears so plentifully shed as at the mournful separation of Charles and the young princes.

This popular subject drew large crowds to Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre. Curiosity was for a long time much excited with respect to the author; that was a secret to be kept from the people; but Havard's love of fame would not suffer it to be concealed longer

than the tenth or twelfth night of acting the play.

The moment Havard put on the sword and tie-wig, the genteel dress of the times, and professed himself to be the writer of *Charles the First*, the audiences were thinned, and the play was supposed to be inferior to what its real merit had a right to claim; the people thought they had been grossly imposed upon: nay, old John Watts the printer, who was then the general purchaser of dramatic pieces, was so staggered at the discovery of the author, that he refused to give the usual fee of 100*l*. The anecdotes of that time tell us there was a long contest between Watts and Havard; the latter insisted upon the usual price given to authors for plays which met with uncommon success; the former declared he would retrench 20*l*. if the author insisted upon having his name in the title-page. How this contest was decided, I know not; but Havard's name is not in the front of the play, or at the bottom of the dedication. I cannot help smiling at the absurdity of appreciating a play ap-

plauded by ten or twelve audiences, merely from the name or profession of the author.

Why the name of player should be so obnoxious in a candidate for dramatic fame in authorship, I cannot conceive. The best writer of plays is acknowledged to have been Shakespeare, who was a player. Ben Jonson tried his abilities in stage representation, and failed ; and his gross abuse of the actors, more especially in his *Poetaster*, is, not improbably, said to have taken its rise from his being expelled their community, as one incapable. Otway, Lee, and Farquhar, though good writers, were all unsuccessful attempters in the art of acting ; the profession itself was not therefore deemed degrading by these eminent men. Moliere, the glory and boast of the French stage, was as much admired for his talents in acting as his skill in writing ; so was Dancourt, another writer of plays, and an excellent comedian : both of them were dear to Louis XIV. a man of taste, and one of the greatest monarchs in Europe.

The dainty Mr. Gray was extremely of-

fended that Colley Cibber, a player, should presume to write an essay on the character and conduct of Cicero : he seems to think it very unhappy that *reason* and *truth* should be bedizened in the tattered fringe, dirty furbelows, false jewels, and frippery of a stroller's wardrobe. Seriously, this was a terrible misfortune ; and I hope the distressed writer called for his lavender drops to relieve him in his exquisite feelings.

A player daring to write upon a known subject without a college permission, was a shocking offence ; and yet Dr. Middleton, to whom the Conduct of Cicero was addressed, spoke of it with respect ; and Mr. Hooke, the writer of the best Roman History in our language, has quoted Cibber's arguments in this pamphlet against the murderers of Julius Cæsar, and speaks of them not only with honour, but insists upon them as cogent and unanswerable.

All lovers of genius and friends of learning will pay due homage to the criticisms of Mr. Gray ; but will his remains, though embalmed by his friend the elegant Mason,

be longer admired than some of the comedies of Colley Cibber? The Apology of the same author for his Life is one of those original performances that scarcely ever were excelled, and will last as long as our language.

Pope's implacable malevolence to Cibber will be ever recorded to his dispraise. When Cibber was preparing his Letter to Pope, which afterwards made so much noise, the latter was extremely anxious to know the contents of it. When Mr. Richardson the painter, and his son, paid an accidental visit to Pope at Twickenham, he had just received the pamphlet from the press. To show his intrepidity, he would read it to his guests. Mr. Richardson observed, that, notwithstanding all his endeavours to hide his uneasiness, he never saw a man under a greater agony and distress of mind; the consequence was, that he devoted his time so incessantly to the alteration of his Dunciad, in order to throw out Theobald the old King Log, and introduce King Colley into the throne, that he hurt his health, and spoiled several admired passages of that poem.

When Mr. Giffard understood, that, notwithstanding the success of Charles I. the general receipts of the treasury fell short of the money which he expended, he began to be alarmed lest he should be obliged to put an end to the season before the proper time, and shut his doors.

During this distress and anxiety of mind, a certain unknown writer brought to him a dramatic piece, called, *The Golden Rump*. This was no less than a most outrageous satire against the King, the Royal Family, and many of the highest and most respected persons in the kingdom.

Giffard imagined that this piece would excite the curiosity of the public; and as the people in general are fond of seeing their superiors treated with impertinence and insolence, he did not question that this high-seasoned satire would be much followed, and bring him crowded houses; but he had likewise the discernment to know, that the author of *The Golden Rump* had wantonly exceeded every limit of decency, and even loyalty, and put to defiance the laws of the

land. The piece was replete with Jacobite principles, at a time when they were much more offensive to the people than the persons of Jacobites. Upon reflection, Mr. Giffard thought it would be most proper to make a merit of laying this farce before the Minister. He waited upon Sir Robert Walpole ; he acquainted him with his unhappy situation ; he was reduced, he said, to the necessity of acting a dramatic piece, which would certainly fill his house, at a time when he was greatly distressed ; but though he wished to mend his fortune, he could not have any inclination to act against his conscience, for he abhorred the principles and the slander with which it abounded. Sir Robert desired he would leave the MS. with him, and promised to make no use of it that should be to his disadvantage. The Minister had no sooner perused this curious drama, than he formed the plan of limiting the number of theatres, and of suffering no plays, farces, or any entertainment of the stage, to be acted without the permission of a person appointed to license them.

Sir Robert was the best-natured gentleman that ever lived ; but he had received such provocations from Mr. Fielding in his plays and farces, just before that time acted at the little theatre in the Haymarket, that he was not displeased to have it in his power to stop the current of stage abuse against him, which then ran very high.

Fielding, in his *Eurydice Hiss'd*, had brought the Minister upon the theatre in a levee scene ; and in his *Historical Register*, he had introduced him as a fiddler playing on his fiddle, and followed by the members of parliament, who danced to the tune played by the Premier.

Sir Robert watched the proper time when he imagined the House of Commons would be in a humour to receive the impression which he intended to make. He informed the House, that he had something to lay before them of great importance, which he should submit entirely to their wisdom and determination. He then desired that *The Golden Rump* might be read. The infamous scurrility contained in this piece alarmed

every body ; they were shocked at the scandalous and treasonable abuse of which the stage was intended to be made the vehicle ; and leave was immediately given to bring in a bill to license all entertainments of the theatre. Much opposition was made to this statute in every stage of its progress through both the houses ; and the Earl of Chesterfield signalized himself by a very eloquent speech in favour of the liberty of the stage. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the country party, the act passed both the lower and upper House, and received the royal assent in April or May 1737.

We are told that Sir Robert Walpole presented Mr. Giffard with the sum of one thousand pounds. Thus, at a very cheap rate, the ministry gained the power of hindering the stage from speaking any language that was displeasing to them ; and it has been said that the whole matter was a contrivance of the Minister.

When Giffard, in consequence of an act of parliament to restrain the number of play-houses, was obliged to shut the doors of his

theatre in Goodman's Fields, Havard's merit recommended him to Mr. Fleetwood. His tragedy of *Regulus* was, not long after, accepted; and, by the friendship of Mr. Garrick, and his excellent performance of the principal character, it was supported on the stage for several nights successively. The story is very noble, and highly interesting; and Havard gave some proofs of his abilities in his management of the plot, and drawing the outline of *Regulus*. But no author has written with sufficient force and dignity on that subject, except *Metastasio*: in this writer we acknowledge the *Regulus* of old Rome, attended with that savage patriotic spirit which dignified the barbarous heroes of that state in its struggle for the empire of the world.

When Mr. Garrick purchased a share of Drury Lane patent, Havard was in the service of Mr. Rich; but he was soon prevailed upon, as his articles were then expired, to embrace the kind offer of his old friend, the new patentee, to engage with him on very liberal terms, superior to what he had hi-

therto enjoyed ; and indeed no performer of his assiduity deserved encouragement more than he did ; he acted a variety of characters both in tragedy and comedy, and was constantly before the eyes of a critical audience. Such was the soundness of his judgment, and so respectable his character, that he never met with any marks of displeasure from the public ; on the contrary, he was constantly favoured with their countenance and approbation.

Nothing can better prove his interest with the people, than his being encouraged to act parts to which neither his voice nor his manner was adapted. Remorseless tyrants, savage conquerors, and state villains, undignified by any generous passion or splendour of action, have in a theatre been always esteemed very hazardous to the persons who have undertaken to represent them ; and several actors, from their superior situation, have rejected them, though Nature seemed to have formed them to act such boisterous characters.

Notwithstanding the inadequate powers of

Havard, the author of a new tragedy always thought himself most secure when a sceptred ruffian or an hateful minister of state was undertaken by him; he knew the audience would favour the actor for the sake of the man.

In private life he was an acceptable member of society: Havard was always the companion of gentlemen distinguished for their worth and amiable qualities; his conversation was liberal and easy, and such as became the well-bred man, unmixed with sarcasm, spleen, petulance, or ill-nature.

But the gentleness of his temper, and the softness of his demeanour, did not partake either of meanness or weakness; for he wanted not spirit to resent any perverse attempt to provoke his anger. Foote more than once experienced and acknowledged the power of his wit in conversation.

To conclude this amiable man's character, which I have dwelt upon the longer for the sake of his successors on the stage; he was greatly esteemed by the public, and beloved by a very numerous and respectable acquaintance.

He retired from the stage in May 1769, and spoke a farewell epilogue, partly written by Mr. Garrick, and partly by himself.

He died of a gentle decay, at his lodgings in Tavistock Street, in January 1778.

Verses inscribed on Mr. Havard's Tombstone, written by Paul Whitehead, Esq.

Views of ambition ne'er his hopes employ'd,
 Yet honest fame he courted, and enjoy'd;
 Fair peace he cherish'd, as he hated strife,
 And lov'd and liv'd an inoffensive life.
 Not unaccomplish'd in the scenic art,
 He grac'd the stage, and often reach'd the heart.
 From his own scenes he taught distress to flow,
 And manly virtue wept for civil woe:
 Malevolence and envy he ne'er knew;
 He never felt their darts, and never threw.
 With his best care he form'd into his plan
 The moral duties of the social man.
 * He honour'd virtue, and he lov'd his friend;
 Oft from his little to the poor would lend,
 And prais'd his great Creator at his end.

* The three last lines were not written by Mr. Whitehead, who died about three years before Mr. Havard.

CHAP. XLV.

The Jubilee at Stratford in Honour of Shakespeare—The Fate of a Clergyman who cut down Shakespeare's Mulberry-tree—The Use made of it—Various Entertainments at the Jubilee—Account of the Company—The Ode—Remarks upon it—A Gentleman turns the whole Festival into Ridicule—A Macaroni pleads the Cause of Insensibility against Shakespeare—Answer to him by the Steward—Strange Stupidity of the Inhabitants of Stratford—Harmony between Mr. Garrick's Generosity and Economy.

IF any author ever merited the celebration of a periodical festival, Shakespeare certainly called for that distinguished honour. Many persons of high rank and approved taste had admired him; many excellent critics and commentators on this divine bard had exerted their talents in the illustration of his text, and bestowed upon his writings a profusion

of just panegyric ; but the idea of a jubilee, or grand festival, in his honour, was reserved to David Garrick.

Remarkable events have been indebted for their origin to very unpromising incidents.

Not many years since a wealthy clergyman purchased the house and gardens of Shakespeare at Stratford upon Avon. A man of taste in such a situation, and master of so enchanting a spot, would have congratulated himself on his good fortune, and have deemed himself the happiest of mortals ; but the luckless and ignorant owner trod the ground which had been cultivated by the first genius of the world, without feeling those warm emotions which arise in the breast of the generous enthusiast.

The mulberry-tree planted by the poet's own hand, became an object of dislike to this tasteless owner of it, because it overshadowed his window, and rendered the house, as he thought, subject to damps and moisture. In an evil hour the unhappy priest ordered it to be cut down.

The people of Stratford, who had been taught to venerate every thing which had be-

longed to the immortal Shakespeare, were seized with grief and astonishment when they were informed of the sacrilegious deed ; and nothing less than the destruction of the offender, in the first transports of their rage, would satisfy them. The miserable culprit was forced to skulk up and down, to save himself from the rage of the Stratfordians ; he was obliged at last to leave the town, amidst the curses of the populace, who solemnly vowed never to suffer one of the same name to reside in Stratford.

The mulberry-tree, thus cut down, was purchased by a carpenter ; who, knowing the value which all the world professed for any thing which belonged to Shakespeare, very ingeniously cut it into various shapes, of small trunks, snuff-boxes, tea-chests, standishes, tobacco-stoppers, &c. The corporation of Stratford bought several of this man's curious manufacture of the mulberry-tree ; and, influenced by good sense and superior taste, they inclosed the freedom of Stratford in a box made of this sacred wood, and sent it to Mr. Garrick ; at the same time they requested of him, in very polite terms, a

bust, statue, or picture of his admired Shakespeare, which, they informed him, they intended to place in their town-hall. In the same letter, with equal politeness, they assured him, that they should be no less pleased if he would oblige them with his own picture, to be placed near to that of his favourite author, in perpetual remembrance of both.

This judicious and well-timed compliment gave rise to the Jubilee of Shakespeare. In September 1769, an amphitheatre (*) was erected at Stratford, upon the plan of Ranelagh, decorated with various devices. Transparencies were invented for the town-house, through which the poet's most striking characters were seen. A small old house, where Shakespeare was born (†), was covered over with curious emblematical transparency; the subject was the sun struggling through clouds, to enlighten the world; a figurative representation of the fate and fortunes of the much-beloved bard.

(*) An engraving of this will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xxxix. p. 422.

(†) Ibid. p. 344.

The Jubilee lasted three days ; during which time entertainments of oratorios, concerts, pageants, fireworks, &c. were presented to a very brilliant and numerous company, assembled from all parts of the kingdom. Many persons of the highest quality and rank, of both sexes, some of the most celebrated beauties of the age, and men distinguished for their genius and love of the elegant arts, thought themselves happy to fill the grand chorus of this high festival.

Mr. Foote indulged in the sallies of that wit which seemed to please all by sparing none. Mr. Colman, by a cheerful vivacity and ready urbanity, engaged the attention of all about him. The historian of Corsica, and the friend of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell; a man as much celebrated for his humanity, as known for his romantic turn of mind, distinguished himself by the name of Corsica Boswell, which words were inscribed on the outside of his hat in large letters (*).

(*) In the course of the proceedings Mr. Boswell, dressed as a Corsican, spoke the following verses :

From the rude banks of Golo's rapid flood,
Alas ! too deeply ting'd with patriot blood ;

No company, so various in character, temper, and condition, ever formed, at least in appearance, such an agreeable group of happy and congenial souls.

O'er which, dejected, injur'd Freedom bends,
And sighs indignant o'er all Europe sends ;
Behold a Corsican—in better days
Eager I sought my country's fame to raise ;
When o'er our camp Paoli's banners wav'd,
And all the threats of hostile France we brav'd,
Till, unassisted, a small nation fail'd,
And our invaders' tenfold force prevail'd.

Now when I 'm exil'd from my native land,
I come to join this classic festal band ;
To sooth my soul on Avon's sacred stream,
And from your joy to catch a cheering gleam ;
To celebrate great Shakespeare's wondrous fame,
And add new trophies to the honour'd name
Of Nature's bard ; whom though your country bore,
His influence spreads to ev'ry distant shore :
Wherever genuine feeling souls are found,
His " wood-notes wild" with ecstasy resound.

Had Shakespeare liv'd our story to relate,
And hold his torch o'er our unhappy fate ;
Liv'd, with majestic energy to tell
How long we fought, what heroes nobly fell !
Had Garrick, who dame Nature's pencil stole,
Just where old Shakespeare dropp'd it, when his soul

Mr. Garrick's Ode on Shakespeare was that part of the general exhibition which most excited the regard and gained the applause of the candid and judicious part of the company.

The Shakespeare Ode is a composition which I am persuaded none but fastidious

Broke from its earthly cage aloft to fly,
 To the eternal world of harmony ;—
 Had Garrick shown us on the tragic scene,
 With fame embalm'd our deeds of death had been ;
 If from his eyes had flash'd the Corsic fire,
 Men less had gaz'd to pity—than admire.

O happy Britons ! on whose favour'd isle]
 Propitious Freedom ever deigns to smile,
 Whose fame is wafted on triumphant gales,
 Where thunders war, or commerce spreads her sails :
 I come not hither sadly to complain,
 Or damp your mirth with melancholy strain ;
 In man's firm breast conceal'd the grief should lie,
 Which melts with grace in woman's gentle eye ;
 But let me plead for Liberty distrest,
 And warm for her each sympathetic breast :
 Amidst the splendid honours which you bear,
 To save a sister island ! be your care ;
 With generous ardour make *us* also free,
 And give to Corsica a noble jubilee !

hypercritics can affect to despise: it was written by a man warm with the sentiments, and full of the imagery of the great poet: Mr. Garrick has happily blended, in almost every stanza, some peculiar or striking expression of Shakespeare, which serves as a text to that part of the ode. It is impossible not to be pleased with, nay, not to admire many parts of this poetical nosegay: I cannot forbear transcribing the following animated lines:

O! from his muse of fire,
 Could but one spark be caught,
 Then might these humble strains aspire
 To tell the wonders he has wrought;
 To tell how, sitting on his throne,
 Unaided and alone,
 In dreadful state,
 The subject Passions round him wait;
 Who, though unchain'd, and raging there,
 He checks, inflames, or turns their mad career,
 With that superior skill,
 Which winds the fiery steed at will:
 He gives the awful word,
 And they, all foaming, trembling, own him for their
 lord.

The birth of Falstaff, that great unrivalled original of wit and humour, is finely conceived, and happily delivered. Allusions to the great and various excellences of Shakspeare are, through the whole Ode, constantly kept in view; his tragic and comic vein, his magical powers of enchantment, his passions and characters, are all as faithfully, warmly, and even critically, described, I had almost said, as by the excellent pen of the learned and judicious Mrs. Montague.

The airs were set to music by Dr. Arne, who combined all the powers of harmony to do justice to the subject.

The recitative was spoken by Mr. Garrick with such grace, energy, and propriety, that music was, for the first time, compelled to yield the palm to the superior force and harmony of speaking (*).

(*) Mr. Davies has been so brief in his account of a commemoration which excited great attention and remark at the time, that the reader may wish to see a more particular statement of the proceedings: such a one he will find, in a letter addressed by Mr. Boswell

There was one whimsical incident which fell out during the Jubilee, and which he who pretends to give an account of this festival cannot omit.

A gentleman, supposed to be an intimate friend of Mr. Garrick, and a professed admirer of Shakespeare, one who, by a careful perusal of all the old dramatic writers, and other authors who lived in the days of Elizabeth and James the First, has very happily restored, in numberless places, the genuine text of the admired poet; but even this is not doing him justice; for, by uncommon sagacity of discernment and quickness of apprehension, he has explained some of the most obscure and desperate passages in the same writer: this commentator is second only to Dr. Johnson; he indeed, by the force of his genius, and without the assistance of old writers and old plays, has given a fuller and better interpretation of his author, and rendered his text more beneficial

to the Editor of the London Magazine, in vol. xxxviii. p. 451, of that work. It is, however, too long for our purpose.

to the common reader than all the interpreters of Shakespeare put together * :—this gentleman took it into his head to turn the whole business of the Jubilee into ridicule.

While the company at Stratford were indulging themselves in a generous and enthusiastic admiration of the greatest and noblest genius

“ That ever lived in the tide of times,”

one of his best commentators was employing himself in throwing out abusive strictures, sarcasms, and witticisms, in the form of letters, short poems, odes, epigrams, paragraphs, &c. upon the folly of those people who could devote their time to such a ridiculous amusement as a Stratford Jubilee. The wit which was spent by the writer on this occasion might have been more happily diverted another way, and turned upon properer

* For a proof of what is here advanced, let any man of candour take a view of Dr. Johnson's labours on the play of Hamlet alone.

subjects, and persons more obnoxious, as well as less familiar and intimate with himself; but the man of wit, from his impatience to show the keenness of it, often wounds with this dangerous weapon his best friends, and not seldom himself.

A very diverting and humorous mock ode, which was a Parody of Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, was the most remarkable as well as happiest effort of the satirist's wit *.

This unexpected and unfriendly attack upon his favourite scheme, Mr. Garrick combated, by exhibiting that exotic character, called a Macaroni, in the amphitheatre of Stratford. This person tried the force of his ingenuity to decry and ridicule Shakespeare and his writings, together with the Jubilee in his honour.

* The gentleman and Mr. Garrick, from that time, though they now and then conversed with familiarity and seeming frankness, were never afterwards on real terms of friendship. The resentment of Mr. Garrick was very unequivocal. The whole process of the quarrel is in the hands of Garrick's friends, which they are now willing to forget, unless provoked to revive it.

Mr. King was called upon to personate this whimsical offspring of spleen and ill-nature.

The Macaroni's chief objection to Shakespeare arose from his being a vulgar author, who excites those common emotions of laughing and crying, which were entirely indecent and unbecoming in polite assemblies ; that the criterion of a fine gentleman was to be moved at nothing—to feel nothing—to admire nothing—He wished to civilize the barbarous manners of his country ; and the first step to it was, never to suffer such an execrable fellow as Shakespeare, with his things called comedies and tragedies, to debauch their minds and understanding, and to disturb that *ennui* which was the sole pleasure of a gentleman. He concluded with a string of sarcasms against the Jubilee, the Steward, the corporation, and the whole company, to their great mirth and diversion.

To this speech of the Macaroni the Steward answered by appealing to the judgment of the ladies ; he put them in mind of the great veneration which they had always manifested

for his favourite poet *, by their large contributions to the erection of a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. After some pertinent and severe reflections on those persons who had refined away their feelings, he addressed the fair spectators in verse (†).

* About six or seven years before Mr. Garrick appeared on the stage, several ladies of the first rank and the most distinguished taste formed themselves into a society, to support, by their presence and encouragement, all the best plays of Shakespeare. They were called The Shakespeare Club. Alluding to this institution, Fielding, in the conclusion of his Historical Register, thus addresses the ladies present at his play : “ Now, ladies, whether you be Shakespeare ladies, or “ Beaumont and Fletcher ladies,” &c.

(†) In this place Mr. Davies introduced a few select passages of the Address ; but, as the whole is not very long, and has, we believe, only been preserved by Mr. Victor, we shall subjoin it, with that gentleman’s introductory remarks.

Mr. Garrick (says he), in the performance of the Ode, distinguished himself equally as a poet, an actor, and a gentleman;—and when it was over, he lamented in a prose address to his auditors, that none of the eminent poets of our universities had undertaken the subject, who were infinitely more capable than himself to execute that arduous task.—He expressed an apprehension,

Though the wealthy and liberal part of the inhabitants of Stratford were truly sen-

that his zeal for the honour of Shakespeare had led him to expose the weakness of his own abilities ; but hoped his motive would apologize for his defects :—then turning to Doctor Arne, he politely added, that the first musical genius in this country did not think his muse unworthy the exercise of his talents, and that he was certain the composer's excellence would amply atone for the imperfections of the author.

He added, that he now perceived, too late, the wide difference between speaking in public, supported by the genius of Shakespeare, and celebrating that genius, supported only by his own weak abilities ;—" but as this " is his first attempt in this way, he hopes for that favour and indulgence which is always given to every " stage adventurer, who appears for the first time in " any character.

" May he not hope too, that his weak endeavours " will be supported by those whom he has the honour " to see before him, who, having powers equal to it, will " do justice to a subject the most worthy of their admiration and their eloquence ?—Hear what our English " Homer says :

- ‘ What needs my Shakespeare, for his honour’d bones,
- ‘ The labour of an age in piled stones ;
- ‘ Or that his hallow’d reliques should be hid
- ‘ Under a star y-pointing pyramid ?

sible of the honour conferred upon them by this magnificent festival in commemoration

- ‘ Dear son of memory, great heir of fame !
- ‘ What need’st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
- ‘ *Thou*, in our wonder and astonishment,
- ‘ Hast built thyself a live-long monument !
- ‘ And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
- ‘ That *Kings* for such a tomb would wish to die !’

“ If you want still a greater authority than Milton’s,
 “ for the unequalled merits of Shakespeare, consult
 “ your own hearts—I would not pay them so ill a com-
 “ pliment as to suppose, that he has not made a dear, va-
 “ luable, and lasting impression upon them !—Your
 “ attendance here upon this occasion is a proof that you
 “ felt—powerfully felt his genius ! and that you love
 “ and revere him and his memory.—The only remain-
 “ ing honour to him now (and it is the greatest honour
 “ you can do him) is to speak for him.”—

[Here a pause ensued, with a general laugh.]

“ Perhaps my proposition,” continued he, “ comes a
 “ little too abruptly upon you ; with your permission,
 “ we will desire these gentlemen [the Band of Music]
 “ to give you time, by a piece of music, to recollect
 “ and adjust your thoughts.”

[After the Piece of Music:]

“ Now, ladies and gentlemen, will you be pleased to
 “ say any thing for or against Shakespeare ?”

of their townsman, the lower and more ignorant class of the people entertained the most

Upon this Mr. King, so justly celebrated for his comic talents, rose up from among the auditors, in the character of a Macaroni, being well dressed, or disguised for the purpose, and accepted the proposal Mr. Garrick had made.—On being invited to the orchestra, he there declared he had many exceptions to make against Shakespeare. He complained of his being a vulgar author, only capable of exciting those vulgar emotions of laughing and crying: that it was the criterion of a gentleman to be moved at nothing—to feel nothing—to admire nothing. He owned that he did not much love his country; yet he could wish that it would submit to be civilized—and as the first step to it, never to suffer so execrable a fellow as Shakespeare, with his things, which are called tragedies and comedies, to debauch their minds and understandings, and produce snivellings and horse-laughs—when the chief excellence of man, and the most refined sensation, was to be devoured by *ennui*, and only live in a state of insensible vegetation.—Then he threw out his sarcasms against the Jubilee, the Steward, the corporation, and all the company, which occasioned mirth, and gave a great variety to the entertainment.

After he had done, the Steward said, “ I must beg
“ leave, in the name of all the admirers of Shakespeare,
“ to return our thanks to that very fine and refined

preposterous and absurd notions of the Jubilee ; they viewed Mr. Garrick with some de-

“ gentleman and critic, for the great panegyric he has
“ been pleased to bestow upon their favourite.

“ O ladies ! it is you, and you alone, can put a stop
“ to this terrible progress and irruption of these Anti-
“ Goths (as they are pleased to call themselves). It
“ was you, ladies, that restored Shakespeare to the stage !
“ You formed yourselves into a society to protect his
“ fame, and erected a monument to his and your own
“ honour in Westminster Abbey ! He has been always
“ supported in his universal dominion by his fair admi-
“ rers ! and his throne has been established in their smiles
“ and tears. Therefore as that lovely sex, and the poet,
“ have mutually admired and defended each other, I shall
“ address myself to them in particular to protect their
“ bard from every attack of those, who, having refined
“ away their feelings, must have lost their taste for
“ nature, beauty, and Shakespeare.

[*To the Ladies.*]

“ In these strange times of party and division,
“ Why should not I among the rest *petition* ?
“ In *Shakespeare's* name I invoke the fair !
“ Whilst on my breast their patron saint I wear—

[*Shows the medal.*]

“ He lov'd the sex—not like your men of prose,
“ Or common bards, whose blood but ebbs and flows ;
“ His love was rapture—of superior note :
“ *Shakespeare* could only love as *Shakespeare* wrote.

gree of apprehension and terror ; they considered him as a magician, and dreaded the

- “ If here and there perhaps he stains his page,
 “ (And there are prodigies in every age ;)
 “ If he paints female characters, whose crimes
 “ Belie the sex, and startle modern times ;
 “ He brands them monsters, with his pow’rful pen ;
 “ Nay, makes them, like his witches—almost men !
 “ O naughty *man* ! *you* are to blame alone ;
 “ Yours are their faults, their virtues all their own.
 “ The *foibles* of the fair when *Shakespeare* draws,
 “ He specious motives finds for seeming flaws :
 “ Does *Lady Ann* from strict decorum part,
 “ Poor soul—it was her tenderness of heart :
 “ Then ’t was a monarch woo’d !—and where are they,
 “ (Except this company,) of mortal clay,
 “ Who would resist a coronation-day ?
 “ To sooty arms if *Desdemona* flies—
 “ *Black men* are pearls in *beauteous ladies’ eyes* :
 “ And what ’s a shade of blackness more or less ?
 “ The damsel run away, we must confess—
 “ Left her old father—but that fault is rare ;
 “ She was of *Venice* too—a warmer air—
 “ For *English* ladies only will I swear.
 “ But who made her so frail—so pure before ?—
 “ Why *he*, the naughty man, the Blackamoor.
 “ Guard well your hearts, ye fair, from love’s attack—
 “ There are all sorts of devils, white and black,

effects of his wand, as strongly as the deluded populace did formerly, in the dark-

“ When *Juliet*, *Hero*, *Imogen*, he drew,
 “ And sprightly *Rosalind*, he dreamt of *you* !
 “ Whate’er of *wit*, of *grace*, or *fancy*, flow’d,
 “ *Shakespeare* on *you*, his best lov’d theme, bestow’d ?
 “ ’T was you engross’d his first, his fond regard,
 “ And you, to nature just, revere the *bard*.
 “ Spite of all malice, here I glorying stand,
 “ That *Shakespeare*’s tree produc’d this little wand * :
 “ From *this* to me such heart-felt transport springs,
 “ As *staffs* to *Gen’rals*, *sceptres* give to *Kings* !
 “ The *parent tree* from whence its life it drew,
 “ Beneath his care its earliest culture knew,
 “ And with his fame the spreading branches grew. }
 “ How once it flourish’d feeling crowds can tell ;
 “ Unfeeling foes will mention how it fell :
 “ Nor let us wonder how such things can be ;
 “ The insect vermin fly-blow every tree.
 “ The name of *Shakespeare* ever will be dear,
 “ While *Joy* shall smile, and *Sorrow* drop the tear ;
 “ While *beauty* charms, *he* charms. Not only you,
 “ Whom now the glory of this day we view !
 “ Your daughters’ daughters shall confess his pow’r,
 “ Till language fail, or time shall be no more ;
 “ Shall on his cause enraptur’d judges sit,
 “ And *Beauty* ever prove the *patroness of Wit*.”

* Made of the mulberry-tree.

est days of ignorance, the power of witchcraft (*).

Yet one thing must not be forgotten: though these sordid wretches were so stupid, as to impute the violent rains which fell during the Jubilee to the judgment and vengeance of Heaven, which was by them supposed to be angry with the exhibition of fireworks, balls, assemblies, masquerades, and other public diversions; they took the advantage of the vast crowds of people who flocked to Stratford from all parts of the kingdom, to exact the most exorbitant prices for lodgings, provisions, and every necessary article of accommodation.

In this rude and uncivilized spot was Shakespeare born, where, in his infant years, he imbibed the elements of poetical rapture, and fed his young fancy with the awful dreams

(*) It seems (says the writer last quoted) as if Providence had created Shakespeare, to show what wonders the intellectual powers of man might perform! and having bestowed so much upon one of that town, was resolved to take away all ideas from three-fourths of the rest of the inhabitants.

of magic and superstition. Here first he learned to prattle of elves and fairies, of wizards, witches, and enchantments, and of the unseen wonders of the lower and upper regions. Here too his mind was enriched with that beautiful imagery and enthusiastic vision which afterwards impelled him to create new worlds, and to people them with inhabitants of his own formation.

Mr. Garrick, who always joined the strictest economy to the most liberal expenditure, brought Shakespeare's Jubilee from Stratford to Drury Lane. The public was so charmed with this uncommon pageant, which was ingeniously contrived and judiciously managed, that the representation of it was repeated near one hundred times (*).

(*) This piece was never published, having been merely intended as a vehicle for introducing the pageant; but it is extremely pleasing in the representation. It opens with a scene exhibiting the inside of a farmhouse at Stratford-upon-Avon. Goody Benson is discovered nodding in a great chair; she is presently disturbed by her neighbour Jarvis, and a conversation ensues, in which they express their apprehensions of some mischief happening from the approaching Jubilee.

These apprehensions are confirmed by Ralph, who assures them, that he imagines a popish plot is in agitation, and that probably the whole town may be blown up with gunpowder. The report of cannon is soon after heard, which puts the old women into great confusion, and throws poor Ralph into an agony of terror, who, notwithstanding, pretends to keep up his courage, and entreats his companions not to be frightened.

The scene then changes to an inn-yard. A post-chaise, without horses, is seen standing at a distance. A number of musicians in masquerade habits enter and serenade the ladies.

In consequence of this serenade an Irish gentleman suddenly puts his head out of the post-chaise, and declares it is "extremely hard they won't let people rest in their beds. *I could not get a lodging,*" says he, "in all the town, and so I took up with the first floor of this post-chaise; there's a bed-fellow with me too, but the devil a wink of sleep I got till you waked me." Upon the maskers apologizing for the disturbance they had given him, the Hibernian tells them he'll open his *chamber door* and get up; he then comes out of the chaise, and observes it is no bad thing to be in bed ready dressed, and declares he was so hard put to it, that he was obliged to make a *night-cap* of his *wig*. He then asks the musicians what this same Jubilee means, and is answered by one of them in the very words and manner of Mr. F. in *The Devil upon two Sticks*, viz. a Jubilee, is to go post without horses, to hear an ode without poetry, music without melody, to have dinners

without victuals, &c. &c. &c. The ballad of Warwickshire Will is then sung; and upon their going off with the chorus Warwickshire Thief, &c. Paddy sagaciously remarks, that he believes *they* are all *Thieves*.

A great bustle soon after appears among the servants of the inn; the waiters run across the stage in prodigious confusion; one traveller takes away another's breakfast; a gentleman calls for his boots to the ostler, who says they lie all of a heap in the stable, and he may come and choose those he likes best; and on the gentleman's assuring the fellow that *his* were new ones, he is answered, *Oh! lack-a-day, sir, all the new ones ha' been gone this half hour; first come, first served, you know.* A waiter orders one of his brethren to carry *eight* glasses of jelly to the little thin man, who is with the tall lady in *Love's Labour Lost*, and bids another go and endeavour to prevent the quarrel in *Catherine and Petruchio*. A pedlar offers some toys made of the celebrated mulberry-tree to the Irishman, but is interrupted by another of the same calling, and a dispute ensues between them, by which it appears that one never had any of the real wood of the tree; and the other, who had made an affidavit that he was in possession of a small quantity, had sold more than would make a gallows to hang up his whole generation: this so irritates the Dublin gentleman, that he swears he will make some of the mulberry liquor run about their pates, beats them off the stage, and after determining to take a little hot punch, and steal a nap for nothing in the midst of the hurry, makes his exit.

The scene now changes to a view of the principal street in Stratford. A number of constables post themselves on each side of the stage, the musical bells ring, and the pageant is introduced to the following chorus:

Hence ye profane ! and only they
 Our pageant grace, our pomp survey,
 Whom love of sacred genius brings :
 Let pride, let flattery decree
 Honours, to deck the memory
 Of warriors, senators, and kings :
 Not less in glory and desert,
 The poet here receives his part,
 A tribute from the feeling heart.

A conversation then commences between two Country Girls : one of them, a perfect rustic, is not a little astonished that such a noise and rout should be made about a poor poet : on which the other, who, from having seen Birmingham, Coventry, and some of the neighbouring towns, fancies herself a very accomplished lady, endeavours to explain the matter, by singing, *The Pride of all Nature was sweet Willy, O ! &c.* This, however, does not satisfy her companion, who replies in some lines, beginning,

All this for a Poet—O no, &c.

As the girls go off, the Irishman appears, and inquires of the cook's boy when the procession is to begin ? The lad assures him the *Pagans* are passed by, and that the gentlefolks are all gone to see the *Jubelo* finished in the *Roundhouse*. This information greatly distresses the

Hibernian, who is very angry at the wet weather, and says, the *Steward* ought to be *called to an account* for it. He then laments his having fallen asleep when he ought to have been awake, and declares Stratford is the vilest place in the world, for *we can get nothing to eat, says he, and are forced to pay double for that too.*

The inside of the grand room, decorated with transparent pictures, is then discovered. Shakespeare crowned with laurels, supported by the tragic and comic Muses, is seen at the extremity of the stage; the principal characters of his plays are ranged on each side.

The pageant was splendid beyond conception. The characters of each play were preceded by persons properly habited, bearing streamers of various colours, on which were inscribed the names of the several performances.

1. Sixteen attendants with tambours.
2. Two attendants bearing the inscriptions, *Veluti in Speculo*, and *Totus Mundus agit Histrionem*.
3. A band of music.
4. *As You Like It*. Touchstone and Audrey; Orlando and Rosalind; Jaques, Adam and Foresters.
5. *Tempest*. Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda; Ariel, Caliban, and drunken Sailors.
6. *Merchant of Venice*. Bassanio, Portia; the caskets on a cabinet richly ornamented; Shylock the Jew with his knife and bond; Senators, &c.
7. *Twelfth Night*. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Sir Toby Belch, Malvolio, Olivia, and attendants.

8. *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Bottom with an ass's head, a number of children representing Fairies; Oberon, the Fairy King, and Titania his Queen, seated in an elegant carriage; Robin Goodfellow, Pease-blossom, Cobweb, &c.

9. *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Dr. Caius, Jack Rugby, Host of the Garter; Ancient Pistol; Sir John Falstaff, between Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page; Bardolph, Nym, &c.

10. *Much ado about Nothing*. Benedict and Beatrice; Pedro, Leonato, and Masqueraders.

11. *The Comic Muse* seated on a magnificent car, drawn by Satyrs, and attended by the different characters of the ancient Comedy.

12. A band of martial music.

13. *Richard III*. King Richard giving directions to Tyrrell with respect to the murder of the two young Princes, who follow led by the Queen Dowager, their mother, Yeomen of the Guards, &c.

14. *Cymbeline*. Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Imogen, Posthumus, and attendants.

15. *Hamlet*. The Ghost beckoning to Hamlet, who is held by his mother; Ophelia in the mad scene; the two Grave-diggers.

16. *Othello*. The Duke conversing with Brabantio; Othello leading Desdemona; Iago, Roderigo, officers, &c.

17. *Romeo and Juliet*. Peter and the Nurse, the Friar, Romeo and Juliet, servants, &c.

18. *Henry VIII*. Lord Chamberlain, the King lean-

ing on Cardinal Wolsey; Anna Bullen, Archbishop Cranmer, Guards, &c.

19. *King Lear*. Edgar in the storm scene; Lear between Kent and Cordelia; Heralds and attendants.

20. *Macbeth*. Macbeth and his Lady in the dagger scene. Hecate and Witches with the burning Cal-d on.

21. *Julius Cæsar*. Lictors, Tribunes, &c. Cæsar and the Soothsayer, followed by Brutus and Cassius.

22. *Antony and Cleopatra*. Egyptian Slaves; Antony and Cleopatra; Black Eunuchs, &c.

23. *Apollo* with his lyre.

24. *The Tragic Muse* on a triumphal car, surrounded by Calliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Polyhymnia, Terpsichore, and Urania.

25. The figure of *Shakespeare*, from his monument in Westminster Abbey, with emblematical ornaments, and a numerous train of attendants, closed the procession.

CHAP. XLVI.

*Mr. Mossop quits the Service of Mr. Garrick
—Goes to Ireland, and articles with Barry
and Woodward—Leaves them, and opens
the Theatre of Smock Alley—His ill For-
tune—Comes back to England—Goes
abroad with a Friend—Returns to London
—Offers his Service to the Managers of
Covent Garden—Dies.*

MR. Mossop was an actor of so established a reputation, and of such eminent merit, that his history and misfortunes deserve to be recorded; they will afford matter of reflection to every man, and especially to the young actor; it will give him an example of an eminent player's imprudent conduct and boundless ambition, followed by scenes of uncommon distress, and which ended in his inevitable ruin.

In the first volume of this narrative I en-

deavoured to delineate the most striking features of Mossop's character as an actor. Notwithstanding he was utterly void of grace in deportment and dignity in action, that he was awkward in his whole behaviour, and hard sometimes in his expression ; I observed that he was, in degree of stage excellence, the third actor ; a Garrick and a Barry only were his superiors ; in parts of vehemence and rage he was almost unequalled ; and in sentimental gravity, from the power of his voice, and the justness of his conceptions, he was a very commanding speaker. It is not to be wondered that Mossop wished to act the lover and the hero : to aim at general excellence is laudable ; but repeated unsuccessful trials could not convince him that he was utterly unfit for tenderness or joy, for gaiety and vivacity : Caled, in *The Siege of Damascus*, the wild, savage, and enthusiastic Arabian, he acted with that force, fury, and fire, which the character demanded ; but he would much rather have risked the displeasure of the audience by attempting *Phocyas*, the lover and

the hero, in the same play. He was always best where he could conceal, by the disguise of age or dress, his shambling walk, and his ungainly action. Of his lively and spirited characters, Pierre was the principal; in Richard the Third he was inferior only to Mr. Garrick; in the Duke, in Measure for Measure, he would have been excellent, if he had not dragged out his words to a length immeasurable; in Cardinal Wolsey he was haughty and artful, and in the last scene of that part very pathetic; in The Ambitious Stepmother of Rowe, his Memnon was venerable and intrepid; his scene with the Priest of the Sun, in the first act, he spoke with tempered warmth, and demolished the frauds and trumpery of priestcraft with vigour and indignation.

Mr. Garrick knew his worth, and endeavoured to set him right, by encouraging him to represent such characters as nature had pointed out to him; but it was his great misfortune to be governed by flattering and injudicious acquaintance.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, who exposed himself by

his wretched criticisms on the action and elocution of Mr. Garrick, professed himself the friend and admirer of Mossop. This actor was honest and well-meaning, but open to the insinuating address of those about him, who continually instilled into his mind that Mr. Garrick kept him in a state of inferiority. In 1756 he took a trip to Ireland, and acted there with much applause. He returned about a year or two afterwards, and was entertained by Mr. Garrick in a most friendly manner, who again employed him in many principal parts. In 1760 he left the service of Mr. Garrick, to try his fortune once more in Dublin. Barry and Woodward wisely hired him, at a very considerable income. He was extremely beneficial to his employers, in strengthening those tragedies in which two parts, of almost equal consequence, are skilfully contradistinguished from each other by their authors: Mark Antony and Ventidius, Pierre and Jaffier, Castalio and Chamont, Tamerlane and Bajazet, Lothario and Horatio, Phocyas and Caled,

acted by Barry and Mossop, will serve to exemplify what I have asserted.

After Mossop had finished one successful campaign with his new masters, he was unhappily smitten with a strong inclination to become the manager of a theatre. Barry and Woodward, who foresaw the consequences which must follow the opening of a theatre against them, with Mossop at the head of it, made him the large offer of a thousand pounds per annum, to prevail on him to relinquish his scheme. This proposal, unhappily for himself, he rejected; he was, it seems, encouraged by certain ladies of quality to draw together a company, and to act at the theatre in Smock Alley.

For some short time novelty and variety of entertainment brought much company to his house; but, notwithstanding his great application to business, and his most laboured endeavours, his audiences visibly declined; nor could he, by inviting actors of eminence from England, support his theatre.

After struggling in vain for seven or eight years, with a variety of difficulties, and being

reduced at last to a state of absolute bankruptcy, he left Dublin, and arrived in London not a little impaired in his health : however, he had still enough of youth and vigour left to have gained a competent income, with reputation to himself, and profit to any manager who should have employed him ; but here his obstinacy and haughtiness prevented his gaining that situation in life to which his merit entitled him. Mossop had a dry, reserved manner, and wanted the art of conciliating the minds of such as could befriend him ; notwithstanding this, his simplicity of mind and rectitude of intention induced many to wish him well. He was advised to make application to Mr. Garrick ; this he peremptorily refused, saying, with some conscious dignity, at the same time, that Mr. Garrick knew that he was in London ; by which he would plainly insinuate, that a proposal ought to come first from the manager ; but as nothing offered of that kind, he accepted the invitation of a friend to accompany him in a tour through several parts of Europe. He returned in about a

year after to London, much emaciated in person, and seemingly lowered in spirits.

It was the misfortune of this actor to be continually hurt by the improper interposition and wrong advice of men who called themselves his friends. Some very indiscreet measures were pursued to force him on Mr. Garrick ; a pamphlet was written by a gentleman of abilities, who set forth Mr. Mossop's powers in acting in a very striking manner ; though I think the author was extremely injudicious in one part of his essay ; for, at the same time that he displayed with all his might the excellence of Mossop, he took infinite pains to degrade the man who was most capable of serving him, by an invidious delineation of the decayed faculties of our admirable Roscius ; the lustre of his eye, he said, was greatly diminished, and the strong expression of his countenance was every day wearing out ; his voice too was broken and inarticulate ; in short, he was so reduced in all his powers, that he could not now tread that stage with any vigour, of which it was owned that he had formerly been the great ornament. This was not surely a proper me-

thod of paving the way for Mossop's acting at Drury Lane, or of conciliating the mind of Mr. Garrick. This attempt failing, Mossop was soon after in treaty with the managers of Covent Garden, who seemed very willing to employ a man of his merit, and one who could act in many plays with Mr. Barry, and, by his weight, give new force to a variety of tragedies.

It has been peremptorily said, that a very celebrated actress refused to act in any play with this unfortunate man. This was an unexpected blow to one so greatly depressed, and in such unhappy circumstances; nevertheless, he endeavoured to recover his spirits, and sent word to the managers, that he was ready and willing to go on the stage with any actress they thought proper to cast into their plays: they returned for answer, that their business was now so settled, that it was not in their power to employ him. He died in a few days after of a broken heart, and in great poverty, Nov. 1773. Mr. Garrick proposed to bury him at his own expense; but Mr. Mossop's uncle prevented that offer from taking place.

CHAP. XLVII.

Mr. Barry visits London—He acts at the Opera-house and at Mr. Foote's Theatre with Mrs. Dancer—His and Mrs. Dancer's Engagement at Drury Lane—They quit that Theatre, and are hired by the Managers of Covent Garden—Mr. Barry afflicted with the Gout, and other Disorders—Dies—His Character.

MR. Barry, after having experienced many vicissitudes of fortune in Dublin, where he sometimes had a large tide of good fortune, and carried all before him, and was at other times obliged to give way to the temporary success of a rival theatre, at length turned a wishful look to London, the place where he had such valuable connexions, where he had been so greatly admired, and where his merit had been rewarded with a greater income than had fallen to the lot of any other actor. In the summer of 1766 he arrived

in London, and brought over with him Mrs. Dancer, who was afterwards Mrs. Barry; she was then gradually rising to that excellence in her profession which has since happily ranked her amongst our most celebrated actresses. As the theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden were then shut up, and Mr. Foote was in full possession of that part of the public which preferred his pieces to the round of Ranelagh or the walks of Vauxhall; Mr. Barry hired the King's theatre in the Haymarket for a few nights, where he exhibited two or three of his most shining characters in tragedy, such as Othello and Jaffier. His Desdemona and Belvidera, Mrs. Dancer, acted with general approbation, but not with that full applause which afterwards a better acquaintance with her merit drew from the audience. Lee's Iago and Pierre, at the same time, were said by all that were present, to be critically and skilfully represented.

In the ensuing winter Mr. Barry went back to Dublin, to fulfil his engagements there. He returned the summer following;

and soon after made an agreement with Foote to act several nights at his theatre in the Haymarket, for his own emolument, upon paying a stated sum.

His great and established reputation, and Mrs. Dancer's merit, which every day became more and more conspicuous, drew together crowded audiences in the hottest days of July and August.

The managers of Drury Lane, who had lately felt the loss of Mrs. Cibber, and were deprived, at almost the same juncture, of Mr. Powell, on his purchasing a share in the patent of Covent Garden, thought it advisable to come to terms of agreement with Mr. Barry and Mrs. Dancer; their salary was at first about 1300*l.* per annum, which was advanced afterwards, as Mr. Lacy informed me, to 1500*l.*

Mr. Garrick, who then acted but seldom, endeavoured to make Barry well pleased with his situation, by giving him his choice of parts, and never calling upon him to do any thing which would either degrade or displease him; and by all methods consulting his ease

as much as the business of the theatre would permit.

Barry was invited to act a considerable part in the tragedy of Zingis, which he accepted. The play was remarkable for giving a glaring picture of Indian manners : fine scenes, gay dresses, and an attempt at the magnificence of Eastern diction, seem to distinguish this tragedy from most others. However, it greatly pleased the people. Its success might possibly be owing, either to the strength of the representation, the novelty of the subject, or the grandeur of the exhibition ; or indeed, with most probability, to these several causes combined.

Mr. Barry expressed a seeming satisfaction at the generous income, as well as ease, which he enjoyed, under the direction of his old master and competitor, Mr. Garrick ; and indeed his stipend was accounted the more considerable, from his being so subject to chronical disorders, and more especially the gout ; however, when his health permitted him to exert his powers, he communicated

his admirable feelings to the best company that London could produce.

In Murphy's *Grecian Daughter* he and Mrs. Barry shone with unrivalled lustre ; the feeble and affecting part of Evander was well adapted to the venerable figure and fine pathos of this declining great actor ; and the filial piety and ardent spirit of the *Grecian Daughter* could not have been more happily displayed, in all their force, than by Mrs. Barry.

Mr. Barry, in the comedy of *The Duel* *, which, in the opinion of good judges, deserved a much better fate than it met with, for it was condemned on the first night of representation, gave the public an unexpected proof of his various excellences in a part where he maintained the authority of the father with tenderness, and the honour of the trader with dignity. Mr. Garrick was pre-

* The comedy of *The Duel* was written by Mr. Obrien. The same author wrote a comedy, in two acts, called *Cross Purposes*, which was acted with great applause at Covent Garden, and is still a very favourite piece.

sent during the whole play, and spoke of Barry's unexpected exertions, in this new character, with candour and warmth.

Miss Young greatly delighted the audience with a very good picture of family pride, in the character of Lady Margaret Sinclair, a Scotchwoman.

Notwithstanding that Mr. and Mrs. Barry had appeared to be perfectly satisfied with their station at Drury Lane, where both managers did all in their power to keep them in good humour; yet, upon some pretended disgust, trifling in itself, or, what is most probable, from the hopes of gaining a still larger income, overtures were made by them to the patentees of Covent Garden, who, after carefully canvassing their proposals, signed articles with Mr. and Mrs. Barry, by which they obtained, what we may suppose they most wished, an addition of at least 200*l.* per annum. This happened in 1774.

One of the plays acted at Covent Garden, with the greatest success, after the engagement of this eminent couple, was *The Distressed Mother*: Mrs. Barry's *Hermione* was

supposed to be inferior, in dignity of deportment, to Mrs. Fitzhenry's, in that character; nor was she quite equal to her in the expression of grief and rage which distinguished the last scenes of that impassioned princess. But the Orestes of Barry was a masterpiece; from the first scene of the play to the last he interested the hearts of the audience; in the mad scene he at once terrified their imaginations, and roused all their tenderest emotions.

But this actor's infirmities increased upon him continually; and such were the encroachments which time and sickness were daily making upon his powers of acting, that his defects became too visible to the audience. In the intervals of pain, he seemed occasionally to recover his wonted vigour, and to shine forth with redoubled splendour; but these unusual exertions were but like the last gleams of the departing sun. He died January 10th, 1777: a complication of disorders put an end to a constitution which had long been shattered by violent fits of the gout.

Of all the tragic actors who have trod the

English stage for these last fifty years, Mr. Barry was unquestionably the most pleasing. Since Booth and Wilks, no actor had shown the public a just idea of the hero or the lover; Barry gave dignity to the one and passion to the other: in his person he was tall, without awkwardness; in his countenance handsome, without effeminacy*; in his uttering of passion, the language of nature alone was communicated to the feelings of an audience.

If any player deserved the character of an unique, he certainly had a just claim to it. Many of the principal characters in our best plays must now be either suffered to lie dormant till another genius like him shall rouse them into life and spirit, or the public must be content to see them imperfectly represented. It has been said, that Colley Cibber preferred his Othello to the performances of Betterton and Booth in that part; and I should not wonder at it; for they, I believe, though most excellent actors, owed a great

*. Foote on the Passions.

deal of their applause to art. Every word which Barry spoke in this the greatest character of the greatest poet, seemed to come from the heart; and I well remember, that I saw Colley Cibber in the boxes, on the first night of Barry's *Othello*, loudly applauding him by frequent clapping of his hands; a practice by no means usual with the old man, even when he was very well pleased with an actor. But indeed the same heart-rending feelings which charmed the audience in *Othello*, diffused themselves through all Barry's acting, when the softer passions predominated: in *Jaffier*, *Castalio*, *Romeo*, *Varanes*, *Phocyas*, *Orestes*. *Richard the Third*, and *Macbeth*, he never should have attempted, for he was deficient in representing the violent emotions of the soul; nor could a countenance so placid as his ever wear the strong impressions of despair and horror. His *Lear*, though not equal to Garrick's perfect exhibition of that part, from the dignity of his figure, and his tenderness of expression, perfectly adapted to some scenes of the part, was very respectable. Booth, from a

too classical taste, had no relish for the rants of Alexander, and could never be prevailed upon to act that part, which Montfort and Betterton had so highly graced. But Barry gave new vigour to the wild flights of the mad hero ; he charmed the ladies repeatedly by the soft melody of his love complaints, and the noble ardour of his courtship.

Booth was certainly too squeamish in his judgment, for Alexander's situations are admirably suited to a powerful actor : the play itself has many beauties ; notwithstanding it contains several speeches which more than border on bombast ; no less a man than Mr. Addison has given his opinion in favour of it. It should be observed too, that the author has contrived to crowd in his play the most material transactions of Alexander's life.

There was no passion of the tender kind so truly pathetic and forcible in any player as Barry, except in Mrs. Cibber, who indeed excelled, in the expression of love, grief, tenderness, and jealous rage, all I ever knew. Happy it was for the frequenters of the theatre when these two genuine children of na-

ture united their efforts to charm an attentive audience. Mrs. Cibber might be styled indeed the daughter or sister of Mr. Garrick *, but could be only the mistress or wife of Barry †.

In a work of this kind variety of fact and anecdote will be more acceptable to the reader than that to which I have no pretence, beauty of style, or justness of criticism. When Tom Chapman, an excellent comic actor, of whose merit I have taken notice in the first volume of these memoirs, was present during some of the most pathetic scenes in *The Orphan* between Barry in *Castalio*, and Mrs. Cibber in *Monimia*, he was so affected, that he burst into tears. This, he told me, was an involuntary act, of which he was not in the least ashamed, till he was assured by a critic, who sat next to him, that he ought not to have been so moved; and Chapman, though otherwise a sensible man, was fool enough to think the critic in the right.

* *Zara*, *Cordelia*, *Monimia*, &c.

† *Juliet*, *Rutland*, *Desdemona*, *Belvidera*, &c. &c.

Barry was the easiest man in the world to live with as a companion and friend : he had as little learning as knowledge, but he was master of an irresistible power of persuasion. He certainly did not confine himself for many years within the limits of his income, which from the first was considerable, and afterwards very large. He was, indeed, the Mark Antony of the stage, whether we consider his amorous disposition, or his love of expense. One of his greatest pleasures consisted in giving magnificent entertainments. In this article we may well compare our Mark Antony of the theatre to the Mark Antony of Rome.

Mr. Pelham, who was much delighted with Barry's acting, was pleased sometimes to send for him, and now and then call at his apartments. He once invited himself to sup with Barry, who was greatly elated with the high honour of entertaining a first minister, and for that purpose he made the most magnificent preparation : but a profusion of elegant dishes, with the choicest and dearest wines, displeased the statesman ; he

reproved his host for his folly in feasting him as he himself would have treated a foreign ambassador, and never gave him another opportunity of exposing his want of judgment.

Barry had a gift of pleasing in conversation beyond most men ; but this must be attributed to his manner, not the matter which he uttered. When he spoke, the features of his countenance seemed to be charged with benevolence. No man did the honours of the table with more ease and politeness than Barry ; his conviviality was entertaining, and his mirth agreeable ; he was celebrated for telling an Irish story very happily, and better than any man. Mr. Garrick used to say, that he would beat Barry's head off in telling all stories but Irish ones ; there was a *naïveté* in his manner which retained all the salt of the jest, without gross vulgarity.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Mr. Foote and Mr. Garrick—Foote's Envy and Malevolence to Garrick—The latter praises the former, who constantly rails at and abuses the latter—His Design of exposing him in a mock Procession—Dropped—Resumes his Intention of bringing him on the Stage—Reasons for it—Farther Particulars relating to Mr. Garrick and Mr. Foote—Foote's Verses on Humour, &c.

FOOTE considered Mr. Garrick, almost from his first knowledge of him, as a rival in theatrical fame; and yet no two men were more opposite in their pretensions to stage merit: in acting, Mr. Garrick was, doubtless, an unlimited genius; Foote was restrained to certain characters of his own composition: though he had, for a few years, been hired at a handsome salary as an actor, all his efforts, both in tragedy and comedy, from Othello, his first attempt, down to Ben

the Sailor, one of his last, were mean, disagreeable, and often distorted by grimace and buffoonry. In his *Treatise of the Passions*, written about the year 1747, in which he brings to the bar the several abilities and defects of Garrick, Quin, and Barry ; he paid some very just compliments to several scenes of Mr. Garrick's *Lear*, yet at the same time indulged himself in pointing out his blemishes, as he called them, in his acting that character. As a writer, he spoke of him contemptuously ; and, upon the whole, we plainly see he wished to lessen his consequence with the public. The pamphlet, however, bears some marks of genius.

Though this may prove that he considered him very early as a rival, yet it is almost impossible to date the origin of Foote's settled malevolence to Mr. Garrick ; however, we may venture to say, that it did not break out with any degree of violence till after the Duke of York had obtained a patent for him of the Haymarket theatre. They were then rival managers, though the periodical existence of Foote's theatre did not commence

till Mr. Garrick's was in its wane. The Haymarket playhouse could not, agreeably to the words of the patent, open till the fifteenth of May, and Drury Lane was generally shut up in the beginning of June.

Whatever were Mr. Garrick's real thoughts of Foote, he continually spoke of him as a man of wonderful abilities, and the most entertaining companion he ever knew. He, notwithstanding, could have no affection for one whom, in his heart, he feared; all the praises which he bestowed on Foote were, for that reason, suspicious; they were indeed thrown away upon him, for he constantly railed at Mr. Garrick in all companies; his abilities, as an actor, he questioned, in contradiction to all the world; his compositions, as a writer, he treated with scorn; virtues, as a member of society, he had none; he was covetous and tricking; in short, according to his opinion, he was every thing that was mean and unworthy of a gentleman. Neither his family, his friends nor acquaintance, *his father, mother,*

body, soul, or muse *, were spared by this strange wit, who run a-tilt at every body, and was at the same time caressed and feared, admired and hated by all. In the mean time, these rival wits would often meet at the houses of persons of fashion, who were glad to have two such guests at their table, though they certainly should have entertained their friends separately ; for Mr. Garrick was a *muta persona* in the presence of Foote ; he was all admiration when this great genius entertained the company, and no man laughed more heartily at his lively sallies than he did. It must be owned, that he tried all methods to conciliate Foote's mind ; so far at least, as to prevail upon him to forbear his illiberal attacks upon him when absent ; and this he ought to have done for his own sake, for Foote often rendered his conversation disgusting by his nauseous abuse of Mr. Garrick ; but the more sensibility the latter discovered, the greater price the former put upon his ceasing from hostilities.

* Pope.

Lord Mansfield was not unwilling to silence such a battery of ridicule as Foote could raise against him, or any man, the greatest and the wisest in the kingdom; and often invited him to his table, where he sometimes met the person against whom he was forming a conspiracy to expose on the stage; but Mr. Garrick, with the help of a Lord Chief Justice, unless with the farther aid of his warrant and tip-staff, could not have stopped the current of Foote's scandal.

The great success of the Stratford Jubilee, when exhibited, in the winter of 1770, at Drury Lane, inspired this envious man with the design of producing a mock procession in imitation of it, and of introducing Mr. Garrick upon his stage; he considered him as fit goods to bring to his market: a man so rich, so meritorious, so well known, so much admired, and so envied, was a prey too valuable not to be seized on for his own use; the foregoing it, he thought, would be losing a staple commodity, which would fill his house forty nights successively, or, perhaps, for the whole summer. In this

mock procession a fellow was to be dressed up, and made as much like Mr. Garrick as possible. It was intended that some ragamuffin in the procession should address Roscius in the well-known lines of the poet-laureat,

A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtue too.

The representer of Mr. Garrick was to make no answer, but to cry, "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

While this scheme was in embryo, Foote's necessities, which were brought on by a ridiculous parade of splendid living, by keeping a number of useless servants, and by treating with magnificent dinners those who laughed at his wit, drank his claret, and won his money at cards, for he was a great dupe at play, reduced him to the humiliating situation of borrowing money of the man whom he intended to expose to public ridicule. Five hundred pounds were lent to him by Mr. Garrick; and this sum, after a successful run of a new piece, was paid back in a pettish resentment, because it was pretended

that Mr. Garrick's creatures had circulated a report that Mr. Foote was under obligations to him. By this time we may suppose he had formed his plan, and was resolved, or at least he so gave out, to put it in execution. He was at no pains to conceal his design from Mr. Garrick, who had early intelligence of the whole scheme. The uneasiness he felt upon the occasion could not be dissembled; he dreaded public ridicule as the worst of all misfortunes, and apprehended the ruin of that great reputation which he had been raising so many years. To resent an affront personally to a man with a wooden leg would only have exposed him to laughter.

It was pleasant enough, during the suspension of hostilities, to see them meet on a visit, at a Nobleman's door, and alight from their chariots: significant looks were exchanged before they spoke. Mr. Garrick broke silence first: "What is it, war or peace?"—"O! peace, by all means," said Foote, with much apparent glee; and the day was spent in great seeming cordiality.

Much about this time Mr. Garrick paid this levelling satirist a visit, and was surprised to see a bust of himself placed on his bureau. “Is this intended as a compliment to me?” said Roscius. “Certainly.”—“And can you trust me so near your cash and your bank notes?”—“Yes, very well,” said Foote, “for you are without hands.”

What put an end to this project, I could never learn, whether a well-timed gratification, or Garrick’s threats of serving him in kind (*). But of this last I never heard the least hint, though I am well persuaded that such a menace might probably have had its effect; for no man was so great a bully as Foote, nor was any man more timorous. At the time when he was dealing out his scandal at the Haymarket, and levelling all characters for his private emolument, he was heard to declare, in a kind of agony, that he was afraid to take a newspaper in his

(*) The fact is, that the late Marquis of Stafford, who was the friend of both parties, dissuaded Foote from his intention.

hand, for fear of reading some outrageous abuse against himself or his friends.

But although the project of a mock procession was given up, Foote thought the ridiculing Garrick on the stage was a morsel too delicious to resign. At the very time when the mind of Mr. Garrick was disturbed by a scandalous and false insinuation (*), which the author of it publicly and solemnly afterwards disavowed, Mr. Foote, from a ridiculous pretence that Mr. Garrick kept his playhouse open purposely to distress him, by acting several of his most favourite characters, and by these means drawing all the play-going people to Drury Lane, resolved to show his resentment in a manner the most profitable to himself, and offensive to Mr. Garrick.

(*) By the malevolent Dr. Kenrick, in a poem called "Love in the Suds; a Town Eclogue; being the Lamentation of Roscius for the Loss of his Niky," folio, 1772. Mr. Garrick very properly moved the Court of King's Bench against the publisher. The action, however, was stopped on the Doctor's issuing an apologetical advertisement, signed with his name.

He first attacked him, with much vehemence, in the newspapers, in the form of letters, fables, and dialogues. This was preparatory to his grand design of regaling the public with a feast of Roscius. The new scheme was, to introduce him in his Puppet-show. To this end, a mask was made, that bore as near a resemblance as possible to the countenance of Mr. Garrick, and this he showed to all his visitors; a pasteboard figure of a body was prepared, to be joined to the head; a man was to be concealed under this strange shell, who was, every now and then, to utter something which the author was to convey to him. But so fond was Foote of his favourite Cock-a-doodle-do! that, as soon as the figure was introduced on the stage, he was ordered to clap his sides, and crow as loud as the cock in Hamlet.

This mock representation of Mr. Garrick was talked of for a long time, though not announced in the newspapers. Foote laboured to raise his fears and apprehensions, and at the same time to create an appetite

in the public for so extraordinary a dish. That this project was afterwards laid aside, it was generally supposed, was owing to a sum of money which was borrowed, never to be repaid ; or, perhaps, to a gratification, the accepting of which was still more dishonourable : however, this is only conjecture.

Few people have been weak enough to suspect there could be any sincere friendship between rival wits ; but that a man in the intercourse of acquaintance, and interchange of friendly visits (for Mr. Garrick dined sometimes with Foote, and he as often with Garrick), should meditate the art of tormenting the person with whom he not unfrequently spent a cheerful day, seems to be above the common degree of civil hypocrisy with which the world is so completely blessed.

Mr. Garrick returned all the ungenerous behaviour of this eccentric genius towards him, by a very different conduct, by every act of kindness and friendship. When there was some talk of suppressing his Puppet-show, on various pretences, he exerted his

interest in the author's favour; and still more, when he laboured under the worst of all accusations (*), he did not desert him; he considered the whole as others did, and, as the judge and jury afterwards determined it, an infamous falsehood, and a base conspiracy.

Though it is impossible to justify Foote's exposing the faults, or wounding the peace of any man or woman not obnoxious and hurtful to society; yet I believe we must place a good deal of his scandal to his profession and trade of a dramatic satirist, and not to the malignity of his temper. He considered what would best suit the palates of his guests; and though his genius was equal to general, as well as particular satire, yet the first cost him more pains, and the latter brought much more company to the boxes than the former; for nothing gives

(*) On this charge, supposed to have been instigated by a certain lady of quality (who had herself been in a *trying* situation ^x a few months before), Mr Foote, was indicted in the Court of King's Bench, Dec. 11, 1776, and, on the clearest evidence of *alibi*, acquitted.

x - Latchell T 3 1776

such pleasure as scandal, provided those who enjoy it are themselves exempt from it.

Foote's best pieces are not without a mixture of personalities ; and, so far as they include striking objects of vice or folly, they fall into the plan of moral reprehension. *The Minor*, and *The Devil on Two Sticks*, are nearer to that species of comic satire, which does not descend to particular subjects ; and yet they pointed at certain persons whom no one could mistake. But the exuberant sallies of the well-meaning patriot, who exceeds the bounds of temperance, may possibly be fair game to the theatric huntsman ; and the auctioneer who, under the mask of his profession^x, becomes a partner in the pillaging of a minor, for such a man I believe he draws Mr. Smirk, may think himself well treated in having his follies and peculiarities more strongly reprov'd, than those faults of which the law ought to take cognizance. But the sole question is, whether Mr. Smirk was really guilty of the roguery with which he is charged ; if he was, the punishment was too slight ; and if he was

x Langford

innocent, the author could not make him a sufficient reparation.

I am persuaded many a man has entered the theatre of the Haymarket under the apprehension of seeing himself served up to the public. Those who pretended to admire and value the satirist most, were exceedingly solicitous to know the subject of a new comedy ; their hearts honestly told them, that they had no more claim to exemption from ridicule than some whom he had unmercifully exposed : however, his intimates were soon delivered from their fears, for his vanity prompted him to communicate as fast as he composed ; and the public soon knew the next subject that was to be served up.

His original plan of *The Bankrupt* was, I am told, very different from what we find it in the comedy of that name ; his design was to have exposed the frauds of men who commence bankrupts with an intent to cheat their honest creditors ; and this would have afforded abundant matter for just and beneficial satire ; but a gentleman, who had large and powerful connexions, ^x nay, a kingdom

T A
x *For Joyce the Librarian.*

to second him, happening at that time to fail, and to involve great numbers in his fall ; it was suggested to Foote, that an application would be made by the audience to this unhappy person ; and that, as he was really a man free from bad intention, it would be extremely cruel to give room for malice to point him out as the intended subject of the comedy ; he immediately altered the economy of his plot, and made it what it now is.

That, by the death of Foote, the public lost a great check on notorious vice and fashionable irregularity, no man will deny. Peter Aretine, who, by his satires, raised contributions on all the Princes of Europe, nay, bragged of receiving hush-money from the Emperor of the Turks, was not more dreaded than Foote. He cared not whether the object of his satire was in high or low life, provided the peculiarities were prominent enough, and the person well known.

A certain printer (*), who died a few

(*) Alderman George Faulkner, of Dublin.

years since, thought himself very happy to wait upon Mr. Foote, and to bring him the news of the day. This man attended his levee constantly: but no absurdity of character could escape the discerning eye of our English Aristophanes; by seeing Mr. Type frequently, he began to think of a niche for him in one of his theatrical structures; and indeed the man, in his person, look, speech, and behaviour, was as grotesque as Foote could have wished him to be. The outline was drawn, and the colours were just prepared to be laid on, when the author communicated his intention to some of his acquaintance, who spread about a report of this new character. The friends of the printer were extremely alarmed for him; they knew he would have very tender feelings for himself, though, in his letters and paragraphs, he had never shown the least mercy to any person living, when he was sure the law could not interpose. After much strong expostulation, and many earnest entreaties, the author was prevailed upon to

give up his prey, though with much reluctance (*).

(*) He afterwards, however, brought this character on the stage, as *Peter Paragraph*, in *The Orators*. Faulkner resented the joke so seriously, that he indicted our humourist for a libel ; and from the disposition of the Judge who presided in the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, it was generally believed the matter would have terminated very much to his disgrace : but he suddenly quitted that metropolis, and returned to England, leaving his bail to pay the penalty of their bonds, whom, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary, he afterwards reimbursed.

This prosecution very probably took its rise from a *ludicrous* letter of Lord Chesterfield to his *friend* George, which that maukish compound of butter and honey considered as a *serious* piece of advice. “ Would you think it,” says his Lordship, “ Mr. Foote, who, if I mistake
“ not, was one of your *Symposion* while in London
“ (and, if so, the worse man he), takes you off in
“ his new farce called *The Orators* ? As the *Govern-*
“ *ment* here cannot properly take notice of it, would it
“ be amiss, *that you should show some spirit on this oc-*
“ *casion*, either by way of stricture, contempt, or by
“ bringing an action against him ? I do not mean for
“ writing the said farce, but for acting it. The doc-
“ trine of *scribere est agere* was looked upon as too hard
“ in the case of Algernoon Sydney ; but my Lord Coke,
“ my Lord Chief Justice Hale, my Lord Vaughan,

Foote was certainly a great and fertile genius ; his comic vein was equal, if not

“ Salkeld, and, in short, all the greatest men of the
 “ law, do, with their *usual perspicuity and precision*,
 “ lay it down for law, that *agere est agere*. And this
 “ is exactly Mr. Foote’s case with regard to you : there-
 “ fore, any orders that you shall think fit to send me
 “ in this affair as to retaining counsel, filing a bill of
 “ *Faulkner versus Foote*, or bringing a common *action*
 “ *upon the case*, which I think would be best of all,
 “ *the case itself being actionable*, shall be punctually
 “ executed by your faithful friend,

“ CHESTERFIELD.”

The irony of this letter will best appear by a subsequent letter of his Lordship’s, in which he expresses his impatience to congratulate his *friend George* on his late triumph in making his enemy his *Foot-stool*. “ A
 “ man of less philosophy than yourself,” says his Lordship, “ would, perhaps, have chastised Foote corporally, and have made him feel that your wooden leg, which he mimicked, had an avenging arm to protect it ; but you scorned so inglorious a victory, and called justice and the laws of your country to punish the *criminal*, and to avenge your cause. You triumphed ; and I heartily join my weak voice to the loud acclamations of the good citizens of Dublin upon this occasion. I take it for granted, that some of your many tributary wits have already presented you with gratulatory poems, &c. upon this subject.

superior, to that of any writer of the age: his dramatic pieces were, most of them, it is true, unfinished, and several of them little more than sketches; but they are the sketches of a master, of one who, if he had laboured more assiduously, could have brought them nearer to perfection.

Foote saw the follies and vices of mankind with a quick and discerning eye; his discrimination of characters was critical and exact; his humour pleasant, his ridicule keen, his satire pungent, and his wit brilliant and exuberant. He described with fidelity the changeable follies and fashions of the times; and his pieces, like those of Ben Jonson, were calculated to please the audience of the day; and for this reason posterity will scarcely know any thing of them. Of Ben Jonson's

“ I own I had some thoughts myself of inscribing a
 “ short poem to you upon your triumph; but to tell
 “ you the truth, when I had *writ* not above two thou-
 “ sand verses of it, my Muse forsook me, my poetic
 “ vein stopped, I threw away my pen, and I burned
 “ my poem, to the irreparable loss, not only of the pre-
 “ sent age, but also of latest posterity.”

plays it was observed, above seventy years since, that they could not be represented for want of proper actors ; the same may be said of the productions of Mr. Foote.

From his best comedies Mr. Colman finds little assistance, but is obliged to depend on the fertility of his own genius : when Weston dropt into the grave, half the merit of them was lost ; the death of the author put the finishing stroke to them.

In a prologue to *The Nabob*, one of his best comedies, which he spoke at Dublin in 1773, Mr. Foote complimented the Irish with the product of humour, that richest plant of the dramatic soil. The lines are pointed, and well worth reading.

<p>—Frugal Nature, with an equal hand, Bestows peculiar gifts on every land ; To France she gave the rapid repartee, Bows and bons mots, fibs, fashions, flattery, Shrugs, grins, grimace, and sportive gaiety. Arm'd with the whole artillery of love, Latium's soft sons possess the power to move : Humour, the foremost of the festive crew, Source of the comic scene, she gave to you ; Humour, with arched brow, and leering eye, Shrewd, solemn, sneering, subtle, slow, and sly ;</p>	}
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Serious herself, yet laughter still provoking,
 By teasing, tickling, jeering, gibing, joking.
 Impartial gift, that owns nor rank nor birth!
 'Tis theirs who rule the helm, or till the earth;
 Theirs, who in senate wage the wordy war,
 And theirs whose humble lot conducts the car.
 If aught deriv'd from her adorns my strain,
 You gave, at least discover'd first, the vein.

Two bon-mots on Mr. Garrick's love of money, and fondness for acting, Foote took care to repeat as often as they came into his mind.

That he loved money so well, that, whenever he should retire from the stage, he was sure he would commence banker's clerk, for the pleasure of continually counting over the cash (*).

As for the stage, he was so fond of it, that, rather than not play, he would act in a tavern kitchen for a sop in the pan.

(*) Foote was not the only person who remarked on this passion in our hero. "Garrick's avarice," says Mr. Cooke, " (which, by the bye, was not generally founded), was all through life a constant theme of Macklin's declamation; and it does not a little redound to the former's general reputation, that his

“ most inveterate enemy could bring no other charge
 “ against him than this, which, as far as ever we could
 “ learn, was no more from the beginning, than a laud-
 “ able resolution of being independent. The needy,
 “ the disappointed, and the envious, however, joined
 “ in the cry ; and whenever Macklin talked of Gar-
 “ rick’s avarice, he was generally believed. Indeed
 “ the very instances themselves, which he brought in
 “ proof of this charge, are of so trifling and laughable
 “ a nature, that, although they might indirectly point
 “ out an economical character, they are far from esta-
 “ blishing that of the professed miser.

“ To illustrate this, we shall produce some of these
 “ instances. Garrick and Macklin frequently rode out
 “ together, and often baited at some of the public
 “ houses on the Richmond road. Upon these occasions,
 “ whenever they came to a turnpike, or to settle the ac-
 “ count of the luncheon, Garrick either had changed his
 “ breeches that morning, and was without money, or
 “ else used to produce a 36s. piece, which made it dif-
 “ ficult to change. Upon these occasions, Macklin,
 “ to use his own phrase, ‘ stood Captain Flashman ;’
 “ that is, paid the charge. This went on for some time ;
 “ when Macklin, finding that Garrick never took his
 “ turn of paying the expenses, or repaying those he
 “ had advanced for him, challenged him one day for
 “ a debt he owed him, and then pulled out a long slip
 “ of paper, in which the several disbursements were en-
 “ tered *according to date, place, and company*, ‘ and
 “ which, Sir,’ said the veteran, ‘ amounted to between

“ thirty and forty shillings. The little fellow at first
 “ seemed surprised, and then would have turned it into
 “ a joke : but I was serious, Sir, and he paid me the
 “ money : and after that we *jogged* on upon our own
 “ separate accounts.’

“ Another time Mr. Garrick gave a dinner at his
 “ lodgings to Harry Fielding, Macklin, Havard, Mrs.
 “ Cibber, &c. &c. ; and, vails to servants being then
 “ much the fashion, Macklin, and most of the com-
 “ pany, gave Garrick’s man (David, a Welchman)
 “ something at parting—some a shilling, some half a
 “ crown, &c. while Fielding, very formally, slipt a
 “ piece of paper in his hand, with something folded
 “ in the inside. When the company were all gone,
 “ David seeming to be in high glee, Garrick asked him
 “ how much he got. ‘ I can’t tell you yet, Sir,’ said
 “ Davy ; ‘ here is half a crown from Mrs. Cibber, Got
 “ pless hur—here is a shilling from Mr. Macklin—Here
 “ is two from Mr. Havard, &c.—and here is something
 “ more from the Poet, Got pless his merry heart.’ By
 “ this time Davy had unfolded the paper ; when, to his
 “ great astonishment, he saw it contain no more than
 “ *one penny* ! Garrick felt nettled at this, and next day
 “ spoke to Fielding about the impropriety of *jesting*
 “ with a servant. ‘ Jesting !’ said Fielding, with a
 “ seeming surprise : ‘ so far from it, that I meant to
 “ do the fellow a real piece of service ; for had I given
 “ him a shilling, or half a crown, I knew you would
 “ have taken it from him ; but by giving him only a
 “ *penny*, he had a chance of calling it his own.’ ”

CHAP. XLIX.

Mr. Cumberland—A prolific Writer—Banishment of Cicero—Brothers—Attacks the Writers of the Age in his Prologue—Not so original as he pretends to be—Instances of his borrowing from others—West Indian, his best Play, commended—Major O'Flaherty—Fashionable Lovers—Colin a bad Scotchman—Druid—A Play from Novels—Timon of Athens—No Improvement of the Original—Choleric Man—Supported by the Acting—Mr. Cumberland's Dread of the Critics—Attacks Writers in the Newspapers, in hopes of silencing them—His Opinion of himself—Goldsmith's Verses on him.

MR. Cumberland, the son of the Bishop of that name, and grandson to the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, about the year 1762 brought his first play to Mr. Garrick, called *The Banishment of Cicero*; it was rejected

as a piece, though classical, yet not fit for the stage. The author, in 1770, offered his comedy called *The Brothers*, to Mr. Colman, which was accepted, and acted for above twelve nights successively with much approbation.

The manager did all manner of justice to this comedy, by disposing the parts among the principal performers : Mrs. Yates condescended to act a very trifling character, Sophia, a young lady supposed to be under twenty ; Mr. Woodward's Captain Ironsides was a true picture of a brave English tar.

The author opened his prologue with a brisk attack upon his brother writers, somewhat, I think, inauspiciously : after reproaching them in pretty severe, though in trite terms, with gleaning from novels, and picking up offals from every shop and stall, and filching from each periodical work, or magazine ; and after railing at them for stealing the vile refuse of French writers, he boldly promised something solid and genuine of English manufacture :

Not so our bard ; to-night, he bids me say,
You shall receive and judge *an English play*.

From no man's jest *he draws felonious praise,*
 Nor from his neighbour's garden crops his bays :
 From his own breast the filial story flows,
 And the free scene no foreign master knows.
 Nor only tenders he his work as new ;
 He hopes 't is good, or would not give it you.

If some people were not apt to forget as fast as they read, I should suspect that the author depended on the want of recollection or discernment in his auditors ; for *The Brothers* is beholden to more than one English author : I will not presume to charge him with stealing foreign and contraband goods, for the world ; but surely Captain Ironsides is our old friend Tom Bowling dramatically dressed, and taken from a well-known work of Dr. Smollett ; and I see no harm in that ; Tom had never trod the stage before, and I was glad to see him make so good a figure upon the theatrical boards. But this is not all the obligation Mr. Cumberland owes to modern authors : we have in our English comedies several diverting squabbles between scolding wives and hen-pecked husbands ; but the last scene of the fourth act, between Sir

Benjamin Dove and his Lady, is apparently an imitation of another very like it in Mr. Colman's *Jealous Wife*; the author has not indeed varied it very much; the following words of Lady Dove, who is almost in the same situation as Mrs. Oakly, ready to faint and die away like her, will convince the author that he is not quite so original as he pretends to be: "*Would you murder me, you brute in human shape? Would you break my heart, you tyrant *?*" Much more there is to the same purpose. Indeed, Mrs. Oakly is a lady not so far advanced in shameless effrontery as Lady Dove, who entreats her husband to be allowed the company of her gallant in his own house, though he had intimated to her, that he suspected an improper commerce between them; and Sir Benjamin, who has conquered his wife's petulance, has not the courage to turn the man out of his doors whom he believes to be his dishonourer. More plagiarism

* "*O you monster! you villain! would you let me die for want of help?*" &c. &c.—*Jealous Wife*, Act V.

and impropriety, I believe, might be pointed out in *The Brothers* ; but the play has much merit, and was a very good first piece.

Mr. Garrick was so well pleased with reading *The West Indian*, that it was prepared for representation with much diligence and care, and was acted soon after it was put into his hands : this play is Mr. Cumberland's masterpiece ; the story is throughout told with as little improbability as most stage fables ; the characters are in nature, and judiciously delineated ; the incidents arise fairly from the plot ; the catastrophe, as well as many other situations in the comedy, is very affecting. I shall not dwell longer upon what is so well known to every body : Belcour is an original, which was well supported throughout by Mr. King ; O'Flaherty was imitably acted by Moody, but this part is no invention of the author ; Sir Callaghan Obrallaghan is the model from which he took the Irish Major ; nor would Mr. Macklin have made his honest Hibernian act so absurdly as O'Flaherty, who insists on Dudley's complying with the contents of a letter at the

hazard of both their lives, though he does not know a syllable contained in that letter. The avowing his marrying five wives, whom he believes to be all alive and merry, is a shocking derogation from O'Flaherty's character of a man of worth ; the words *à la militaire* were subjoined by the actor, who thought, very judiciously, that the avowal of polygamy was too gross without a salvo.

An author who could write so successful a comedy as the *West Indian*, was secure in offering a play to the manager of any play-house. Mr. Cumberland's *Timon* of Shakespeare, with considerable alterations, was his next piece proposed to Mr. Garrick, and accepted.

Those who have read Shadwell's *Timon* will not, I believe, scruple to prefer it to Mr. Cumberland's, though both the alterers had better have forborne a task to which they were unequal. It is almost impossible to graft large branches upon the old stock of Shakespeare ; none have succeeded in their alterations of that poet, but such as have confined themselves to the lopping off a few

superfluous boughs, and adding, where necessary, some small slips of their own, and that too with the utmost caution.

This alterer has, by his management, utterly destroyed all pity for the principal character of the play. Shadwell gave Timon a mistress, who never forsook him in his distress; but Mr. Cumberland has raised him up a daughter, whose fortune the father profusely spends on flatterers and sycophants: this destroys all probability, as well as extinguishes commiseration. What generous and noble-minded man, as Shakespeare has drawn his Timon, would be guilty of such baseness as to wrong his child, by treating his visitors with the wealth that should be reserved for her portion?

It is indeed a miserable alteration of one of Shakespeare's noblest productions. There is not, perhaps, in any work, ancient or modern, more just reflection and admirable satire than in Timon; Cumberland and his original do not in the least assimilate, for in their styles they are widely different; some excellent

scenes of Shakespeare are entirely omitted, and others grossly mutilated.

Melancholy plot and sentimental dialogue seem to be the great favourites of this writer. The Fashionable Lover, which Mr. Cumberland prevailed on Mr. Garrick to act in 1772, went through its usual periodical journey, or, perhaps, a little longer, but has never been resumed since. The plot is intricate, and the catastrophe of the weeping sort ; abundance of situations there are in it, some of them improbable, some trifling, and others affecting ; Mr. Cumberland's comic muse seems to be always in mourning. The Macaroni, Lord Abberville, was not ill conceived by the author, and was acted with great propriety by Dodd. Aubrey and his daughter Augusta, were pathetic children of Melpomene, and well adapted to the fine feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Barry. Mortimer is a good character, though not new ; he pleases, because he exhibits to us a generous mind, and is a warm lover of justice and humanity ; and this character showed well in Mr. King, who represented it. Bridgemore is a fellow

fitter for the cells of Newgate and the Old Bailey, than to figure in a comedy acted before a polite audience, and on a theatre from which all such ruffians should be banished. The actions of thieves, in my opinion, are not cognizable in the court of Thalia.

Mr. Cumberland values himself upon putting an end to the provincial jargon of the stage, and that mean custom of ridiculing a man because he is born in a particular country; and in this he is certainly a friend to humanity. The Scots and Irish (*) are greatly obliged to his candour; but what have the Welch done, to be so particularly stigmatized? Poor Dr. Druid is a stupid hunter after the worst part of the *vertú*, and is a wretch void of humanity: he was acted by Baddeley, with that closeness to nature and character which distinguishes his style of playing. The Scotchman, Colin, is a great part in *The Fashionable Lover*, and the author's chorus to carry on his plot. But Mr. Cumberland knows but little of the Scotch idiom; his phraseology is properly English, with a Scotch accent;

(*) We may now add, “and the *Jew*.”

a few vulgar expressions, such as, Hoot! hoot! mon! and, The de'el burst your weam, &c. make the whole of the Scotch dialect in this play. What Scotchman speaking of a Lord, says Laird? yet Colin repeats this twenty times in the play.

I shall not trouble my reader with an examination of all Mr. Cumberland's dramatic pieces, which are about a dozen in number (*); for no author's muse, for the time, has been so prolific. The Choleric Man was represented at Drury Lane about a year or two before Mr. Garrick left the stage. The criticisms thrown out in the newspapers against this play seem to have affected the author too much. In his Dedication to Detraction, he enters into a long defence of Terence, and his manner of writing comedy, and endeavours to convict his anonymous opponent of malice and ignorance. His learned account of ancient comedies, and their authors, is curious, though not very entertaining; one poor author whose name was Eupolis, the Foote of those days, was cast

(*) They now (1807) exceed forty.

into the sea, and drowned, he says, for lampooning Alcibiades, or for some such crime. Mr. Cumberland tugs too much at the critic's arrow in his side, and yet affects to despise the hand from whence it came. All laboured vindications of trifles should be avoided. This comedy is taken from the *Adelphi* of Terence, says the author. The general idea is indeed borrowed from that writer, but neither the characters nor manners of Mr. Cumberland's play are derived from that source : Mr. Manlove indeed bears some resemblance to the outline of Mitio, and that is all I can perceive of Terence in this piece. Mr. Cumberland tells us, that he never read Shadwell's *'Squire of Alsatia* ; we readily believe him ; bad as it is, that comedy is a better composition than *The Cholerick Man* ; the plot of this last is highly improbable ; many of the scenes are farcical, and depend upon mistakes which could never have happened : Nightshade, who stands for the Demea of Terence, is a wretch without the least tincture of humanity ; he is called in the play a man of humour indeed, but such a one as is fit for no place but Bedlam.

Weston, by his admirable action, in my opinion, saved the play ; he was placed in such critical situations as few actors could have escaped from with safety, much less with applause. A player who is obliged to fill up three different scenes of drunkenness has a difficult task to go through ; but this was performed by the inimitable Weston with great skill, and equal success.

It has been said, that Mr. Garrick, after he had left the stage, recommended *The Battle of Hastings* to Mr. Sheridan with great cordiality, from an earnest desire to oblige the author, who, on this occasion, did not seem to have a proper sense of Mr. Garrick's friendship ; and that this greatly affected him. It can be with truth asserted, that he was extremely displeased, and on that occasion expressed himself with some warmth, to find that all his endeavours to serve Mr. Cumberland, and promote the success of his plays, did not beget that return which he might with reason have expected.

The Battle of Hastings is what we call a *Pasticcio*, a work made up of centos from va-

rious authors, and more particularly from Shakespeare. Mr. Garrick was asked by several persons his judgment of that tragedy: his constant answer was, *Sir, what all the world says, must be true.* No explanation of his meaning could be drawn from him.

Mr. Cumberland is unquestionably a man of very considerable abilities: it is his misfortune to rate them greatly above their value, and to suppose that he has no equal. There are many (*) writers in this metropolis whose merit is not inferior to that of this gentleman; he is one star in the same firmament, where many others shine with equal brightness. Mr. Cumberland should consider too, that an author, by too much indulging the fluency of his fancy and the rapidity of his pen, may possibly write below himself. Let his Pegasus go to grass for a reasonable time, and he will return to the race with renewed vigour.

(*) If this was true when Mr. Davies wrote, it can scarcely be said of the dramatic writers of the present day.

He is too young a man to have the advice
of Horace applied to him,

Solve senescentem mature sanus equum.

But, as a man sometimes makes himself old before his time, by great and continued intemperance ; so may an author, by writing too fast, exhaust his abilities.

The news-writers have given great offence to this author by their criticising his plays ; his resentments have been too great for the provocation. Every work of art that comes before the eye of the public, lies open to the examination of every body ; and men will, in this country, freely write what they freely think. A newspaper is the best channel through which information, amusement, and instruction, can be conveyed ; it may sometimes be foul and impure ; but, in general, the streams which pass through it must be clear and beneficial, otherwise it would soon be stopped up.

Good Christians are not perhaps acquainted with the obligations they owe Mr. Cumberland. By the power of his eloquence, and the strength of his arguments, he almost

converted, some time before his death, that wicked unbeliever, Samuel Foote, to Christianity: he assured his friends, that if he had lived a little longer, he did not doubt but he should have completed his work, and made a good man of him.

Mr. Cumberland, by his writings, appears to be a benevolent man; and such a one must be beloved by all the world.

I am certain I shall not displease the reader by quoting in this place Dr. Goldsmith's admirable character of this gentleman and his writings, in his poem of *The Retaliation*.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts;
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are:
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine;
 And comedy wonders at being so fine;
 Like a tragedy queen, he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud;
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are proud of their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?

Say, was it, that, vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

I should not forget to inform my readers, that Mr. Cumberland is very conversant in the polite arts, and particularly in painting and music; of the first, his observations on the pictures of great artists in *The Cholerick Man* will be a substantial proof.

The airs to *Calypso*, and *The Widow of Delphi*, must be a test of his proficiency in music; though I cannot help saying, that I am sorry to hear that he prefers *Butler* to *Handel*, whom, perhaps through ignorance, I esteemed to be the *Shakespeare* of musicians; he hopes, it seems, that in a very short time no oratorio of that great man will be performed in this country.

CHAP. L.

Death of Mr. Lacy—Mr. Garrick sole Manager—Afflicted with chronical Disorders—Alonzo—Braganza—Bon Ton—The Runaway—Observations on them, and the Representation of them, &c.

ON the death of Mr. Lacy, joint patentee of Drury Lane with Mr. Garrick, in 1773, the whole management of the theatre devolved on the surviving sharer in the patent. He was now advanced to within a few years of threescore; he had been much afflicted with chronical disorders, sometimes with the gout, which was rather an occasional visitor than a constant companion; but more often with the stone and gravel, which never left him without an unkind token of a speedy return. To relieve himself from the excruciating pains of this dreadful disorder, he was persuaded to use lixivium, and other soap medicines, which, in the end, proved very prejudicial to his

health. Notwithstanding the frequent relapses into this distemper were alarming, his friends thought a retirement from the stage, while he preserved a moderate share of strength and spirits, would be more unfriendly to him than the prosecution of a business which he could make a matter of amusement, rather than a toilsome imposition.

Mr. John Home, although he had not much reason to be satisfied with the applause and profit which he had gained by his *Fatal Discovery*, was tempted once more to launch out into the theatrical ocean, and to present his friend Mr. Garrick the tragedy of *Alonzo*; and this I esteem to be a play second only to his *Douglas*. The plot is indeed improbable, and founded on the romantic notion of deciding the fate of kingdoms by single combat *. The heiress of the state is involved in the dispute, and she and a whole people are transferred to the champion who

* The tragedy of *Almida*, founded on a similar plan, and written by a daughter of Mr. Mallet, had been acted at Drury Lane, in 1771, with applause.

defeats his adversary. The plot of Alonzo is extremely intricate, and the incidents various.

——Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

But surely the jealousy of Alonzo is less ponderous than air itself; the whole story of his gloomy passion, and his agonizing feelings during his absence from his wife for the space of eighteen years, is highly improbable, and beyond any thing but the histories of knight errantry and the tales of necromancy. However, let us admit the probability of the story, and the whole is consistent. The language is poetical, though not always dramatic, for it is generally too much raised for scenes of passion, and approaches too often to the epic style; some inaccuracies and Scotticisms may be now and then also observed to have escaped the writer: the sentiments are strong and sometimes pathetic, the situations are interesting, and the catastrophe affecting. Ormisinda's description of the savage and melancholy mortifications of her husband in

the dreary wastes of Africa, and on Mount Atlas, approaches to the sublime in the terrible graces.

Teresa's picture of a lovely form affected by grief and languor is elegant and picturesque :

The beam that gilds the early morn of youth
Yields to the splendour of a riper hour ;
The rose that was so fair in bud is blown :
And grief and care, though they have dwelt with thee,
Have left no traces of their visitation,
But an impression sweet of melancholy,
Which captivates the soul. Unskilful they
Who dress the Queen of Love in wanton smiles ;
Brightest she shines amidst a show'r of tears ;
The graces that adorn her beauty most,
Are softness, sensibility, and pity.

Ormisinda's apprehensions for the safety of her son, mixed with her praises of his courage, convey the most pleasing whisperings of nature, which were feelingly communicated to the audience by the skilful performer. The author, in his advertisement, gratefully acknowledges his many obligations to Mrs. Barry, who never more tenderly or more truly touched the passions than in this play.

The Maid of the Oaks, in the title, holds out the idea of pastoral simplicity. We have, indeed, a wedding celebrated in the country, and enlivened by a *fête champêtre*; but two characters of high fashion bring us back to St. James's and Grosvenor Square. They present us with a picture at full length of a town life, and all the fashionable irregularities of persons of quality enraptured with the bon ton. The coterie, high play, scandal, free conversation, newspaper abuse, frolic, &c. are introduced in the garden, and among the oaks and shrubberies of honest Mr. Oldworth. The hint of representing a *fête champêtre* on the stage was taken from one exhibited by a nobleman (*) in the summer of 1773; permission was given to the author of The Maid of the Oaks to employ the music, and to copy some of its decorations. Mr. Garrick was greatly pleased with the thought of a *fête champêtre* for his theatre; and when the outline was shown

(*) The Earl of Derby, at the Oaks, in Kent, on his marriage with Lady Betty Hamilton.

him, encouraged the writer (*) to proceed; he persuaded him to alter his original plan, which was simple, and confined to a single act, and to extend it to the usual length of a play. The author gratefully acknowledges, in his advertisement, the assistance of the manager; and, I think, his hand may be fairly traced here and there.

The Maid of the Oaks is a new species of dramatic writing, in which the poet, the painter, the musician, the carpenter, the actor, the singer, and dancer, all combine their several powers to make a rich olio of theatrical representation; it is certainly a very pleasing entertainment of the stage.

But I cannot help observing, that the author must have been very young, or have known little of human nature, to suppose a father could live with his child till she was eighteen or twenty years of age, without revealing to her the secret of her birth; this is more than natural affection can bear. What a tale of falsehood too must be hatched,

(*) General Burgoyne.

and continually supported, to caray on this unnecessary imposition for such a number of years! Could a father bear to see the uneasiness of mind which a generous girl must feel from her situation, who lives upon charity, and knows nothing of her parents? I cannot help saying it is a pitiful stage contrivance, and am surprised a man of Mr. Garrick's judgment could overlook it.

Lady Bab Lardoon is, I think, an original character in high life. None but a man of rank, or a person extremely familiar with the bon ton, could have drawn such a finished portrait of a gay young woman of quality, who slides so easily and elegantly into the fashionable fopperies and wild excesses of the 'age, without being absolutely corrupted by them.

I have already spoken of Mrs. Abington's most perfect action in Lady Bab, and of the author's elegant compliment to her inserted in that part. Maria, a supposed orphan, and real daughter of Oldworth, could not fall into properer hands than Mrs. Baddeley's, whose native simplicity and genuine

sensibility can receive no advantage from art or instruction. Mr. James Aikin put on, with ease, the benevolence of Oldworth. The sound judgment, propriety of behaviour, and genteel deportment of this actor, recommend him to the esteem of the public in a variety of parts. Old Groveby is a character of humour admirably sustained by King, but I think not entirely new.

Poor Weston! Hurry was one of his last parts, and was taken from real life. I need not tell those who remember this genuine representer of nature, that in Hurry, as in all other characters which he acted, he threw the audience into loud fits of mirth, without discomposing a muscle of his features. Wilson is an excellent reviver of Ned Shuter, and happily renews in our minds the idea of that facetious actor. But Weston has left no resemblance of his undefinable simplicity. Mr. Vernon, Mr. Bannister, and that pleasing comic singer Mrs. Wroughten, contributed much to the general pleasure derived from *The Maid of the Oaks*.

The tragedy of *Braganza* was written by

an old acquaintance of Mr. Garrick, Capt. Jephson, and warmly recommended to his care by his intimate friend Mr. Tyghe.

There is no small difficulty in raising a dramatic tale on a well-known part of modern history, and of no very late date. The characters and incidents are so notorious, that little room is left for invention ; and the author must tread cautiously, on ground with which every body is acquainted.

It has been judiciously observed, that the author found it difficult, from the nature of his plot, which required him to begin as nearly as possible to the great event, to conduct it with ease, as well as probability : it has been observed too, that the frequent meetings of the conspirators are long and tedious ; but it must be confessed, that the incident, which is the author's own invention, is well contrived, and very dramatic.

The interview between Velasquez the minister and Ramirez the priest is written with great art, and with all the warm colouring of genius ; few tragedies of this century can show any scene equal to it.

Two speeches of Velasquez, in which he employs all his art to prevail upon the priest to forego the painful duties of his function, by tempting him with the view of wealth, honour, and rank, are rich in strong sentiment and beautiful diction. The first of these speeches is here inserted :

Say, can you be content, in these poor weeds,
 To know no earthly hopes beyond a cloyster ?
 But, stretch'd on musty mats, in noisome caves,
 To rouse at midnight bells, and mutter prayers
 For souls beyond their reach, to senseless saints ?
 To wage perpetual war with Nature's bounty ?
 To blacken sick men's chambers, and be number'd
 With the loath'd leavings of mortality,
 The watch-light, hour-glass, and the nauseous phial ?
 Are these the ends of life ?—Was this fine frame,
 Nerves exquisitely textur'd, soft desires,
 Aspiring thoughts, this comprehensive soul,
 With all her train of godlike faculties,
 Given to be sunk in this vile drudgery ?

The description of the Dutchess of Braganza sailing with the Duke up the Tagus to Lisbon, is described with great poetical fancy, and is only inferior to Ænobarbus's picture of Cleopatra falling down the Cydnus.

The Portuguese detestation of the Spaniards is expressed with propriety and energy ; and has lately been applied in the newspapers, but with what truth I know not, to that hatred which the Americans are said now to cherish against the people of Great Britain :

——Antipathy to Spain

Is here hereditary ; 't is nature's instinct,
 'T is principle, religion, vital heat.
 Old men to list'ning sons, with their last breath,
 Bequeath it as a dying legacy :
 Infants imbibe it at the mother's breast ;
 It circles with their blood, spreads with their frame ;
 Its fountain is the heart ; and, till that fails,
 The stream it fed can never cease to flow.

The scene between the Duke and Dutchess of Braganza, in the fourth act, during the apprehensions of Velasquez having discovered the plot, is conducted with skill, and some portions of it are pathetically affecting ; but the scene in the fifth act between the Dutchess and Velasquez, the Duke and the Conspirators, is a mere theatrical trick, to secure the applause of the audience ; and,

though it produced the proposed effect, is, in my opinion, not worthy of the author.

The language, it is said by the critics, is in some places too laboured and metaphorical, and in others obscure and uncouth. If this should be granted, yet on the whole we have not often read lines so poetical, pure, and elegant, as the scenes of Braganza present to us.

No dramatic piece was ever so extolled before its performance as this tragedy; no wonder if it fell short of public expectation, when raised to such a height as none but a Shakespeare or an Otway could have satisfied.

When Mr. Garrick acted a part in a play, his genius had raised him to that eminence, that he was considered by the greater part of the spectators as the only object worthy of attention. However, it must be granted, that when the abilities of the performers are nearer upon a level, and the parts of a dramatic piece are disposed with judgment, much rational delight will result to the audience. For example, no plays have given more real

satisfaction to the people than *The School for Scandal*, and *The Clandestine Marriage*, because all the parts are uniformly supported. In those comedies or tragedies in which the manager himself appeared, there was not that necessity of niceness in proportioning the several characters, and of weighing the merits of each actor ; for he was himself the spectacle.

Braganza had all the advantage which acting could give it. The unfortunate Reddish, though not elegant or striking in his figure, or happy in the expression of his countenance, was not without taste in speaking, spirit in acting, and ease in deportment. His great misfortune was, that, by an habitual smile which he had contracted, he gave no discrimination of the passions of grief and joy, love and jealousy. His Duke of Braganza was, notwithstanding, a very commendable performance. Mrs. Yates, in the part of the Dutchess, was so much his superior in the art of speaking, so beautiful in her person, and graceful in her movement, that Reddish

appeared to a greater disadvantage than he would have done with an inferior actress.

The Velasquez of Smith was what the writer designed him to be, artful, daring, cruel, treacherous, and profligate. Mr. Smith, from his first attempt in *Theodosius* in 1753, to the present hour, has, by uniform good conduct, supported himself in the general esteem of the people, whose favourite he certainly is, and deserves to be; for no man is more indefatigable in the exertion of his talents in a great variety of characters in tragedy and comedy. To examine his merit minutely would be uncandid; especially when, in the aggregate, it is very considerable. I believe the best judges prefer his action in the sock to that of the buskin. His *Jachimo* in *Cymbeline* is easy, spirited, and artful; and he almost in *Kitely* makes us forget the loss of Garrick. He is distinguished among the players by the name of Gentleman Smith; I suppose on account of his liberal education, and his being the constant companion of gentlemen and men of rank.

Mr. Brereton, in the part of *Mendoza*,

gave the public a happy presage of that improved state of acting to which he is now arrived. When he has thrown off that diffidence which hangs about him, and has acquired greater confidence in his power to please, I dare venture to prophesy he will be an excellent performer.

Bon Ton, a comedy in two acts, is a well-timed satirical piece, in which the profligate fashions of the age, imported from France and Italy, and greedily swallowed by the high-born fools of London, are well contrasted with the plain downright manners of an honest country gentleman, who, by an accidental visit to the metropolis, discovers a most shocking metamorphosis in the morals of both sexes, and more especially exemplified among his own relations.

The author, Mr. Garrick, in a short advertisement prefixed to this little comedy, was glad to embrace an occasion to do justice to the merit and integrity of Mr. Thomas King, the actor, in the following terms: "This little drama was brought out last season for the benefit of Mr. King, as a

“ token of regard for one, who, during a
 “ long engagement, was never known, unless
 “ confined by real illness, to disappoint the
 “ public, or distress the managers.” Mr.
 Garrick at the same time bore testimony to
 the excellence of all the performers in Bon
 Ton, Mrs. Abington, Miss Pope, Mr. Dodd,
 &c. ; and, indeed, he could not say too much
 of their meriting the approbation of the
 audience.

The excellent prologue of Mr. Colman
 exhibits several humorous descriptions of the
 Bon Ton taken from the gross ideas of it
 swallowed by the vulgar votaries of pleasure.
 It is an excellent introduction to this manly
 chastisement of vicious manners, adopted
 from the glaring absurdities of travelling
 fops.

The last play which Mr. Garrick (as we
 are informed by the author herself) favoured,
 cherished, and improved, and with great soli-
 citude embellished, was *The Runaway*. That
 he was of all managers the most able to be of
 service to the writer of a play, will be ac-
 knowledged ; but few authors have been so

particular in specifying the several reasons for it as Mrs. Cowley.

The Runaway is a work of a young imagination ; a genuine, though careless, picture of natural manners ; where the language is flowing ; the characters, though slightly yet faithfully delineated ; and where wit, humour, and morality, combine to furnish out an agreeable entertainment.

From Mrs. Cowley's Runaway, a better comedy, it was conjectured, would soon be presented to the public by the same author. The Belle's Stratagem has more than answered the most sanguine expectations which could be formed of her capacity.

Miss Hardy's scheme of conquering the prejudices of her lover, by making him first hate her and afterwards deeply in love with her, is such a one as a woman only could form : man, wrapt up in his solid judgment and wonderful sagacity, would never have suffered it to enter into his head. But the audience, by the loud and repeated applauses given to the catastrophe, amply justified the economy of the play. Though to speak of

this comedy is digressive, as it carries me beyond my plan, which reaches no farther than the administration of the stage by Mr. Garrick ; yet I think it is but paying a proper tribute for the pleasure which this agreeable dramatic piece gave me, to dwell a little upon its peculiar and distinctive merit.

The satire is of that kind which will best please and instruct a generous and polite audience : it tends to reform irregular manners and fashionable follies, without the language of disgusting severity and illiberal reproach, which, in my opinion, ought ever to be strangers to genteel comedy. The writer, though she does by no means want wit, does not aim or strain at it. Her knowledge of manners in high life is as exact as if she had lived with people of rank from her infancy. Mrs. Rattle's description of a fine lady is worthy of Cibber or Sheridan. The contrast between present dissipation and exploded sobriety is well drawn, and gives an animating vigour to the scene. The characters are all of them such as may be found in life : the high-bred man of fashion ; the sober country

gentleman ; the good-natured, odd, whimsical father ; the gay town insect of fashion, who receives a tint of folly from every object he meets ; the free, romantic, high-spirited girl ; the lady of the *Ton* ; the placid and complying wife : in short, the whole group is composed of such as an audience will acknowledge to be the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve, and of the present generation. I could wish the auction-scene were left out entirely, and the madness of Doricourt a little shortened.

Few plays have been more perfectly acted in all their parts than the *Belle's Stratagem*. To say that Miss Young surprised the public with unexpected excellence, would, perhaps, be esteemed a cold compliment to an accomplished actress ; yet we may pay this tribute to her extraordinary merit in the part of Miss Hardy, that her singing agreeably, and dancing gracefully, was a most pleasing addition to her speaking and action. Mrs. Mattocks may boast of enjoying so many requisites for an excellent actress, that I most heartily wish she would do herself the justice not to copy

another, when she is so rich in merit herself. The most severe satirist, who bestows one look on Mrs. Hartley, must be instantly disarmed, and turn all his censure to panegyric. The calm and lovely innocence of Lady Touchwood could by nobody be so happily represented as by this actress, who is celebrated for her artless exhibition of the distresses of the unhappy Shore and the beautiful Elfrida.

I am afraid we have no real fine gentleman now upon the stage but Mr. Lewis, who, in *Doricourt*, drew the character of a gay young fellow, just returned from his travels, inflamed with the love of foreign customs and manners, but not absolutely devoted to them. Lewis's manner is very graceful and unembarrassed. His volubility in speaking sometimes makes him inarticulate ; this is a fault I could wish he would avoid.

Mr. Wroughton, in *Sir George Touchwood*, was the bold reprover of vice which wears the gay mask of fashion, and the honest advocate of regularity and sobriety, dis-

countenanced and exploded by the followers of the bon ton.

No actor deserves the countenance of an audience more than Wroughton, for no man takes more true pains to deserve it. There was a touch of nature in his address to Lady Touchwood, when the ladies of the bon ton were carrying her away triumphantly to public places, in spite of his endeavours to detain her, which was not unworthy the most perfect actor: “*Fanny !—Fanny !—*“ *You will not leave me, will you ?*”

A manly warmth, corrected by humanity, distinguished Aikin’s manner of detecting and punishing Courtall, who had formed a vile plot to dishonour Lady Touchwood, which pleased, and will ever please, an English audience.

Mr. Lee Lewes and Mr. Quick, who acted Flutter and Old Hardy, are deservedly such great favourites in their different styles of acting, that I shall leave them to the enjoyment of that approbation which they are always sure to meet with.

CHAP. LI.

*The Players unprotected, and persecuted—
 Their Characters more respectable than generally supposed—Their Loyalty—Neglect of their own Interest—Distress of decayed Actors—Mr. Hull's Address to the Players—The Foundation of a theatrical Fund—Which was first established at Covent Garden—Mr. Garrick the great Promoter of the Fund at Drury Lane—His Earnestness to support it—Advises an Act of Parliament for its Security—His Donation to it by Will, &c.*

THE players, though the great instruments of innocent mirth, rational amusement, and moral instruction, of all the subjects of this free kingdom, have, by an unaccountable fatality, been least protected, and most persecuted. Those comedians who presume to act plays without a royal patent, are subject to the punishment incurred by the act

against vagrants, which considers them to be in that predicament ; or if that statute is not, or cannot, be put in force against them, they are obliged to pay a large fine every time they perform, agreeable to a clause in an act made in the eleventh year of the late king to limit the number of playhouses.

Even in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. when, from the people's fondness for theatrical representation, there were no less than twenty playhouses open in the cities of London and Westminster, not only the fanatics of those times, but some sour divines of the established church, published books against the players, in which they were represented as persons who practised a profession unlawful and profane, and opposite to the religion of the Gospel. In justification of these censures, we find they made use of arms borrowed from the Pope's magazine. The canons and decretals of these holy heads of the holy Roman Catholic church have been ransacked and quoted against the poor players. When we examine the arguments adduced against these people, we find

them either founded on misapplications of their originals, or entirely supported by ignorance, fanaticism, and folly.

I will not presume to say, that the players are more exemplary in their lives, or more remarkable for their piety and devotion, than their neighbours; yet they will be found, on inquiry, to have less disturbed the peace of society than any body of men whatsoever. Look over the records of Newgate and the Old Bailey, from the beginning of the last century to the present times, you will scarcely find the name of a comedian among the many unhappy wretches who have suffered condign punishment for breaking the laws of their country.

One honour the players can boast, which is entirely their own. The greatest writer of this, and perhaps of any other nation, was one of their profession; and notwithstanding the reflection which a critic and commentator has made in favour of Shakespeare, that one of the greatest misfortunes of his life was his being obliged to keep the worst of company, meaning the actors, it may, in their

favour, be presumed, that their conversation was not very licentious, for the language of his plays is pure and chaste when compared to the dialogue of Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher. There is such a wide difference between the modest scenes of the player writer, and the language of the two last-mentioned gentlemen authors, one the son of a Bishop, and the other of a Judge, that one would scarcely imagine that they had lived in the same age, or that their plays were acted before the same audiences.

The players too have ever merited a large claim to royal favour. In the breaking out of the civil wars in the reign of Charles I. they were firm friends to the royal cause. Robinson the actor was killed at the siege of Basingstoke by Harrison, who refused him quarter, and shot him in the head, when he had laid down his arms, with this quotation from Scripture, *Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently*. Mohun, who was a favourite actor of Charles II. was a captain; and after the civil wars were ended, he served in Flanders, where he received pay as

a major. The famous Charles Hart, who shared with his sovereign the caresses of the famous Nell Gwynn, was a lieutenant of horse in Prince Rupert's troop. Burt, the first actor of Othello after the Restoration, was a cornet in the same troop, and Shutterell quarter-master. Allen was a major and quarter-master at Oxford. Not one of the players of any note sided with the Parliament, except Swanston, a presbyterian, who took up the trade of a jeweller; he was famous for acting Othello before the civil wars: the rest lost or exposed their lives for King Charles. I will venture to assert, that there is not a man among the present actors of both houses, but is a staunch friend of government.

But indeed the players have, till very lately, been as neglectful of themselves and their interest, considered as a body of men, as the legislature itself. They were governed by no particular rules and orders, which cement a society for its own advantage or preservation. No laws were thought of by them, to secure them from injustice, oppression, or

want. Like a ship at sea, without a chart or compass, they were driven about, at the pleasure of the winds and waves ; their pilot the manager, their rudder the audience.

Within these thirty years there has been a talk of establishing a theatrical fund, for the support of such performers as should be obliged, through age, infirmity, or accident, to retire from the stage. Various plans have been formed ; some of which, perhaps, might have been reduced to practice, others were nugatory or visionary. Mr. Pritchard, an honest, good-natured man, the husband of the great actress, had laid out a scheme to relieve infirm players ; but little hopes could be expected from a projector who proposed to build a ship which could move on the water without either sails or wind. Mr. John Arthur, the player, drew a plan of a large building, with a chapel in it, I suppose on the model of Dulwich College ; but this was thought too expensive, and of too large a scale for the abilities of the subscribers. Mr. Rosamond of Hampton very generously, about the year 1757, offered a handsome

sum of money for the support of decayed actors.' The managers were at first jealous of this undertaking of the players, and imagined it would in time produce an *imperium in imperio*, and prove the means of arrogance and presumption in them, and, perhaps, render them independent of their masters. However, some of those actors, who through infirmity, or any other inability, were unemployed, by application to the managers of Drury Lane occasionally obtained relief, either by presents, or shares in benefits. This charity was, however, but a partial and uncertain relief. At length, in 1765, the case of an eminent actress, whose income had been very considerable, who was on a sudden, from no apparent cause, reduced to depend on the contributions of the players of both houses, which were indeed very ample, considering their abilities, alarmed the whole society. Mr. Thomas Hull, a judicious actor, and a man of a very respectable character, the author of an affecting and very successful tragedy, written on the story of Rosamond, the favourite mistress of king Henry the

Second ; to whom Mr. Mason, when he put in his hand a very difficult part of a Druid, paid this compliment ; “ any instruction from “ me will be unnecessary, your own taste “ and judgment will direct you :”—this gentleman has the honour to be the first who conceived and brought to bear a rational project for the players’ fund. To promote this desirable end, he addressed the performers of Covent Garden theatre in a printed letter, in which, after establishing the necessity of some method of provision, he stated several reasonable propositions, as the foundation of his plan. The most material are the following :

That a subscription be immediately begun, at the free will of each approver of this method : and that the monies arising from it be forthwith lodged in the public funds.

That an allowance of sixpence in the pound be granted from the weekly income of all such as choose to be contributors to the institution.

That every person who contributes a guinea, or upwards, be desired to meet his

brethren, to appoint a select committee of three, five, or more members, as shall seem fittest, for the farther advancement of this scheme.

That the said committee shall take the office of secretary in rotation, without fee or reward.

That the weekly contributions be left with the treasurer of the theatre, who will be desired to deliver them to the secretary, in order to be conveyed to the funds, as fast as they amount to any sum capable of bearing interest; and farther, that such interest be from time to time withdrawn, and replaced, in order to its accumulation.

That, for five years to come, no levies be made on the fund; and none but the contributors, and their families, shall ever have claims upon it; foreign objects still to be left to their judgment and humanity; which last they will be better able to indulge, from the certainty of a resource, should their own circumstances ever require it.

This address produced an immediate good effect. The collection was set forward,

under the joint efforts of Mr. Hull and Mr. George Mattocks, who was a very strenuous promoter of the scheme; and with this very judicious proviso, that no one person should give less than half a guinea, nor more than a guinea.

The contribution was begun in December 1765. In the course of a very few days, above 100*l.* were raised. The first meeting of the contributors was on the 22d of December 1765, when the plan was established, which has since been gradually improving.

The scheme was most liberally assisted by the patronage of Mr. Beard and Mrs. Rich, then managers of Covent Garden theatre. The late Mr. William Gibson of Covent Garden was a large contributor; Mr. Cumberland and Mrs. Donaldson were likewise great benefactors. Mr. Beard has continued a trustee of the institution from its first origin to this time.

During the first six years, or thereabouts, the fund was augmented by the profits of annual benefits. Under Mr. Colman's management, the players were deprived of this

advantage ; he wished, it seems, to have the direction of the fund ; this the committee did not think themselves warranted to grant. It is, in my opinion, rather an unhappiness that they did not, or could not, comply with his desire ; for as Mr. Colman was certainly a person of sufficient security for all the money which could be deposited in his hands, and would have accounted with them fairly and punctually for all disbursements, the refusing his request, he might think, proceeded from a want of that confidence they ought to have reposed in him ; and this prevented them, in all probability, from receiving much emolument and increase to their fund. It is also extremely unfortunate that Mr. Harris, who is celebrated by the players as a liberal as well as polite man, should persist in refusing an annual benefit to the fund. It has been observed very justly, that while many schemes of charity out of doors are benefited by the theatre, that which originated under its very roof is denied every assistance of that kind. Notwithstanding this material disadvantage, this institution has been enabled to grant

much occasional relief, and to support several superannuated contributors in ease and comfort, without injuring their capital, or any apprehension of it.

The fund of Covent Garden theatre, in 1776, had the sanction of an act of parliament ; and the subscribers to it are thereby declared a body corporate and politic.

The Covent Garden fund was first set on foot at a time when Mr. Garrick was on the continent. When he came home he was exceedingly angry, and much mortified, that a business of such importance should be carried on without the least communication with him ; he was, he said, universally acknowledged to be at the head of his profession, besides being a patentee and manager of the oldest company of the King's servants. The players' apology for proceeding without his advice or knowledge, was urged principally from their immediate feeling on the account of Mrs. Hamilton, who had been reduced from very affluent circumstances to indigence, and excluded from the theatres when her powers of acting were as strong as they ever had been.

Another part of their excuse was not quite so palatable; they urged the frequent and unsuccessful applications which they had made to the managers of Drury Lane theatre; that it was therefore become an act of necessity to make some provision for superannuated or disabled actors, and rescue their profession from the disgrace of being unlike any other society or body of men in the nation.

Whether the reluctance of consenting to the long-requested assistance of the managers of Drury Lane proceeded from one or both of them, is of no importance at present. That they both, in 1766, very heartily concurred to encourage a contribution, in order to establish a fund for the support of such performers whose age and infirmities should oblige them to retire from the stage, is very certain; they not only paid down a very considerable sum, as an earnest of further favours, but promised an annual benefit-night for the augmentation and support of the fund; and this promise was fulfilled by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Lacy during the life of the latter, and, since his death, was made good

by his son and successor, Willoughby Lacy, Esq.

But Mr. Garrick had it in his power to do the most essential service to this benevolent institution by his talents in acting, which he vigorously exerted in favour of it, by performing annually one of his capital parts. On these nights he spoke a prologue of his own writing, in which there was a happy mixture of humour and benevolence. He was, in consequence of these his periodical labours, the chief instrument of bringing the playhouse fund of Drury Lane to its maturity; and in this he proved himself the friend, father, and protector of the comedians.

On the 18th of May 1774, at a meeting of the players in the Green-Room of Drury Lane, Mr. Garrick produced, to the great satisfaction of the persons then present, an account of the monies arising from the several contributions, benefits, interest of money, &c. He likewise, at the same time, proposed to them, that a committee of thir-

teen persons should be chosen, and by the members empowered to form such rules and orders as should be thought most conducive to the lasting welfare of the said establishment. To this proposition they unanimously consented.

In January 1776, the committee of the Drury Lane fund, by the advice of Mr. Garrick, applied to parliament for their sanction and support ; who, on such application, passed an act for the better securing this laudable charity. All the costs and charges attending the passing of this statute were discharged by Mr. Garrick ; and, still farther to increase his bounty to the institution, he did, with the consent of Willoughby Lacy, Esq. bestow on it the monies received on the 10th of June 1776, at the representation of *The Wonder, A Woman Keeps a Secret* ; when, after acting the part of Don Felix, he took his final leave of the stage.

Mr. Garrick also gave to the proprietors of the fund a house situate in Drury Lane, for the conveniency of assembling to transact

business : this house, some time before his death, the committee sold to him for a sum of 370*l*. By his will, he bequeathed the same back again to the fund. It is computed, that, by the product of his labours in acting annually capital parts, and by donations of one kind or other, he gained for this beneficial institution a capital of near 4,500*l*.

If a man acquires a right to value himself upon any circumstance which renders him more respectable in the eyes of the world ; how much more may societies be authorized to esteem themselves objects of respect, when, by a generous effort, they have overcome many difficulties, and rescued themselves from obloquy and disgrace ! The establishment of the playhouse fund reflects great and lasting honour upon the present race of actors.

Of these laudable institutions I have spoken copiously, and, I hope, exactly. May they live and flourish ! I cannot conclude this chapter, without observing, that His present Majesty has done more, by the granting

of various royal patents *, to rescue the players from the persecution of ignorant and fanatical magistrates, than all his predecessors.

* Patents of Edinburgh, York, Hull, Norwich, Liverpool, &c.

CHAP. LII.

Improvements in the Entrance to Drury Lane Theatre, and Ornaments over it—Mr. Garrick resolves to part with his Share of the Patent—Various Reasons assigned for it—Acts several of his principal Characters—Takes his final Leave of the Stage—His Address to the Audience.

BEFORE the opening of Drury Lane theatre in the winter of 1776, many convenient passages to it, and several enlargements of entrance, were made, to facilitate the audience in going into the several parts of the house, especially into the front and side boxes, from Bridges Street. To this end, some part of the Rose Tavern was taken in, and joined to the theatre. Some decorations were made over the grand entrance in the same street—the King's arms in the middle, large and striking figures of a lion couchant and an unicorn, fronting each other, at the two extre-

mities of the building ; at the top of the pediment, a suit of ancient armour, resembling the trophies raised by a conqueror on slaying the leader of an army ; such as we see described in the beginning of the 11th book of Virgil's *Æneis*. Many remarks were made on the impropriety of these ornaments, which I shall leave to the critics.

These alterations in the inside and front of the theatre were followed by reports of Mr. Garrick's resolution to part with his share of the patent. Many reasons were publicly assigned for it : some gave out, with probability, that his health was so much impaired by constant illness, that it would not be in his power either to act or manage longer with any ease to himself : others would have it, that the ungovernable and refractory tempers of some ladies of the theatre had reduced him to the necessity of quitting a sceptre which he could no longer hold with any kind of dignity, since his subjects began to thwart his dictates, and would no longer submit to his directions.

Two epigrams were published, which were

written in favour of this supposition. The first was intituled,

Orpheus and Garrick.

Three thousand brims kill'd Orpheus in a rage;
Three actresses drove Garrick from the stage.

The second was inscribed,

The Manager's Distress.

I have no nerves, says Y——g; I cannot act.
I've lost my limbs, cries A——n; 't is fact.
Y——s screams, I've lost my voice, my throat's so sore.
Garrick declares he'll play the fool no more.
Without nerves, limbs, and voice, no show, that's
certain :

Here, prompter, ring the bell, and drop the curtain.

Though the disputes which must unavoidably fall out among persons whose tempers are accidentally heated, and whose interests clash in the confined circle of a playhouse, where jealousy and distrust predominate, from very obvious reasons*, gave some

* The disputes of players are generally owing to their peculiar situation. They cannot, like those of other professions, dispose of their goods in several markets, and to various purchasers.

*Y. r.
Abing
Yate*

credit to the report of Mr. Garrick's leaving the stage, from the frequent opposition to his will by the most eminent of the female players ; yet I am fully persuaded, that such ridiculous squabbles, if they really did happen, however they might for the time ruffle his temper, did not absolutely influence his conduct in a point so material to his interest. From his being advanced to what Shakespeare calls his chair days, being then in the 60th year of his age, and the frequent relapses into painful fits of the stone and gravel, which, on their departure, always left sad and visible marks of tyranny, we may venture to assert, he was induced to think of a retreat, and to ascertain his property in the best manner possible, in order to secure it, in case of his death, for the beloved partner of his life, and his other relations.

When it was once known that Mr. Garrick was in earnest to part with his moiety of the patent, several bidders offered themselves immediately. Not to dwell long on a transaction so publicly known, in the beginning of January 1776, he entered into articles

with Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Thomas Linley, and Richard Ford, Esqrs. for the sale of his moiety, on paying the sum of thirty-five thousand pounds *.

Another motive for leaving the stage at this time, was, doubtless, his resolution not to stay on it till his powers of acting were weakened by age or infirmity. He was determined, before he left the theatre, to give the public proofs of his abilities to delight them as highly as he had ever done in the flower and vigour of his life. To this end, about a fortnight or three weeks previous to his taking his final leave, he presented them with some of the most capital and trying characters of Shakespeare; with Hamlet, Richard, and Lear; besides other parts which were less fatiguing. Hamlet and Lear were repeated; Richard he acted once only, and by the King's command. His Majesty was much surprised to see him, in an age so advanced, run about the field of battle with so much fire, force, and agility,

* This contract was perfected June 24, 1776.

He finished his dramatic race with one of his favourite parts, with Felix, in *The Wonder, A Woman Keeps a Secret*. When the play was ended, Mr. Garrick advanced towards the audience with much palpitatio*n* of mind, and visible emotion in his countenance. No premeditation whatever could prepare him for this affecting scene. He bowed—he paused—the spectators were all attention.—After a short struggle of nature, he recovered from the shock he had felt, and addressed his auditors in the following words :

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,

“ It has been customary with persons
 “ under my circumstances to address you in
 “ a farewell epilogue. I had the same inten-
 “ tion, and turned my thoughts that way ;
 “ but indeed I found myself *then* as inca-
 “ pable of writing such an epilogue, as I
 “ should be *now* of speaking it.

“ The jingle of rhyme, and the language
 “ of fiction, would but ill suit my present feel-
 “ ings. This is to me a very awful moment ;
 “ it is no less than parting for ever with those

“ from whom I have received the greatest
 “ kindness and favours, and upon the spot
 “ where that kindness and those favours
 “ were enjoyed.” [*Here he was unable to
 proceed till he was relieved by a shower of
 tears.*]

“ Whatever may be the changes of my fu-
 “ ture life, the deepest impression of your
 “ kindness will always remain here” [*putting
 his hand on his breast*], “ fixed and unalter-
 “ able.

“ I will very readily agree to my successors
 “ having more skill and ability for their sta-
 “ tion than I have ; but I defy them all to
 “ take more sincere, and more uninterrupted
 “ pains for your favour, or to be more truly
 “ sensible of it, than is your humble servant.”

After a profound obeisance, he retired,
 amidst the tears and acclamations of a most
 crowded and brilliant audience.

CHAP. LIH.

Mr. Garrick retired from the Theatre—Attentive to what passes on Drury Lane Stage—His Advice followed—Attends the Rehearsal of Miss More's Tragedy of Percy—Writes the Prologue and Epilogue to it—Offends Mademoiselle D'Eon—Reasons for his not being intimate with that Person—The Fatal Falsehood—Miss Young—Unexpected Honours paid to Mr. Garrick in the House of Commons—Instructs a young Actor in a very difficult Part—Is taken ill at a Nobleman's Seat—Returns to Town, seemingly recovered—Relapses—Attended by several Physicians—His calm Resignation—Dies—Magnificently buried.

THOUGH Mr. Garrick had taken his leave of the stage, it was no easy matter for him to throw off all thoughts of it; he had still a great stake depending, which it was his interest to support. The new patentee and

ostensible manager esteemed and loved him ; he knew the value of his advice, and implicitly relied upon his experience and discernment.

Mr. Garrick, besides other motives to serve the patentee Mr. Sheridan, was pleased with his reliance on his kindness and his confidence in his judgment. He very freely communicated his opinion to the manager upon every subject on which he was consulted. I have no doubt but that Mr. Sheridan, by his advice, made some judicious alterations in Congreve's *Old Bachelor*, *Love for Love*, and *The Way of the World*. By retrenching some licentious expressions, and connecting, by some slight additions, character and sentiment, he has saved those excellent plays from oblivion, which the extreme delicacy of a refined age, whose ears are become exceedingly chaste, could not endure. Would any body believe that the song of *A Soldier and a Sailor* was too gross for the squeamish stomachs of a whist-club? The *Relapse*, which was certainly too gross for any civilized audience, has been altered by

the same hand to *The Trip to Scarborough*, and is now a very pleasing comedy.

Love for Love was revived with the full force of the company; and my old acquaintance Dick Yates, when turned of sixty, played Ben the Sailor with all the vigour, humour, and spirit of a man of thirty. King's Tattle was as entertaining as a shallow debauchee could be made by a good actor. Moody's figure, voice, and manner, were well fitted to Sir Sampson Legend, the hard-hearted father and ill-natured wit. I would recommend to this player a little more of the gentleman in acting this sarcastic Knight. Parsons was born a comic actor; the tones of his voice and the muscles of his face proclaim it; his humour is genuine and pleasant; nobody can forbear laughing, either *with* him, or *at* him, whenever he opens his mouth. If he would be more simple and chaste in drawing Old Foresight's character, and not imitate the action of a sailor pulling up his trowsers so often, he would not, perhaps, gain so much loud applause, but he would find more judicious approvers.

From an actress celebrated for characters of high life, and eminent for graceful deportment and elegant action, you would not expect the awkward and petulant behaviour of a girl just come from a farm-house : Mrs. Abington, unconfined in her talents, rendered Miss Prue as naturally rude and diverting, as if she had been mistress of no other style in acting than rustic simplicity.

The tragedy of Percy, written by Miss Hannah More, had been read and approved by Mr. Garrick, and was, I believe, recommended by him to Mr. Harris, who very liberally bestowed expenses on the dresses and other decorations of the tragedy. The parts were appropriated to the powers of the company ; to Clarke, to Wroughton, to Mrs. Hartley, and Miss Young. From many affecting scenes in this play, it was impossible not to prognosticate to our stage a rising genius in tragedy, who would in time produce scenes not inferior to the best of Otway and Southerne, without that mixture of licentiousness and vulgarity which disgrace the productions of those excellent writers.

There is an interview between Elwina and Percy, in the fourth act, which is not much inferior to the celebrated parting scene between Castalio and Monimia, in the last act of *The Orphan*.

Mr. Garrick wrote the prologue and epilogue to *Percy*.

The following lines of the prologue, apparently applicable to *Mademoiselle D'Eon*, gave great offence, we are informed, to that lady, and her friends :

To rule the man, our sex dame Nature teaches ;
Mount the high horse we can, and make long
speeches ;

Nay, and with dignity, some wear the breeches,
And why not wear them ?—

* * * * *

Did not a lady Knight, late Chevalier,

A brave smart soldier in your eyes appear ?

Hey ! presto ! pass ! His sword becomes a fan,

A comely woman rising from a man.

The French their Amazonian maid invite ;

She goes—alike well skill'd to talk or write,

Dance, ride, negotiate, scold, coquet, or fight.

If she should set her heart upon a rover,

And he prove false, she 'd kick her faithless lover.

These harmless verses were, it seems, greatly resented by this phænomenon in petticoats. The truth is, Mr. Garrick had studiously avoided any acquaintance with D'Eon, who had often wished to be introduced to him; but his intimacy with the enemies of this person, some of the heads of the French ministry, especially M. De St. Foix and Mr. Neckar, prevented a correspondence with her.

However, D'Eon was once invited to Hampton. Mr. Garrick had, above most men, the lively art of entertaining: to amuse his guest, he drew two humorous pictures of a Frenchman and an Englishman, and painted their different manners of feeling in a similar situation. This, it seems, displeased D'Eon: for Mr. Garrick was too good an Englishman, to give the advantage on the Frenchman's side*.

It is pretended now, that this lady is a natural daughter of Lewis XV. and for that

* While he was at Paris, he would not be introduced to Abbé Le Blanc, who had written, as he thought, disrespectfully of Shakespeare.

reason is treated by the court of France with great tenderness and delicacy. The letter of invitation to return to France, lately printed, and written by a great French minister, is couched in the most respectful terms. The King insists upon her wearing the proper habit of her sex ; the lady has a violent passion for the military dress, and does not wish to change it ; and in this she is supported by the gentlemen of the army, who insist upon it, that no person who has ranked as an officer, should ever wear a gown and petticoat. She has, it is reported, been kept above twelve months in a kind of honourable confinement, with an intent to oblige her to conform to the King's will.

The Fatal Falsehood of Miss More, which Mr. Garrick had seen in MS. and greatly approved, was acted at an improper time of the year, in April 1779, at the theatre of Covent Garden, but with the best approbation that can possibly be given to a tragedy—the heart-felt sorrows and gushing tears of the audience.

The power of passion over a mind natu-

rally generous and sincere, but induced by love's irresistible force to deviate from all those ties which should bind the human heart, was never more strongly painted than in the *Fatal Falsehood*. Such scenes of conflicting passions, where honour, gratitude, friendship, and reason prevail for a time, and at last are laid prostrate at the feet of the universal tyrant, are scarcely to be equalled in any of our modern plays. Orlando is indeed love's martyr.

Though a critical examination of this excellent tragedy could not but be an agreeable task, it would lead me beyond the limits of my plan ; however, I hope I shall be excused the endeavouring to do justice to the inimitable action of *Miss Young*. I had felt her power of moving the passions in the *Matilda* of Dr. Franklyn, a tragedy acted a few years since with great and merited applause : in *Emmelina*, she surpassed every actress I had ever seen, in the representation of deep sorrow and unutterable anguish.

There is no situation of the stage so difficult, as that in which the player is obliged

to supply what no words can express ; when look and action must convey to the audience the supreme distress of an agonizing heart.

The dumb despair of Miss Young was, in the expression of countenance, superior to all the powers of eloquence ; and produced such an effect on the audience, as I do not remember ever to have seen. Her look to Guilford, her father, when she pronounced these simple words, “ *Methinks your daughter* “ *should not have been refused,*” throbbed every heart, and drew tears from every eye.

Mr. Garrick frequently, when disengaged from business, attended the debates of the House of Commons, especially on such important questions as he knew would bring up all the best speakers of both parties.

In the spring of 1777, he happened to be present in the gallery. During a certain motion, which produced an altercation between a right honourable member and another honourable gentleman, which proceeded to that degree of warmth, that the Speaker and the House were obliged to interpose, to pre-

vent some apprehended bad consequences: while the House was in this agitation, a Shropshire member happened to observe that Mr. Garrick was sitting in the gallery, and immediately moved to clear the House.

Mr. Burke rose, and appealed to the honourable Assembly, whether it could possibly be consistent with the rules of decency and liberality, to exclude from the hearing of their debates, a man to whom they were all obliged; one who was the great master of eloquence; in whose school they had all imbibed the art of speaking, and been taught the elements of rhetoric. For his part, he owned that he had been greatly indebted to his instructions. Much more he said in commendation of Mr. Garrick, and was warmly seconded by Mr. Fox and Mr. T. Townshend, who very copiously displayed the great merit of their old preceptor, as they termed him; they reprobated the motion of the gentleman with great warmth and indignation.

The House almost unanimously concurred in exempting Mr. Garrick from the general

order of quitting the gallery (*). He wrote a little poem on the occasion, which has

(*) We learn by the following verses, printed in 1733, that Cibber had not been treated by the Upper House with quite so much courtesy :

C——r, (the wonder of a brazen age,)
 Always a hero, on or off the stage,
 The other day, in courtesy, affords
 His lovely phiz, to grace the House of Lords :
 Quite free from pride, he humbly condescends
 To treat the very smallest Peers, as friends :
 With sneer, or grin, approves each grave debate,
 And smiles when brother Dukes support the state :
 On the learn'd Bishops' bench looks kind—enough,
 And offers good Lord King a pinch of snuff.
 While thus he rains his favours on the crowd,
 An old rough Earl his swift destruction vow'd ;
 Regardless of th' imperial crown he wore,
 Regardless of the bays and brains he bore ;
 A voice as hoarse as Sutherland's gave law,
 And made the king, the fop, the bard, withdraw.

O C——r, in revenge, your wrath forbear ;
 This once, your stupid, stingless satire spare,
 And with dull panegyric daub each Peer :
 Like rhyming bell-man's ghost haunt their abodes,
 And frighten them with birth or new-year's odes.
 If banish'd thence, you still may shine at —— ;
 Where P——rs and scoundrels equally resort ;
 Unmatch'd in all, superiors never fear ;
 But since you're peerless, scorn the name of Peer.

never been printed, and will, I hope, prove an agreeable entertainment to my readers.

Squire B——n † rose with deep intent,
 And notified to Parliament,
 That I, it was a shame and sin,
 When others were shut out, got in;
 Asserting in his wise oration,
 I gloried in my situation.
 I own my features might betray
 Peculiar joy I felt that day;
 I glory when my mind is feasted
 With dainties it has seldom tasted;
 When reason chooses Fox's tongue
 To be more rapid, clear, and strong;
 When from his classic urn Burke pours
 A copious stream through banks of flowers;
 When Barrè stern, with accents deep,
 Calls up Lord North, and murderers sleep;
 And if his Lordship rise to speak,
 Then wit and argument awake:
 When Rigby speaks, and all may hear him,
 Who can withstand, *ridendo verum*?
 When Thurlow's words attention bind,
 The spell 's of a superior mind.

† This gentleman's political creed is, that all government whatsoever is to be supported; a passive obedience doctrine very pleasing to every Minister, and every Prince. With Mr. B——n, Nero has as great a title to allegiance as Titus Vespasian.

Now, whether I were Whig or Tory,
 This was a time for me to glory;
 My glory farther still extends,
 For most of these I call my friends:
 But if, Squire B——n, you were hurt
 To see me, as you thought, so pert,
 You might have punish'd my transgression,
 And damp'd the ardour of expression.
 A brute there is, whose voice confounds,
 And frights all others with strange sounds;
 Had you, your matchless pow'rs displaying,
 Like him, Squire B——n, set a-braying,
 I should have lost all exultation,
 Nor gloried in my situation.

Mr. Garrick was, upon all occasions, after he had quitted the stage, willing to give his advice and instruction to any actor who thought it his interest to consult him. In the winter 1778, the managers of Drury Lane, by his advice, revived the tragedy of Mahomet, translated by Miller from Voltaire, one of the most admired pieces of that writer. The part of Zaphna had originally been represented by Mr. Garrick himself, with very great applause; why he never afterwards resumed it, I could not learn; but he endea-

voured, about ten or twelve years since, to give Cautherly an idea of it. But although that young actor was exceedingly attentive to his master's instructions, and laboured very indefatigably to do justice to them in action, his natural requisites for tragedy were weak ; his chief merit consisted in having a very good ear. Mr. Garrick had an affection for him, and often pushed his abilities beyond their reach. His Zaphna was a very faint copy of the author's design, and his tutor's lesson.

Young Mr. Bannister, after giving some indications of fine talents in the dramatic line, was thought by Mr. Garrick not unequal to the task of giving the public a representation of Zaphna. He instructed him in this part for several weeks very assiduously ; and finding the young actor's abilities answer his expectations, he encouraged him to make an experiment of his tragic talents in this trying part.

Bannister had the advantage of acting Zaphna with the Palmyra of Mrs. Robinson, a young, beautiful, and pleasing actress.

The scenes of Zaphna are as interesting to the audience as they are difficult to the powers of an actor ; an unexperienced youth, naturally generous and good, is wrought upon by superstitious delusion, and the fanatic enthusiasm of visionary zeal, to act contrary to all the known dictates of reason, truth, and humanity : the knowledge of what is evidently right clashing with what this disciple of Mahomet is taught to believe an indispensable act of religion, produces such a conflict of contending passions, such a struggle between nature and art, reason and bigotry, as nothing but the skill of a Garrick could properly discern, and strongly represent. However, it must be owned, that this young adventurer gave the public in Zaphna, a fair promise of arriving, in time, to a great degree of merit ; his voice was not as yet fully formed, and, consequently, unable always to give force to the violent passions of an enthusiast ; he conceived justly, and with accuracy, and sometimes executed boldly and vigorously. By the death of Mr. Garrick, this young man lost a good

friend, and an excellent instructor. Mahomet was played by Palmer, who, I think, excels more in comedy than in tragedy; he is indeed a very good general actor; if he does not often rise to a superior degree of excellence, he never sinks to flatness and insipidity. No actor is more seen by an audience in a greater variety of parts, nor is in general more approved, than Mr. Palmer.

The genius of Voltaire saw what excellent effect the workings of nature between a father and his children, though unknown to one another, would produce on the feelings of an audience. The situations of Zaphna, Palmyra, and Alcanor, are as truly affecting as any I know in dramatic poetry. It is with pleasure I pay the just tribute of praise to a worthy man, and a judicious actor. Mr. Bensley was extremely pathetic through the whole of that admirably drawn character, Alcanor.

In Christmas 1778, Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were invited to the country seat of Earl Spencer, where they had frequently been welcome guests. In the midst of that social

happiness and rational pleasure which every body enjoys with that noble family, Mr. Garrick was seized with a terrible fit of his old distemper. His having the herpes, or what is commonly called the shingles, at the same time, which perfectly covered his loins, alarmed Mrs. Garrick greatly, though the physicians said it was a matter of no importance. He was so well recovered of his disorder, the gravel and stone, that he determined to set out for London. He arrived at his house in the Adelphi on Friday the fifteenth of January 1779. The next day he sent for his apothecary, Mr. Lawrence, who found him dressing himself, and seemingly in good health, but somewhat alarmed that he had not, for many hours, discharged any urine, when his constant practice had been, for some years, to make water every four hours. Mr. Lawrence observed to him that this was no sufficient cause to make him uneasy ; but when, on the next day, he found the same symptom continue, he judged it proper to acquaint Dr. Cadogan with it. The Doctor conceived it to be of so serious a

nature, that he told Mr. Garrick, his disorder was so uncertain in its progress, that it was necessary to inform him, if he had any worldly affairs to settle, it would be prudent to dispatch them as soon as possible. Mr. Garrick assured him, that nothing of that sort lay on his mind; and that he was not afraid to die.

The distemper was incessantly gaining ground; the fluids not passing in their natural course brought on a kind of stupor, which increased gradually to the time of his death (*).

(*) Mr. Fearon, an eminent surgeon, of the Adelphi, gave Mr. Murphy the following professional narrative of the disease of Mr. Garrick, and of the symptoms that occurred from time to time :

“ The first symptom with which he was attacked was
 “ a sickness at his stomach, attended with repeated vo-
 “ miting, and acute pain in the region of the loins,
 “ which was increased on bending the body forwards,
 “ and extending down his thighs, with a frequent pro-
 “ pensity to discharge his urine, in the passing of which
 “ he suffered considerable pain. His water stopped
 “ suddenly, and the most uneasy sensations continued
 “ for some time. He had likewise a discharge of

About two days before he died, he was visited by an old acquaintance, a man whose

“ mucus from the urethra, accompanied with straining
 “ and considerable torture. His pulse was low and
 “ quick, about 95, as is the case in hectic fevers; his
 “ tongue white; he was sometimes costive, and occa-
 “ sionally subject to a diarrhœa, which lasted for some
 “ days. These symptoms gave reason to suppose, that
 “ there was a stone in the bladder; it was accordingly
 “ proposed to examine him with the sound, in order to
 “ ascertain the fact; but Mr. Garrick was one of those
 “ who have an unconquerable aversion to any instru-
 “ ment being passed into the bladder; he resisted all
 “ entreaties on the subject, declaring he would rather
 “ die than submit to it. To the foregoing complaints
 “ were added, during the last four months of his life,
 “ the usual symptoms attending hectic patients; his
 “ urine gradually diminished in quantity; and for four
 “ days previous to his death, there was not a drop se-
 “ creted.

“ Leave being obtained to open the body, the viscera
 “ of the thorax and abdomen were perfectly free from
 “ the least appearance of disease. No stone was found
 “ in the bladder; but on moving the peritoneum cover-
 “ ing the kidneys, the coats of the left only remained,
 “ as a cyst full of pus, and not a vestige of the right
 “ could be found.

“ From this account the young practitioner will see,
 “ that a disease of the kidneys may produce symptoms

company and conversation every body covets, because his humour is harmless, and his pleasantry diverting. He was introduced to Mrs. Garrick, who was much indisposed, from the fatigue she had undergone in her long and constant attendance upon her husband; a duty which she never omitted during any illness of his life. She persuaded this friend to stay and dine with her, expecting from him some little alleviation of her uneasiness from sympathy, and some ease of condolence from his company in her present situation. While they were talking, Mr. Garrick came into the room; but oh! how changed from that vivacity and sprightliness which used to accompany every thing he said, and every thing he did! His countenance was sallow and wan, his movement slow and solemn. He was wrapped in a rich night-gown, like that which he always wore in Lusignan, the

“ similar to those of a stone in the bladder; he will also
 “ be informed, that some patients will not submit to an
 “ instrument being passed into the urethra, and, by
 “ consequence, that the only means, whereby the fact
 “ may be ascertained, are entirely lost.”

venerable old king of Jerusalem; he presented himself to the imagination of his friend as if he was just ready to act that character. He sat down; and during the space of an hour, the time he remained in the room, he did not utter a word. He rose, and withdrew to his chamber. Mrs. Garrick and the gentleman dined.

Dr. Heberden and Dr. Warren were now called in. Several other physicians, many of whom were his intimate acquaintance, attended without any desire of reward, and solely from an eager inclination to give him relief, and to prolong a life so much valued by the public, and so dear to his friends. When Dr. Schomberg approached Mr. Garrick, he, with a placid smile on his countenance, took him by the hand, and said, "Though last, not least in love."

The stupor was not so powerful as to hinder him from conversing occasionally with a philosophical cheerfulness. He told Mr. Lawrence, he did not regret his being childless; for he knew the quickness of his feelings was so great, that, in case it had been

his misfortune to have had disobedient children, he could not have supported such an affliction.

On the day before his death, seeing a number of gentlemen in his apartment, he asked Mr. Lawrence who they were ; he was told they were all physicians, who came with an intention to be of service to him. He shook his head, and repeated the following lines of Horatio, in *The Fair Penitent* :

Another, and another, still succeeds ;
And the last fool is welcome as the former.

During the remainder of the time, he continued easy and composed, and conversed with great tranquillity. He had so little apprehension of death being so near, that, I am well informed, he said to the servant who gave him a draught, a day or two before his death, “ Well, Tom, I shall do very well yet, and make you amends for all this trouble.”

He died on Wednesday morning, January the 20th, 1779, at eight o’clock, without a groan. Mr. Garrick’s disease was pro-

nounced by Mr. Pott to be a palsy in the kidneys.

On Monday, February 1, the body of Mr. Garrick was conveyed from his own house in the Adelphi, and most magnificently interred in Westminster Abbey, under the monument of his beloved Shakespeare. He was attended to the grave by persons of the first rank ; by men illustrious for genius, and famous for science ; by those who loved him living, and lamented his death.

Twenty-four of the principal actors of both theatres were also attendants at the funeral ; and, with unfeigned sorrow, regretted the loss of so great an ornament to their profession, and so munificent a benefactor to their charitable institution *.

* For the order of Mr. Garrick's funeral, see the Appendix.

CHAP. LIV.

View of Mr. Garrick's general Character—

Cannot be compared with Burbage, Allen, Hart, Mohun, &c.—Superior to Wilks, Booth, and Cibber—More honoured than any English or foreign Actors—Moliere and Baron—Anecdotes of them—Mr. Garrick compared with Roscius—His Pre-eminence—Honours paid to Mr. Garrick not confined to his native Country—Mr. Neckar, M. De St. Foix, and the Duke of Nivernois—Mr. Garrick's Learning—Improvements from his constant Visitors—His Conversation—Contrasted with that of Foote—The Services which he did to others—Mr. Beighton's Character—Mr. Garrick considered as an Author—His Faults—Splendid Manner of Living—His Humanity, Benevolence, and Charity.

So much has been said, in the preceding chapters, of Mr. Garrick, as an actor and a

man, that it may seem unnecessary to make any farther addition. And yet some general view of so extraordinary a person, in which he must be considered as one making a distinguished figure in the world, and also in his domestic situation, will, in all probability, be expected. His public actions are indeed so blended with his private, that it will be no easy task to separate them. Of his superior skill in acting I have spoken so largely, that little or nothing on that head must be given here, especially as I shall have an opportunity, in another place, to compare his theatrical powers with those of other actors, his contemporaries *.

Without any inclination to make invidious comparison, or with a design to lessen the reputation of any man that is now, or ever has been, on the stage, I believe I can with truth aver of Mr. Garrick, that he was viewed by the world in general in a different light from all actors of this, or any other nation, ancient or modern,

I do not now speak of his particular emi-

* Dramatic Miscellanies.

nence as a player, but of his great importance as a member of society ; of his general worth, not of his singular talents.

To establish what I have said, I shall examine the claims to pre-eminence in our most celebrated English actors, take a short view of the French patronage of comedians in the persons of Moliere and Baron ; and lastly, compare Mr. Garrick with his great prototype the Roscius of ancient Rome ; and though to some this may seem unnecessary, yet as it will afford variety of theatrical history and anecdote, I dare believe it will be entertaining to the greater part of my readers.

Among the comedians of this country, whom shall I select to compare with Garrick ? Pope forbids me to go back to the days of Shakespeare ; the condition of the players was then so mean, it seems, that they were conducted by the butler into the buttery * ; and, as he says, and I believe with some regret, not placed at a Lord's table, or a Lady's

* Pope's Preface to Shakespeare.

toilette. And yet this author might have known, that James the First granted his royal license to William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, John Hemmings, Henry Condell, &c. whom he styles his servants, and calls upon all magistrates to assist them in the due performing of their plays and interludes ; a favour, I presume, not granted to meanfellows, as Mr. Pope describes them. Nor did this great writer's malignity to the players allow him to reflect, that Edward Allen, the munificent founder of Dulwich College, was a player, and the sole proprietor of his own theatre, which he built from the ground ; and that this man could not be worth less than 25,000*l.* a sum then equal to 100,000*l.* in our days *, and not inferior, upon that account, to Mr. Garrick's fortune.

But however valuable the players, in the days of Elizabeth and James the First, might be, I shall not search among them for

* Burbage, the great actor of Shakespeare's principal characters, we are told, was so eminent in his profession, that no country gentleman thought himself qualified for conversation without having an acquaintance with Dick Burbage.

a rival to Mr. Garrick. Their successors, in the reigns of Charles and James the Second, gained no advantage of estimation from their acting the licentious plays of Dryden, Otway, Lee, Wycherley, Behn, and Shadwell. And though Hart and Mohun, by their loyalty in fighting bravely for their prince, and by wearing the honourable title of soldier, had thrown a lustre upon their names, yet, I believe, we must not put them on a level with Mr. Garrick; nor can I compare with the splendour of his fame the fortunes and reputation of Betterton, that worthy man and most excellent actor.

The extreme licentiousness of many plays, and the endless riots occasioned by certain ladies wearing vizard masks, kept from the theatre a great number of sober and grave people, who deemed it a kind of contamination to frequent a place so irregular, debauched, and tumultuous.

The Rev. Mr. Collier's Short View of the Stage produced a remarkable and almost instantaneous alteration in the language of the theatre; and the Act of the 5th of Queen

Anne, by which the wearing of vizor masks in the playhouse was prohibited, was an excellent supplement to the censures of the reverend divine. The papers in *The Tatler* and *Spectator* contributed more, perhaps, than any thing else, to reform the taste, and mend the morals of the age and of the theatre. Addison and Steele undertook the patronage of plays and players.

From this time we may date, not only an amendment of public manners, so far at least as regards decency of behaviour and refinement of language; but with the reformation of the poetical tribe, and their literary offspring, we must include a more regular and guarded conduct in their friends the actors. The royal license granted to Dogget, Wilks, and Cibber, and a patent afterwards given to Booth, Wilks, and Cibber, in conjunction with Sir Richard Steele, raised the consequence of the players much higher than it had ever been; and among these acting patentees I must endeavour to find a rival to Mr. Garrick.

Wilks was a regular, affable, and well-bred

man, of plain good understanding, but without any tincture of learning. His whole ambition was to excel in his profession. He sometimes went to court, but was entirely unacquainted with the great. He was justly admired as an actor, and loved as an honest man ; but had no mark to discriminate him from any other private gentleman.

Booth had great advantages from birth and education ; he was a relation of the Earl of Warrington, and not far remote from the title. He was a scholar, and a man of poetical fancy, as his compositions in verse, which are far from mean, will sufficiently testify.

His professional merit recommended him to Lord Bolingbroke, who was so pleased with his company and conversation, that he sent his chariot to the door of the theatre every night, to convey Booth, after the play was finished, to his country seat. It was said of Booth, that though he had then no chariot of his own, he commanded the carriages of all the nobility. The friendship of Lord Bolingbroke gained Booth a share in the patent of Drury Lane theatre. From that time, which

was soon after the death of Betterton, he was considered as the first tragedian of the age. He grew rich, and purchased an estate * and country house at Cowley, near Uxbridge.

Thus exalted to the highest eminence of fame, accompanied with the accession of wealth, it might be imagined that no succeeding actor could easily rise to a height so eminent and so envied. But Booth, who had never before made any great figure in the world, after his marriage with Miss Santlow, on whom he greatly doated, cultivated few or no friendships, resorted to no public places, except Button's and the Bedford coffee-houses. No neighbouring gentlemen around his seat at Cowley, at least very few of them, disturbed him with visits or invitations. Known only to a few, he could be valued only by a few. He soon became indolent, was a loiterer at home, and solely wrapped up in the contemplation of his wife's accomplishments.

There was in his look an apparent goodness

* Afterwards bought by John Rich, Esq.

of mind, which struck every body that saw him. I have heard Mr. Delane, the actor, say, that when he entered the Bedford coffee-house, at a time when it was frequented by men of fashion, he attracted the eyes of every body, by the benevolence of his aspect, the grandeur of his step, and the dignity of his whole demeanour. To sum up his character, he was an actor of genius, and an amiable man.

Colley Cibber, the other patentee, to the reputation of an approved and successful actor, added the higher character of a distinguished dramatic writer. His merit in both capacities introduced him to persons in high life, and made him free of all gay companies. In his youth he was a man of great levity, and the constant companion of our young noblemen and men of fashion in their hours of dissipation ; Cibber diverted them with his odd sallies of humour and odd vivacities. He had the good fortune, in advanced life, to solace the cares of a great statesman in his relaxations from business : Mr. Pelham loved a *tête-à-tête* with Colley Cibber ; and I

think, the latter tells us so in the dedication of his excellent Apology to that wise and honest minister. But an habitual love of play, and a riveted attachment to pleasure, rendered him not so agreeable to persons of a grave turn of mind; much less could he be an eligible companion to the most dignified of the clergy, and to the heads of the law, who courted the company of Mr. Garrick, and with whom he lived, not on terms of permission and sufferance, but with freedom and familiarity. But Colley, we are told, had the honour to be a member of the great club at White's; and so, I suppose, might any man, who wore good clothes, and paid his money when he lost it. But on what terms did Cibber live with this society? Why, he feasted most sumptuously, as I have heard his friend Victor say with an air of triumphant exultation, with Mr. Arthur and his wife, and gave a trifle for his dinner. After he had dined, when the club-room door was opened, and the Laureat was introduced, he was saluted with the loud and joyous acclamation of "O king Coll! Come in, king Coll!"

“Welcome, welcome, King Colley!” And this kind of gratulation, Mr. Victor thought, was very gracious, and very honourable.

I do not regard the vile aspersions of that sour old critic, John Dennis, who in a letter to Sir John Edgar (meaning Sir Richard Steele) styles Cibber an abandoned profligate. I have heard from better authority than Dennis, that he was a man of great good nature and humanity. It is sufficient to say, that to the very dregs of old age he was too much addicted to pleasure.

From what has been said the reader will be convinced, that although, as an author, Cibber stands on higher ground than Mr. Garrick, he is, in other respects, greatly his inferior.

If we turn our eyes to gay France, or harmonious Italy, we shall not, in those enlightened countries, I believe, meet with a theatrical competitor to Mr. Garrick. We must not look for accomplished actors among the Italian *improvisatori*, or the representers of the burletta; nor shall I disgrace Mr.

Garrick so far, as to compare him with the heroes of the opera stage, whose merit consists in modulation of voice, and whose dignity results from their accumulation of riches.

The French are generous patrons of the drama, and pay not only attention, but respect, to players of superior rank. Moliere was esteemed an excellent actor in comedy, and was, at the same time, a great author: he was indeed, as Boileau and Racine told Louis XIV. the glory and boast of his reign: all Europe could not then produce any dramatic writer equal to him; and, I believe, our best critics are agreed, that he is second to Shakespeare alone; but, as a player, and a man of eminence, followed, courted, and caressed by the greatest and the gravest men of a nation, he falls infinitely short of a Garrick. Louis knew Moliere's worth, and rewarded his merit, though not so amply as a prince ought to have done who pensioned the learned over all Europe. He conversed often with him, and even sometimes

gave him a hint for a character *. The great Prince of Condé admired Moliere, and many of the noblesse were his patrons ; but he was by no means their companion, or admitted to an equality of conversation and friendship, as Garrick was with a Duke of Devonshire, an Earl of Chatham, and George Lord Lyttelton. No First President of the Parliament of Paris ever paid a visit to Moliere ; much less would he take a bed at his house, as a Lord Chancellor and a Lord Chief Justice of England have with Garrick ; they were not only his visitors, but his occasional lodgers.

In vain did Louis endeavour to raise the humane and generous Moliere above the prejudices which followed his occupation of actor. To honour him as highly as his condition

* Particularly in *The Facheux*. After the first representation of this piece, Louis told Moliere, pointing to the Comte de Soye Court, a remarkable hunter, " There 's another character of an impertinent." Moliere exhibited him the very next time the play was acted ; and had the address to obtain the terms of the chase, of which he was ignorant, from the Count himself.

would permit, he appointed him one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber. But this post, which was designed to place him above reproach, exposed him to a very gross affront; for when, according to the custom of France, he went to assist at the making up of the King's bed, his partner refused to join in office with him on account of his being a player. It is true, the King resented the gentleman's insolence; but that could not wipe away Moliere's disgrace.

The bigoted Arch-prelate of Paris would have excommunicated Moliere, and not have honoured him with a visit. Both our Archbishops have frequently thought themselves happy in being entertained at the Adelphi, or Hampton, by Mr. and Mrs. Garrick.

But Michael Baron was the great actor of France, and some respect will be due to this brother Roscius of Mr. Garrick. All the historians of the French stage speak of Baron as a prodigy of the theatre. The richest and noblest epithets in their language are selected by them to express the beauties of his action and the power of his elocution;

he was caressed, and almost idolized, by all France. Our own Roscius had a competent share of vanity, as most great artists have; but Baron's idolatry of his superior consequence exceeded all limits of credibility. It was a saying with this man, that nature once every hundred years produced a Cæsar, but she took two thousand to form a Baron. The strongest and most convincing proof of his merit was the prodigious applause which the people of Paris gave him when he returned to the stage * in the 68th year of his age, after leaving it for near thirty years. He continued to charm all France to his 77th year, when he was suddenly taken ill upon the stage, in a very favourite part: he died about two months after.

Baron was the great favourite of the young

* Baron aspired to the honour which his master, Moliere, had enjoyed, of being one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to the King, or some other post about his person: the pride of Louis would not suffer him to bestow that on the accomplishments of a player which he had given to the greatest comic writer of France. Upon this refusal, Baron left the stage in disgust.

nobility of France, and conversed with them freely and familiarly. His manner of living was splendid; he kept his coach, with a splendid equipage, and played high. He had amassed great riches by his acting, besides enjoying a large pension bestowed on him by the King, and presents from the Princes of the blood. But however exalted Baron was by himself and others, his companions of the nobility made him sometimes feel the inferiority of his situation. He offered to bet a large sum of money with a nobleman of high rank. This was bold and unexpected: the Prince, looking at him with some surprise, said, "Have at you, Monsieur Britannicus!" a part Baron acted in one of Racine's plays. He was very intimate with the Marquis de Biron, and often his companion in his parties of pleasure. The Marquis's servants one day fell out with the coachman and valet of Baron, and beat them. Baron complained to the Marquis of this affront; "My Lord," said he, "*your* people have ill treated *my* people." The familiarity of the address, and the supposed equality which was pre-

sumed to be inferred in the words *your people* and *my people*, offended the Nobleman; and when Baron repeated the charge, he turned to him with this severe reproof: “ My good
 “ Sir, what would you be at? Pray, tell
 “ me how you came to have any people at
 “ all?” Mr. Garrick’s manner of living with our nobility was of a different kind from Baron’s; it was with dignity and ease: unassuming in his manner, he was always courted to use that freedom and familiarity which his moderation and good sense declined.

Bruyere, after observing that acting, among the Greeks, was not dishonourable, though held in a degree of infamy among the Romans, makes this observation: “ We,” says he, “ think of the players as the Romans did, but we behave to them after the
 “ manner of the Greeks.” What I have related of Moliere and Baron does not, I imagine, establish this reflection of Bruyere.

It is true, that the Greeks did not think acting a disqualification for any office of the

state, civil or military ; and the reproaches with which Demosthenes overwhelms Æschines, in his celebrated oration *De Corona*, on account of his acting, are not levelled at the profession itself, but against the man : “ You,” says Demosthenes, “ was a bad actor of inferior parts ; I hissed you for your unskilfulness, and the people chastised you severely on the same account.”

And now there remains only the prototype of all the great actors, Roscius himself, to whom I can, with any hope of approaching to equality of character, compare Mr. Garrick. The many high encomiums bestowed on this wonderful player by Cicero and others, justly exalt him in the opinion of all men. His integrity, modesty, liberality, and generosity, were as great essentials in his character as his skill in playing. Cicero computed the annual gains of this actor at 5000*l.* *. Such was the generosity of his temper, that, for the last ten years of his life, fully satisfied with the emoluments which the public

* Middleton's Cicero, vol. I.

had bestowed on him, he acted without any fee or reward *.

The people of Rome (says Cicero, speaking of Roscius) esteem him to be a more excellent citizen than an accomplished actor; and while his wonderful skill places him at the head of his profession, his moderation and virtue render him worthy of a place in the senate †. Valerius Maximus assures us, that Roscius did not only gain the favour of the common people, but was admitted to the friendship of persons in the highest rank.

I grant that Roscius was a man of the most respectable character in private life, as

* The fortune of the Roman actor must have been greatly superior to that of Mr. Garrick; in all probability it was more than twenty times as large; for Roscius's friend Æsopus, the tragedian, at an entertainment which he gave, produced a single dish, computed by Dr. Arbuthnot to be worth no less than 4843*l.* 10*s.* in which, to enhance the value of it, he put singing birds. At this we must not be surprised: for these actors were not only the favourites of the great lords of the world, but were admired, courted, and caressed by the kings allied to Rome, and the tributary princes of the Roman empire.

† Ciceronis Oratio pro Q. Roscio Comædo.

well as a consummate actor, admitted to the friendships of the greatest men of the greatest people in the world. But as the actor in England is not in a degree of humiliation like that of a comedian of Rome, there was a degrading condescension in those honours paid to Roscius, to which a Garrick must be a stranger. The Englishman merits, and boldly, though modestly, puts in his claim. The Roman merits too, and humbly solicits. Roscius, we know, frequented the levees of the great; and he might possibly have supped with Cæsar, Cicero, and Lucullus, though we have no record to prove such a suggestion; nor can we reasonably suppose that these great men were ever entertained by Roscius; but we know with certainty, that persons of the most elevated rank in the kingdom, and the greatest and bravest of our generals and admirals, have dined with Mr. Garrick, and thought it no favour conferred upon him, nor any mark of condescension in them. The Roman actor was in a state of patronage; the English comedian seems

to have commanded as well as merited equality.

But the honours paid to Garrick were not confined to his own country ; foreigners of the first rank, and great ministers, have sought his friendship, from the report of his general worth. When in France, he was intimate with Mr. Neckar the great financier, and with Mr. De St. Foix ; with these statesmen, and their ladies, Mr. Garrick often corresponded.

The Duke de Nivernois, when ambassador plenipotentiary in England from the court of Versailles, paid the highest respect to our Roscius, and made a magnificent entertainment for him and Mrs. Garrick ; and, I believe, accepted an invitation to dine with them at Hampton. There was scarcely any foreign ambassador that did not make it a point to be acquainted with this singular genius.

What were the qualities of Garrick's mind, and what were his personal accomplishments, which attracted the love and respect of the greatest and worthiest part of

mankind, it will be natural to inquire :—a sound understanding, great propriety of behaviour ; attention to please, without meanness or officiousness ; a power to delight, without transgressing the laws of decency ; a constant, uniform, and regular conduct through life ; a firmness of temper not dazzled with the splendour of high rank, though ever attentive to what was due to superiority : besides all these, a credit due to a man possessed of a large fortune acquired by his ability and industry, and preserved by rational economy.

His capacity was more extensive than his learning, and his knowledge much greater than could be expected from a man so beset with various business. Mr. Walmsley recommended him to Mr. Colson as a good scholar, and I suppose he meant by it, that he had made a considerable proficiency in the Latin language. Mr. Garrick assured me that he was once master of all the original Greek words ; and this Dr. Johnson has in part confirmed, for he knew, he said, that Walmsley had made him a present of the

Racines Grecques, on condition that he should get by heart a certain portion of them every day. He was a master of the French language, and spoke it fluently; he understood Italian, but could not long maintain a conversation in it; Spanish he could read, but, I believe, with some difficulty. A mind like his was continually improving from the company with which he was constantly surrounded. His house was a rendezvous for excellence of every kind; for

“ Lights of the church and guardians of the laws ;”

for the learned, the elegant, the polite, and the accomplished in all arts and sciences : so that he was continually drawing from the great fountains of wisdom and knowledge; from Warburton and Hurd; from Camden and Mansfield; from the Earl of Chesterfield and George Lord Lyttelton; from Dr. Samuel Johnson and Edmund Burke; from Mr. Dunning and Charles Fox; from Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir William Chambers; from Dr. Warton and his brother; from Mr. Mason and Mr. Cradock; from Mr. Berenger and

Topham Beauclerc ; from Mr. Paul and Mr. William Whitehead ; from Mr. Cambridge and Mr. Colman ; from Dr. Douglas and the Dean of Carlisle ; from Dr. Robertson and Mr. Wedderburne ; and from all that were eminent for their worth and distinguished by their genius.

From such companions, the mind of a Garrick, rich in its own natural force, received a large accession of the most extensive and useful knowledge, and an exhaustless treasure of topics for conversation. His manner of conversing was exceedingly pleasing, not only from the matter of which his words were composed, but his manner of uttering them. Pope, from the sweetness and softness of his tones in conversation, was called the Nightingale ; Garrick, from the brisk and cheerful melody of his pronunciation, might with propriety be termed the Lark.

He was not so shining, nor so exuberant in his manner of discoursing, as his acquaintance Foote ; but he was more agreeable, not only from his not overpowering the company

with the superiority and brilliancy of his wit, but by his moderation in the use of those talents of which he was master. Foote was not satisfied without subduing his guests ; Mr. Garrick confined his power of conversing to the art of making every man pleased with him. The conversation of Foote resembled a great furnace, whose heat was so intense, that it obliged you to stand at a distance from it ; that of Mr. Garrick may be compared to a fire, which diffuses its heat gently all over the apartment. Foote's images of ridicule, and portraits of characters, were strong, vigorous, and resembling ; but the hearer always felt a mixture of pain with his pleasure, lest he also should be made in his turn the subject of derision. Garrick excelled in telling apt and lively stories, and in drawing characters full of grotesque and burlesque images ; his humour was pleasing and inoffensive, because it was not confined to particular, but diverted to general objects. Foote was a better scholar than Garrick, and could discuss a learned argument with classical authority : Garrick reasoned conclu-

sively, but never ventured beyond his depth. Foote broke down every fence of morality, decency, and religion; and to insure a laugh, would deal in scandal, obscenity, and profaneness: Garrick always paid a proper respect to himself and his company, by avoiding discourse which would give offence to piety and good manners. Foote raised admiration and loud mirth; Garrick gained constant approbation, and excited pleasing cheerfulness (*).

(*) Mr. Cooke has drawn an able comparison between Garrick and Foote, in his *Memoirs of the latter*. "They were," says he, "the two theatrical meteors of the day; both men of wit and education; both authors, managers, and actors; both objects that attracted the admiration of the public; and by this collision of characters they may perhaps better elucidate each other, than by an individual description.

"Foote was by far the better scholar of the two: and to this superiority he added also a good taste, a warm imagination, a strong turn for mimicry, and a constant fresh supply of extensive occasional reading from the best authors of all descriptions. He could likewise apply all these advantages with great readiness; so that either with his pen, or in conversation, he was never at a loss.

"Garrick was no *Grecian*. Davies says of him, in

Foote was much admired and resorted to by persons of the highest quality ; what use

“ his Memoirs, that ‘ he had *once* made himself master
 “ of all the Greek words ;’ but admitting that he had
 “ retained them, what sort of a Greek scholar would
 “ *this* knowledge have made him ? In respect to the
 “ Latin, he might, perhaps, have acquired some pro-
 “ ficiency when he was under the care of Dr. Johnson
 “ at Litchfield ; but Johnson afterwards said of him,
 “ ‘ David has not Latin enough ; he finds out the
 “ Latin by the meaning, rather than the meaning by
 “ the Latin.’ He was, however, tolerably conversant
 “ in the classics ; a good Frenchman ; and read and
 “ conversed occasionally in the Italian.—He also pos-
 “ sessed a good taste, with a pleasing lively manner of
 “ delivery. The fact was, that Mr. Garrick’s literary pur-
 “ suits were in a great degree checked by the sudden
 “ influx of his fame and fortune ; for when he became
 “ a manager, it happened of course, that from the
 “ care of a great theatre, from his own performances,
 “ and the attention which he paid to pecuniary con-
 “ cerns, he had no time for the high and regular im-
 “ provement of his mind ; he saw a mass of wealth
 “ presenting itself before him, and he ‘ *clutched*’ it
 “ with a much more certain grasp than the air-drawn
 “ dagger of Macbeth ; leaving at his death more than
 “ one hundred thousand pounds, with this *most affec-*
 “ *tionate* compliment to his relations, ‘ that he knew of
 “ no friend out of their circle.’

he made of his acquaintance I shall not inquire, for I wish not to draw any invidious pa-

“ Though Foote was not deficient in paying his re-
 “ spects to men of rank and fashion, he never sought
 “ them with any kind of unbecoming eagerness, or
 “ made the least distinction at his table between them
 “ and the obscurest guest. When that table too was
 “ all in a roar, as it usually was, he never stopped the
 “ career of his *bon-mot* out of respect to persons ; it as
 “ readily struck a noble duke as a poor player. His
 “ visitors knew the terms on which they met : some
 “ approved of them from the general love of wit and
 “ good humour, while others endured them in order
 “ the better to keep within his favour and friendship.

“ Garrick, on the contrary, was all submission in the
 “ presence of either a peer, or a poet ; equally loth to
 “ offend the dignity of the one, or provoke the irrita-
 “ bility of the other : hence he was, at times, too
 “ methodical in his conversation to admit of his mixing
 “ in ‘ the feast of reason and the flow of soul.’ To his
 “ dependents and inferior players, however, he was
 “ indeed *king* DAVID, except when he had a mind to
 “ mortify them by means of one another. On such
 “ occasions he generally took up some of the lowest
 “ among them ; whom he not only cast in the same
 “ scenes with himself, but frequently walked arm in
 “ arm with in the Green-room, and sometimes in his
 “ morning rambles about the streets.

allels. I shall only assert what I certainly know of Mr. Garrick from his many and

“ In his domestic arrangements Garrick was uniform
 “ and respectable; a handsome house in town and
 “ country, carriages, servants, &c.; and when he
 “ gave grand entertainments, he saw some of the first
 “ company, for rank and abilities, in the kingdom.
 “ But in such meetings conversation generally partook
 “ more of a high-bred style, than the easy familiarity
 “ of a social party; except when Foote, Chase Price,
 “ Rigby, Fitzherbert, and others of this class were pre-
 “ sent. *Then* indeed the pale of high breeding was
 “ instantly broken; and wit, fun, and good humour,
 “ became the order of the day.

“ But fairly to taste the respective powers of these
 “ two distinguished characters, was to see them *pitted*
 “ together at the table of a third person, in the range
 “ of general and free conversation: a scene in which
 “ they often appeared, and where they both displayed
 “ powers which placed them so deservedly high on the
 “ scale of public importance.

“ The mind of Garrick—strong in natural force,
 “ which was further aided by great professional know-
 “ ledge, talents for mimicry, a wide range of good
 “ company, and much acuteness of observation—af-
 “ forded him innumerable topics of conversation,
 “ which he dilated upon in a very pleasing and agree-
 “ able manner: but this was in all cases regulated by,

great connexions with persons of quality and rank ; that no man, except a prime minister,

“ and made subordinate to, his deference for superiors
 “ in rank or station, and his great respect for the de-
 “ corums of life. He dared not let his shaft fly with
 “ the freedom of Foote’s, for fear of giving offence ;
 “ and from this cause has probably often repressed those
 “ coruscations of fancy, which would otherwise have
 “ shone with greater lustre. In fact, Garrick’s chief
 “ excellence did not lie in the *reciprocity* of conversa-
 “ tion ; but in the narration of lively and agreeable
 “ anecdotes, humorous stories, &c. ; drawing his
 “ knowledge, as it were, rather from an intellectual
 “ *reservoir* than a *spring*. Yet in these respects he was
 “ often so pleasing, so fanciful, and so characteristic,
 “ that it would be difficult to find a man who could
 “ make and leave a more favourable impression on his
 “ company.

“ Foote’s conversation was of such a description, that
 “ ‘ nought but itself could be its parallel.’ Teeming
 “ with fancy and various knowledge, fearless of conse-
 “ quences, and privileged in the character of a wit,
 “ he took his stand with confidence, and threw his
 “ shafts around him with the dexterity of a master, the
 “ first and last of his own school. He was rapid,
 “ lucid, and exuberant ; and his images of ridicule,
 “ and portraits of characters, were so strong, novel, and
 “ whimsical, that he carried the imagination of his

had such ability to serve a great number of people as himself; and I will with boldness aver, that no man exerted that influence to the well-being of others, more pertinaciously

“ hearers insensibly along with him. In short, Mr. Garrick’s conversation was like a gentle heat, that cheered and warmed; Foote’s, a meteor that delighted by the splendour of its blaze.

“ Being (as is above remarked) a better scholar too than Garrick, he had a greater command of topics. He could turn ‘ from gay to grave, from lively to severe,’ with facility, and discuss whatever subject occurred with much precision and classical authority; while upon all such matters Garrick seemed to argue rather cautiously, and took care never to go beyond his depth; sometimes contenting himself with the character of an humble listener, and at other times playing an under-part to Foote. But these concessions did not always conciliate the esteem of our hero; who, perhaps, envying the great fortune, and still greater professional abilities of his rival, availed himself of the only superiority which he retained, and seldom failed to exercise this with an unsparing keenness, whenever an opportunity offered.

“ Upon the whole, it would be difficult to pair two such masters of conversation; and they were always considered in the circles of those who ennobled rank and adorned literature.”

than Mr. Garrick : towards the prosecuting this benevolent business, the activity of his mind, and the generosity of his temper, equally contributed. Amidst the various toils of a painful occupation, he always found leisure to promote the happiness of others ; in this he seemed to take uncommon delight. He was never weary of the divine office of doing good. He loved and encouraged the elegant arts of painting, sculpture, &c. ; he promoted the interests of their professors to the utmost of his ability. Such authors as applied to him were sure to have his interest. I shall only mention, on this head, the very large subscription he obtained for Mr. Lloyd. The man who never denied a favour to others, could not be refused when he became a solicitor himself.

Should I relate half the services which Mr. Garrick effected for others, by his constant and unwearied application to his noble and powerful acquaintance, I should greatly exceed the bounds I have prescribed to my history. I will just mention one, on account of its singularity : Mr. Beighton, the honest

vicar of Egham, was a man peculiar in his outward figure, and in his manner of conversation ; he had an odd rustic appearance, and talked in the broad dialect of Yorkshire. Under this plain form he concealed a goodness of heart, which showed itself in a readiness to do any office of kindness in his reach, and a vein of humour in his conversation which was more entertaining from its being unexpected. In his garden he had a great variety of exotic plants, and in his library a collection of very valuable books, elegantly bound. His income was small, and made less by the generosity of his temper ; he gave of his little store to all who came to visit his library and plants. No private clergyman was known to more people of rank, or more beloved than he was ; and yet, though all men promised to serve him, by getting him an additional living to his small vicarage, nothing was done for him by his great and noble friends. The late Duke of Cumberland knew him well, and valued him much ; he erected a chapel near Windsor Lodge, with a view to employ him as his chaplain ; but

the Duke's death prevented his generous and pious intention. Mr. Garrick was the friend and constant visitor of Mr. Beighton. No sooner was Lord Chief Justice Pratt appointed Chancellor, than he applied to him in favour of Mr. Beighton. His Lordship, without any hesitation, presented him with the first living that fell to his gift. This was for the remainder of his life, which was not long, a considerable relief to a man far advanced in years, and greatly afflicted with the gout. It enabled him to part with a small curacy, in a place at some distance from his vicarage, where he was obliged to do duty every other Sunday.

Mr. Garrick, as an author who wrote so much, and tried his skill in so many different species of writing, could not, perhaps, be of the first class in any one of them, though he has shown proofs of genius in all: in epigram, ode, comedy, farce; in essays, in letters, prologues and epilogues.

Many of his epigrams have the spirit and turn of Martial. His Ode on Mr. Pelham's death has more good sense than poetical

fancy, though in that it is not deficient. His share in *The Clandestine Marriage* has not been ascertained. By an advertisement prefixed to it, we find that the merit of the authors cannot be separated. In most of his dramatic pieces there is to be found real character, though not always equally well drawn; discrimination of humour, modish affectation, fashionable folly, or some irregular gaiety of the times. He was a perfect master of stage economy; he rarely offends in the conduct of his plot, and the right management of his scenes; and to all his other dramatic excellences he added decency and morality. His prologues and epilogues are an excellent supplement to the history of the times; they present to us certain domestic facts, to which our graver writers cannot stoop. These little pieces of poetry contain, if I may be allowed the expression, the farcical transactions of the age. The author catches at every new object of ridicule as it rises, and paints it with humour and truth. I will not say there is as much wit and poetry in these productions as in those of the same species, by

Dryden; but I will venture to affirm, they contain much more information, and more variety of mirth. Those who can trace his letters and essays in the newspapers, will find many just observations and acute criticisms on manners, customs, and characters. His vein of pleasantry is easy, flowing, and original. Many of his epitaphs are well written and characteristical.

After all, though his general character as a writer is very respectable, it seems to be lessened by the greatness of his reputation as a comedian. Moliere was a good actor, but his superior fame as an author has absorbed his merit as a player. Baron was a successful writer, though not equal in general power to Mr. Garrick; yet his comedies are much applauded for a perfect knowledge of the stage, for vivacity of dialogue, and variety of incident. Baron does not often present great and masterly portraits, but he copies from nature certain original characters, as offensive and importunate in society as they are diverting on the stage *. I chiefly

* *Anecdotes Dramatiques.*

allude, in this account of his plays, to *L'Homme à bonne Fortune*, *Le Rendez-vous des Thuilleries*, *Les Enlèvemens*, *La Coquette*, and *Le Jaloux*. The reader of Baron's plays will perceive, that he, as well as Mr. Garrick, studied the world and the stage. But the French scarcely ever speak of him as an author; his great fame as an actor has entirely engrossed their ideas of him; and people seldom give themselves time to parcel out their attention in favour of the same man; the greater object swallows up the less.

Not to have some faults with so much intrinsic worth, would have exceeded the lot of humanity. His virtues so greatly preponderate when weighed with his defects, that it would be folly to conceal the latter; and yet he was not without failings which his friends wish he had been free from.

His faults were partly constitutional, and partly professional: I mean by the latter such as arise from a man's business. A physician, for example, though a man of strict honour, will not tell his patient, unnecessarily, that his distemper is of an alarm-

ing nature. Mr. Garrick, as a manager of a theatre, who had variety of commerce with authors, actors, painters, scenemen, &c. &c. thought himself obliged, often, to be on his guard against innumerable requests, questions, claims, and petitions of a thousand people. The quickness of his conceptions, and the precipitance of his temper, obliged him to make use of that caution, which some persons think degenerated into art. I do not remember, that in the younger part of his life, and before he was a manager, he had any notable hesitation of speech, which afterwards was so universally observed in him. Had he embraced a more decided conduct in his management of the theatre, he would, in all probability, have had fewer hours of vexation. With all his prudence, he sometimes could not check the warmth of his temper, which would break out into unguarded expressions. Of this impropriety he generally was sensible, and made ample reparation to the persons whose mind he had disturbed. Little and peevish marks of displeasure would sometimes escape from him

at rehearsals; but when he was not ruffled by any trifling accident abroad (which, it must be owned, was too often), he would, during the intervals of business, enliven the whole theatre by his gaiety and mirth, which showed themselves in a thousand shapes, in jests, bon mots, apt stories, and vivacities, all thrown out in a manner so pleasing, so frolicsome and original, that all were made happy by his good humour.

The extreme sensibility of his temper was often a great snare to him; it was a temptation to those who had no feeling, to take advantage of what is really an honour to human nature.

Sensibility is the best proof of a good mind; and a certain earnest, that he who possesses it has a great reverence and respect for the public. He, indeed, carried this quick sense or feeling of the mind too far; a false report would alarm him; a paragraph or a letter in a newspaper, or a pamphlet, would, for a time, greatly affect him. Many that knew his weakness in this respect, would take ungenerous advantages of it,

He had justly acquired a very great reputation, and he feared lest the base, unfounded aspersions of men who had no character of their own to lose, should make more impression on the world than it was possible they could. It has been said, that neither Betterton, Booth, Wilks, nor Cibber, were hurt by such arrows as were sure to wound Mr. Garrick. I find, on perusal of some pamphlets relating to the theatre, that Betterton was, of all players, most happily exempt from public censure; he was so greatly fortunate in pleasing all ranks of people, that he was called *Infallible Tom*, a name which I remember to have seen given him in an old ballad, written, I think, in the reign of Charles II. Booth would not trouble himself with the management of the stage, and Wilks confided in Cibber; so that all the squibs in newspapers and pamphlets, from the year 1713 to 1733, were aimed at Cibber alone, who had luckily a callous temper which despised every attack from the press. However, it will be owned, that Mr. Garrick was a man of more consi-

deration in the eyes of the public, and consequently in his own, than these great actors were. His fears increased with his fame : *Nec minus periculum ex magna, quam ex mala fama.* But if sensibility was really a fault, it was of the amiable kind.

But the precipitation of his temper hurried him, very often, into as unhappy difficulties as his too great sensibility. He was apt to be too soon struck with any thing that offered to his mind; and he would, in the ardour of a moment, promise what his cooler reflections told him he ought not to perform; nay, he would be sometimes betrayed into promising what indeed he neither could nor ought to fulfil. This failing accompanied him, more or less, through life, and brought along with it much vexation. In his dispute with Mr. Macklin (*), from a regard to impartiality, I have decided against Mr. Garrick; but every candid person will, on reflection, be convinced, that though he did not fulfil his agreement with that actor, he had no intention, originally, to deceive or mislead. He had entangled himself in a web, through

(*) See Vol. I. p. 73—115.

which he could not escape without breaking it.

His worse fault was jealousy, which was in him little less than envy, that hateful disease of the mind, from which few men are exempt, yet what all men disown; for I never knew any man, but one, who had the honour and courage to confess that he had a tincture of envy in him *. He, indeed, generously owned that he was not a stranger to it; at the same time he declared that he endeavoured to subdue it.

Mr. Garrick, who scarcely ever had a competitor, and perhaps will never have an equal, was weak enough to be alarmed at every shadow of a rival (†). Though, in

* Dr. Johnson.

(†) Of this weakness Foote used to relate many anecdotes. The following may serve as a specimen. At the time Foote was preparing his Puppet-show at the Haymarket theatre, he enjoined all those concerned to keep it a profound secret; other than to circulate a whisper, that something very *novel* was about to be produced. Garrick, who, according to Murphy, seemed to live in a *whispering gallery*, soon heard this report, and was on tip-toe to get at the secret; his emissaries

the opinion of the world, he stood upon a pedestal, looking down upon all actors as were constantly about the Green-room at the Hay-market, but to no purpose. At last, Foote, taking compassion of his uneasiness, told him, "if he would dine with him on such a day, he should know all." Garrick attended on the day appointed with great impatience; when, soon after dinner, Foote told him, "it was a performer of most singular talents which he was going to introduce on the stage, who was to do every thing in a *new way*."—"What's his name?" says Garrick, with some surprise. "That I'm not at liberty to mention yet; but he's a near relation of your old friend Dr. *Birch*. Will you be introduced to him? He is now, I understand, in my study. But ask him no questions, for he'll *make you no answers*." Garrick bowed compliance; and John, who previously had his cue, was ordered to introduce the young Roscius, who soon returned with a large well-dressed *Punch* in his arms. "Ah!" (said Garrick, a good deal relieved from his fears,) "now I understand you—What, a Puppet-show, I suppose?"—"No—thing more or less."—"Well, but," rejoined Garrick, "let me see—(still uneasy).—What are these puppets to do?"—"Why, d—mn it, David," says Foote (looking him full in the face), "you are not jealous of *Punch* already? Come, part the *rivals*, John, as I am determined to have no noble blood spilt in my house." Here *Punch* was remanded, and Garrick felt the laugh of the company.

his inferiors; yet, sometimes, from the impulse of theatric jealousy, he would condescend to raise the meanest shrub of the stage to a level with himself. This seems to have been a proper punishment for his want of candour; for I never remember to have heard him speak warmly in the commendation of any actor, living or dead. If great examples can excuse or alleviate a fault so unworthy of such a man, we can bring a Pope, an Addison, and many others, to speak for him, who are equally guilty, with a much greater degree of malevolence.

Mr. Garrick had, I believe, a sovereign contempt for the players who lived before him, more especially the tragedians. The false taste and ranting peculiarities of some stage heroes, who were in possession of the great characters when he first tried his fortune on the stage, might probably lead him into a persuasion that the predecessors of these men were like them: but Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Pritchard, who had preceded him six or seven years, were such instances of natural elocution, that he ought to have

judged more liberally. Quin, indeed, he cried up to the skies for a great Falstaff; but this was but a scanty praise of a man who excelled so variously.

But however low he might estimate the abilities of his contemporaries, I never heard that he treated any of them, when under his direction, with unfairness. He who alone was worthy the name of a competitor to Mr. Garrick, was Mr. Barry; in some few parts, it will not be disputed, I believe, that he excelled him. But the manager's conduct to him always indicated his inclination to be on the best terms with so valuable an actor. Barry gave but very unsatisfactory reasons, as I have been told, for quitting Mr. Garrick in 1749, and engaging with Mr. Rich.

Mossop was an actor of merit; and though his recitation and action were not entirely approved by Mr. Garrick, yet this unhappy gentleman did himself infinite harm by listening to the flatteries of those who exalted him to a rivalry with his master: had he taken his counsel, he might, in all proba-

bility, have been alive now, and in affluent circumstances.

Mr. Garrick was too apt to listen to stories and idle tales that were brought to him, of what this man did, or that man said of him, or any of his actors: all such sort of news he greedily swallowed; though at the same time, he was laying a plot to hurt his own mind. Many things will be said of every man, that no man should be solicitous to know; but should rather check the officious tale-bearer, who pesters him with what must give him more uneasiness than pleasure to hear. As he was warm in his friendship, he was sincere in his resentments, and not easily pacified when he felt or apprehended any degree of ingratitude; however, to his honour it must be owned, that he was free from implacability, as several could testify, who gave him great and unmerited provocation.

His manner of living was splendid, though somewhat below his income, as became a prudent man. By some he was said to be parsimonious, nay, avaricious; others

gave out that he made too great and ostentatious a parade of magnificence, unbecoming the condition of a player. To attempt to please all the world, would be just as idle, as to despise its censures when founded upon truth or probability. Mr. Garrick kept a plentiful table ; he rejoiced to see his friends at his board ; he kept horses and carriages, and had a number of servants and an equipage, such as became a man of his large fortune ; but all his expenses were regulated by the strictest economy.

The abhorrence of profusion and waste he imbibed in his earliest years ; and his moderation, during that tide of wealth which flowed in upon him constantly, enabled him to do many acts of kindness and charity. No man seemed more anxious to get money, and none more willing to bestow it generously. To those who knew the sums he constantly gave away, it would appear, that his sole end of acquiring wealth was for the benefit of others. I shall not talk of his more public charities and contributions ; I mean such actions only as were less known to

the world: his benevolence was uniform, not a sudden start of humour, proceeding from whim and caprice, or like scanty streams from a small rivulet; no, his bounty resembled a large, noble, and flowing river,

That glorify'd the banks which bound it in.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was a very honourable circumstance of his life, that in the very dawnings of success, when he first tasted of Fortune's favours, and had acquired a very moderate portion of riches, he opened his hand to those who solicited his kindness, and was ready to assist all who applied to him. Were it possible to know how much money he lent without the least prospect of its being paid, we should find it amount to a very large sum. His mind was so bountiful, that he scarcely knew what it was to deny. He was once solicited by a friend to give a trifle to a poor widow. He asked how much he should give. "About two guineas."—"No, that I will not."—"Why, then give what you please." He presented his friend with a

bank note of 30*l*. Of this I should despise the mention, if it were a matter of rarity and wonder. A gentlewoman who had no claims to his regard, except the knowing him from his youth, and the being acquainted with his relations at Litchfield, applied to him for assistance in her necessities. He made her a present of one hundred pounds. He had several almoners, to whom he gave sums of money to distribute to such objects as they approved. Heaven only knows the extent of that beneficence which flowed continually from this large-minded man.

There are two remarkably generous deeds of Mr. Garrick, which are so well authenticated, that it would be an act of injustice to his memory to conceal them from the world. A gentleman of fashion, and a man universally beloved and esteemed, borrowed five hundred pounds of Mr. Garrick, for which he gave his note of hand. By some vicissitude of fortune the affairs of this gentleman were greatly distressed ; his friends and relations, who loved him, were determined to free him from uneasiness, by satisfying his

creditors. A day of meeting for that purposed was appointed, on which they were to be very cheerful. Mr. Garrick heard of it; and instead of taking advantage of the information, to put in his claim, he inclosed the 500*l.* note in a letter, in which he told the gentleman, that he had been informed that a jovial meeting was to take place between him and his friends, and that it was to be a bonfire day; he therefore desired he would consign the note to the flames.

The other anecdote is still more to Mr. Garrick's honour. He was very intimate with an eminent surgeon, who died several years since, a very amiable man, who often dined and supped with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. One day after dinner the gentleman declared, that his affairs were in such a situation, that without the assistance of a friend, who would lend him a thousand pounds, he should be at a loss what to do. "A thousand pounds!" said Mr. Garrick; "that is a devilish large sum! well now, pray what security can you give for that money?"—"Upon my word," replied the

surgeon, “no other than my own.”—
 “Here’s a pretty fellow,” said Roscius, turning to Mrs. Garrick; “he wants a thousand pounds upon his personal security! Well, come, I’ll tell you one thing for your comfort; I know a man, that at my desire will lend you a thousand pounds.” He immediately drew upon his banker for that sum, and gave the draught to his friend. Mr. Garrick never asked for, or received a shilling of it.

Innumerable stories of humanity, generosity, and charity, could be told of him; enough to fill a volume. I have heard Dr. Johnson say, that he believed David Garrick gave away more money than any man in London. Some, perhaps, may call his charity ostentation; be it so, but ostentation is not avarice. Strip every man that does an act of kindness of the love of fame in doing it, and to what a small heap you will reduce that vast mountain of benevolence of which the world now boasts! Such ostentation as Mr. Garrick’s, if it was ostentation, was a glorious

virtue ; and I heartily wish he had many imitators.

The true character of a man is always more accurately known to his neighbours than to the world at large : to those who live with him, near him, and round about him, than to persons at a distance. Go then, you who still entertain a doubt of Mr. Garrick's charity and benevolence ; go to Hampton, and learn what every inhabitant of that village will say of him ; they will tell you from their own knowledge and experience, that his loss is generally and heavily felt ; that it is so great, they cannot hope it will be soon repaired ; that the poor inhabitants of that place have, in him, lost a kind friend and an affectionate father ; that his benefactions to them were continually increasing ; that amongst other instances of his paternal regard to the poor, he had, a few years before his death, instituted a little annual feast for children. Every first of May he invited all the children of the village to come into his garden ; there he distributed to them large pieces of cake, with a small present of money ;

and on this anniversary, I have been told, it was his intention in future to have increased his donations. He was as great a prodigy of unlimited bounty, as of extensive genius.

To conclude : no man of his profession had ever been so much the object of admiration ; few men were ever more beloved ; nor was any man better formed to adorn society, or more sincerely disposed and qualified to serve mankind, than David Garrick (*).

(*) The following character of him was sketched in the year 1773.

When we think of Mr. Garrick as an actor, we hesitate. It is perhaps as difficult to describe his excellencies as to discover his defects. He has been variously spoken of by his cotemporaries ; and as private opinions are sacred, we wish not to insult them. Leaving, therefore, the opinions of his cotemporaries to their prejudices, let us look forward, and hear what posterity will say of him.

In the middle of the next century, the free and liberal biographer, untainted by prejudice, unawed by influence,—throwing aside all the rubbish which has been heaped upon this great man's character by the envy of cotemporary writers, will ring his praise through Europe. “ The beginning of the 18th century,” he will say, “ gave birth to the greatest actor that ever

“ graced the stage. As Nature unlocked her exhaust-
 “ less stores to Shakespeare’s eye, giving him the fa-
 “ culty of discerning them ; so she distinguished Gar-
 “ rick as her favourite child, and gave him the various
 “ faculty of personifying them. Hence it was, that
 “ he burst upon the world in a full meridian blaze,
 “ untrained, untutored, and unrivalled. In the course
 “ of a few nights he mounted the most brilliant pin-
 “ nacle of the Temple of Fame ; he excelled the most
 “ excellent in that art ; he surpassed all that ever went
 “ before him, and he gave an example to posterity
 “ which they never will be able to imitate.

“ David Garrick, Esq. was in figure low, pleasing,
 “ manly, genteel, and elegant. He had every requisite to
 “ fit him for every character ; his limbs were pliant, his
 “ features ductile and expressive, and his eye keen,
 “ quick, and obedient, versant to all occasions and
 “ places. His voice was harmonious, and could vibrate
 “ through all the modulations of sound ; could
 “ thunder in passion, tremble in fear, dissolve into the
 “ softness of love, or melt into every mood of pity
 “ and distress.—These liberal dowries of Nature were
 “ ornamented by the most refined acquisitions of art :
 “ music, dancing, painting, fencing, sculpture, gave
 “ him each its respective graces ; from these he bor-
 “ rowed his deportment, his attitudes, and his ease.

“ These were the powers with which he charmed an
 “ astonished age ; and with these powers he had all
 “ nature at his command. Every degree of age—
 “ every stage, scene, and period of life—from the hot

“ and youthful lover, up to the lean and slippered pan-
 “ taloon—all were alike to him. At twenty-four he
 “ could put on all the weakness and wrinkles of the
 “ greatest age ; and at sixty he wore in his appearance
 “ and action, all the agility of buxom and wanton
 “ youth.—In heroes and princes he assumed all the
 “ distant pride, the exalted manner, the stately port of
 “ rank and royalty. He moved with dignity, spoke
 “ with dignity, acted with dignity. His prince never
 “ interfered with his peasant, nor his peasant with his
 “ gentleman. He was always judicious.

“ Our ancestors, who saw him, tell us wonders of
 “ this great actor. He had in his possession every key
 “ of the soul. He transported his hearers where he
 “ pleased.—He was the master of the passions, and
 “ tuned them to his will : he waked them, swelled
 “ them, soothed them ; he melted them into softness,
 “ or roused them into rage. If he was angry, so was
 “ you : if he was distressed, so was you : if he was
 “ terrified, so was you : if he was merry, so was you :
 “ if he was mad, so was you. He was an enchanter,
 “ and led you where he pleased.

“ Such was David Garrick. What more needs be
 “ said of him ?—Shakespeare, his own Shakespeare,
 “ will finish the portrait :

“ Oh ! thou divinest nature ! how thyself thou
 “ blazon'st

“ In this thy son ! form'd in thy prodigality,
 “ To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
 “ Its very form and pressure. When he spoke,

" Each aged ear play'd truant at his tales,
 " And younger hearings were quite ravished,
 " So voluble was his discourse——Gentle,
 " As zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
 " Not wagging its sweet head—yet as rough,
 " (His active blood enchain'd,) as the rude wind,
 " That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 " And make it stoop to th' vale. 'T was wonderful !
 " For if we take him but for all in all,
 " We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

This eulogy is spoken of Mr. Garrick as an actor, and never was eulogy more just.

In his compositions he has pleased us with his *Flash*, *Fribble*, and *Chalkstone*, characters truly original, but not so excellent as those of Colonel *Tamper*, and Lord *Ogleby*, which appear to have Mr. Colman for their author, though we are told they received some of their most finished touches from the hand of Mr. Garrick when Mr. Colman studied under him, and thought it an honour to court his friendship, and solicit his assistance.

Mr. Garrick first led this gentleman to fame; and while they continued in partnership together, the classic neatness of Mr. Colman corrected the genuine and native fire of Mr. Garrick; but the division of their stock in trade produced a bankruptcy, and exposed Mr. Colman in the *Pindus' Gazette*.

The prologues written by Mr. Garrick may claim a situation in our libraries; they are epigrammatic exordiums

and peculiar to himself; besides many other pieces that do honour to his genius.

As a companion, no man is more lively and entertaining; as a man, no person so ready to relieve the distresses of human nature; he enjoys the true milk of charity unadulterated; and he is the friend of all mankind, which he has ever proved in public and private situations, from one guinea to five hundred pounds.

He lives in his house like a sovereign Prince; and he possesses the warm friendship and esteem of the most distinguished characters of these kingdoms; he is honoured with the visits of all the Nobles of our own country, as well as those of other climes; and is addressed and praised by the men of genius of every state. But with all these shining and uncorrupted virtues, perhaps no man has ever met with such ungenerous and ungrateful returns. Men of genius more or less — poets, painters, and musicians, have been endless proofs of my assertions, and their own abandoned ingratitude. Sopolite is he in his manners, that he never suffers an invective to be uttered at his table, even against those who deserve the Russian *knout* for the base perfidy of their actions. To draw such a character would well become a *Clarendon*: however, where I fail in language, I will amply atone in zeal. I wish he may long live to be cherished by his own muses in his own temple of Shakespeare; and as he has lived, he shall die, the admiration of the generous and sensible world.

—— I never yet saw man,

How wise how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,

But *Spleen* would spell him backward : if fair-fac'd,
 She 'd swear the gentleman should be her sister ;
 If black, why, Nature drawing of an antique,
 Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed :
 If low, an aglet very vilely cut.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out,
 And never gives to *Truth* and *Virtue* that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth (*).

(*) If it could gratify any reader to contemplate the character of Mr. Garrick as drawn by the hand of an inveterate enemy, such a one may consult Macklin's portrait of him, as transcribed in Mr. Kirkman's interesting *Memoirs of the Life of Charles Macklin, Esq.* 8vo. 1799. Vol. ii. 261—270.

APPENDIX.

Testimonies

OF

MR. GARRICK'S GENIUS AND MERITS,

To Mr. GARRICK, at Mount Edgumbe.

BY THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

LEAVE, Garrick, the rich landskip, proudly gay,
Docks, forts, and navies, bright'ning all the bay;
To my plain roof repair, primæval seat!
Yet there no wonders your quick eyes can meet;
Save, should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cur'd, and an unpassion'd mind;
A statesman without power and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause;
Vot'ry, alone, to freedom and the laws.
Herds, flocks, and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
And interspers'd an heart-enliv'ning train

Of sportive children frolic o'er the green ;
 Meantime pure love looks on and consecrates the
 scene.

Come then, immortal spirit of the stage,
 Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age ;
 Come, taste the simple life of patriots old,
 Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp
 and gold.

———At this man's (Mr. Walmsley) table I enjoyed many cheerful and instructive hours ; with companions such as are not often to be found ; with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life ; with Dr. James, whose skill in physic will be long remembered ; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend : but what are the hopes of man ! I am disappointed by that stroke of death which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

Dr. JOHNSON's Life of Edmund Smith.

———We, therefore, of Great Britain, have more reason to congratulate ourselves on two very singular phænomena ; I mean, Shakespeare's being able to portray characters so very different as Fal-

staff and Macbeth; and Garrick's being able to personate so inimitably a Lear and an Abel Drugger. Nothing can more fully demonstrate the extent and versatility of these two original geniuses.

Dr. WARTON's Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.

W. WHITEHEAD, ESQ. TO MR. GARRICK;

ON old Parnassus, t' other day,
 The Muses met to sing and play;
 Apart from all the rest were seen
 The tragic and the comic queen,
 Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate
 On Rich's, or on Fleetwood's fate;
 When, on a sudden, news was brought
 That Garrick had the patent got,
 And both their ladyships again
 Might now return to Drury Lane.
 They bow'd, they simper'd, and agreed,
 They wish'd the project might succeed;
 'T was very possible; the case
 Was likely too, and had a face—
 A face! *Thalia* titt'ring cried,
 And could her joy no longer hide;
 Why, sister all the world may see
 How much this makes for you and me;

No longer now shall we expose
 Our unbought goods to empty rows,
 Or meanly be oblig'd to court
 From foreign aid a mean support ;
 No more the poor polluted scene
 Shall teem with births of Harlequin ;
 Or vindicated stage shall feel
 The insults of the Dancer's heel :
 Such idle trash we 'll kindly spare
 To op'ras now—they 'll want them there ;
 For Sadler's Wells, they say, this year
 Has quite undone their engineer. :
 Poh ! you 're a wag, the buskin'd prude
 Replied, and smil'd ; besides 't is rude
 To laugh at foreigners, you know,
 And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe :
 For my part, I shall be content
 If things succeed as they are meant ;
 And should not be displeas'd to find
 Some changes of the tragio kind ;
 And say, Thalia, mayn't we hope
 The stage may take a larger scope ?
 Shall he, whose all-expressive powers
 Can reach the heights which Shakespeare soars,
 Descend to touch a lower key,
 And tickle ears with poetry ;
 Where ev'ry tear is taught to flow
 Through many a line's melodious woe,

And heart-felt pangs of deep distress
 Are fritter'd into similes ?
 O thou ! whom Nature taught the art
 To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,
 Whatever name delight thy ear,
Othello, Richard, Hamlet, Lear,
 O undertake my just defence,
 And banish all but Nature hence !
 See ! to thy aid, with streaming eyes,
 The fair afflicted *Constance* * flies ;
 Now wild as winds, in madness tears
 Her heaving breasts and scatter'd hairs,
 Or low on earth disdains relief,
 With all the conscious pride of grief.
 My Pritchard too, in *Hamlet's Queen*——
 The goddess of the sportive vein
 Here stopp'd her short, and with a sneer,
My Pritchard, if you please, my dear !
 Her tragic merit I confess,
 But surely mine's her proper dress ;
 Behold her there, with native ease,
 And native spirit, born to please ;
 With all *Maria's* charms engage,
 Or *Milwood's* rants, or *Touchwood's* rage ;

* Mrs. Cibber in the character of *Lady Constance* in Shakespeare's *King John*.

Through ev'ry foible trace the fair,
 Or leave the town, and toilet's care,
 To chaunt in forests unconfin'd,
 The wilder notes of *Rosalind*.
 O thou! where'er thou fix thy praise,
Brute, Druggier, Fribble, Ranger, Bayes!
 O join with her in my behalf,
 And teach an audience when to laugh.
 So shall buffoons with shame repair,
 To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,
 And real humour charm the age,
 Though *Falstaff** should forsake the stage.
 She spoke: *Melpomene* replied;
 And much was said on either side;
 And many a chief and many a fair
 Were mention'd, to their credit, there.
 But I'll not venture to display
 What goddesses think fit to say;
 However, Garrick, this at least
 Appears by both a truth confest,
 That their whole fate for many a year
 But hangs on your paternal care;
 A nation's taste depends on you,
 —Perhaps a nation's virtue too.
 O think how glorious 't were to raise
 A theatre to virtue's praise!

* Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who ~~was~~
 then leaving the stage.

Where no indignant blush might rise,
 Nor wit be taught to plead for vice;
 But ev'ry young attentive ear
 Imbibe the precepts living there;
 And ev'ry unexperienc'd breast
 There feel its own rude hints exprest,
 And, waken'd by the glowing scene,
 Unfold the worth that lurks within.
 If possible, be perfect quite;
 A few short rules will guide you right:
 Consult your own good sense in all;
 Be deaf to fashion's fickle call;
 Nor e'er descend from reason's laws
 To court, what you command, applause.

—So when great Shakespeare to his Garrick join'd,
 With mutual aid conspire to rouse the mind,
 'Tis not a scene of idle mimickry,
 'Tis Lear's, Hamlet's, Richard's self we see.
 We feel the actor's strength, the poet's fire;
 With joy we praise, with rapture we admire,
 To see such pow'rs within the reach of art,
 And fiction thus subdue the human heart.

Translation, a Poem, by Dr. FRANKLIN.

—If manly sense, if nature link'd with art,
 If thorough knowledge of the human heart,
 If powers of acting vast and unconfin'd,
 If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd,
 If strong expression, and strange powers which lie
 Within the magic circle of the eye,
 If feelings, which few hearts like his can know,
 And which no face, so well as his, can show,
 Deserve the preference—Garrick! take the chair,
 Nor quit it, till thou place an equal there.

CHURCHILL'S *Rosciad*.

*A MONODY, by R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq. to the
 Memory of Mr. GARRICK.*

SPOKEN BY MRS. YATES.

If dying excellence deserves a tear,
 If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here;
 Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
 For fabled suff'ers and delusive woe?
 Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
 Point the quick jest, indulge the comic vein,
 Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
 One kind regret, one tributary line?

His fame requires we act a tend'rer part;
 His memory claims the tear you gave his art!

The gen'ral voice, the meed of mournful verse,
 The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
 The throng that mourn'd, as their dead favourite
 pass'd,

The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last ;
 While Shakespeare's image, from its hallow'd
 base,

Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place—
 Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
 From fond fidelity's domestic woe,
 So much are Garrick's praise, so much his due,
 As on this spot one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
 Our toil attempts the most precarious claim !
 To him, whose magic pencil wins the prize,
 Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies :
 Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
 Raphael still boasts contemporary praise !
 Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
 With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd ;
 E'en Beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
 Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
 A ruder toil, and more mechanic art ;
 Content with slow and tim'rous stroke to trace
 The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace ;
 But once achiev'd, the barb'rous wrecks o'erthrow
 The sacred fane, and lay its glories low ;

Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to day,
 Grac'd by defect, and worshipp'd in decay ;
 Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
 Demands his honours, and assists his fame.

Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire ;
 O proud distinction of the sacred lyre !
 Wide as aspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
 Diffusive splendour gilds his vot'ry's lay.
 Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
 With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse,
 Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile,
 Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's smile ;
 Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
 The soft despair of unprevailing love ;
 Whate'er the theme, through ev'ry age and clime
 Congenial passions meet th' according rhyme ;
 The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
 Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed ; their honours thus secure,
 Whose hearts yield objects, and whose works endure ;

The actor only shrinks from time's award ;
 Feeble tradition is his mem'ry's guard ;
 By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
 Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied !
 E'en matchless Garrick's art, to heav'n resign'd,
 No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.

The grace of action, the adapted mien,
 Faithful as nature to the varied scene;
 Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment
 draws

Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
 Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
 A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
 Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
 Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own;
 As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
 And, deck'd with orient hues, transcends the day!
 Passion's wild break, and frown that awes the
 sense,

And ev'ry charm of gentler eloquence,
 All perishable!—like th' electric fire,
 But strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire;
 Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear;
 Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with
 air.

Where then, while sunk in cold decay he lies,
 And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes!
 Where is the best memorial that ensures
 Our Garrick's fame?—whose is the trust?—'t is
 yours.

And oh! by every charm his art essay'd,
 To sooth your cares!—by ev'ry grief allay'd!
 By the hush'd wonder, which his accents drew,
 By his last parting tear, repaid by you!

By all those thoughts, which many a distant
night

Shall mark his memory with sad delight !
Still in your heart's dear record bear his name,
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame :
To you it is bequeath'd ; assert the trust,
And to his worth—'t is all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time.
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask be-
neath.

For these, when sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear,
O loveliest mourner, gentle Muse ! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.
As Fancy oft by Superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb ;
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tear ;
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief ;
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief ;
With looks that speak—he never shall return !
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn ;
And with soft sighs disperse th' irrev'rend dust
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

PROLOGUE,

Written and spoken by HOUSTON STEWART NICHOLSON, *Esq. on his performing the Character of Richard the Third.*

TO-NIGHT a thund'ring genius shakes your stage,
He comes to roar, to mouth, to storm, and rage ;
Conscious such pow'rs your passions must engage. }

So—clear the stage there !—Ladies, by your favour,
Nay, I don't joke, I 'll show you something clever.
Well, then,—shall we have a horrid scene ?
Nay, only but by way of specimen.—

Ay, ay, we 'll have a horrid scene !

Hah !—bah !—hah !—

I see you wonder at my tragic stare,
But 't is the way I gen'rally prepare ;
I know too well the secrets of our trade,
To speak a line before my face be made ;
For by the previous settling of each feature,
I so far trick, and take the start of Nature,
That long ere she can make you one wry face,
I 'm tow'ring in the zenith of grimace.
But I am tedious ; let example teach ;
Shall we go back, and finish this same speech ?

“ Hah !—bless my soul !—what means this
dismal voice ? ”

Did you not think that rather wanted noise ?

——Well, try another.

“ See thou——deliver—to my lord—this letter.”
 Ave, that’s like acting—that’s a great deal better.
 Though faith I’m not in cue—another time
 If I don’t tickle you for rant and rhyme.
 I play’d a character but t’other night,
 Damme ! I topt your Garrick out of sight ;
 He can’t perform like me, nay you’ll avow it ;
 Nature (his oracle), she won’t allow it.
 Do what he will, she’s ever at his sleeve,
 Nor dare he speak or look without her leave :
 If he but stand, walk, nay, but turn or wheel,
 She, spaniel-like, must course him at the heel.
 The pilfering rogue has nothing of his own ;
 ’Tis she that taught him ev’ry thing he’s done.
 Why now in Hamlet, and his much-fam’d Lear,
 Did I not catch her whisp’ring in his ear ?
 Upon my soul, I speak without a joke,
 She tutor’d ev’ry syllable he spoke.
 And whilst the crowd admir’d the servile creature,
 I’ll take my oath that ev’ry line was Nature ;
 And though ’t is thirty years since he began,
 You’ll find no alteration in the man.
 Thirty ! ’t is more since first he came about her,
 And yet the devil a foot he’ll budge without her.
 I ask’d this lady once to show her plan ;
 She smil’d—and pointed to her little man :

“ Observe,” she said, “ oh give him heedful note !
 “ And leave your bellowing through that blustering
 throat,
 “ Nor still, with pompous and unmeaning air,
 “ Storm without passion, without wonder stare,
 “ But through my various windings mark him still,
 “ And let my Garrick mould you at his will ;
 “ He can instruct in ev’ry thing I know,
 “ I told him all my secrets long ago.”

Madam, said I, methinks you ’re wondrous free ;
 How can you take such liberties with me ?

Did e’er I come within a thousand miles
 To pilfer from you either tears or smiles ?

No, Ma’am, I ’ve been performing many years,
 Have broke the drums of twenty thousand ears ;
 Ranting and mouthing still from scene to scene,
 Have stunn’d the women, and amaz’d the men ;
 And o’er the whole, with super-human roar,
 Have squeez’d the quintessence of tragic pow’r ;
 And since you force me, Ma’am, I ’ll say it flat,
 By Jupiter ! I never ow’d you—that !

(Snapping his fingers.)

Nature and Garrick both confess’d ’t was true ;
 How well they judg’d, I must submit to you (*).

(*) To the foregoing, inserted by Mr. DAVIES, we shall add some further TESTIMONIES addressed to, or in memory of, Mr. GARRICK, which we have collected from various sources.

To Mr. GARRICK.—1742.

O THOU the phœnix of the age !
 The prop and glory of the stage ;
 Thou *Proteus*, that with so much ease
 Assum'st what character you please !
 That, were *Democritus* alive,
 He at thy tragic strain would grieve ;
Heraclitus himself would smile
 To hear thee in the comic style—
 Where didst thou learn this wondrous art
 To find the way to every heart ?
 At once to rise, at once break forth
 In all this sudden blaze of worth ?

How does my pitying bosom glow
 To see thy *Lear*'s majestic woe !
 Yet, wondrous change ! in the same night
 How does thy *Lying Sharp* delight !

When in thy *Richard* I behold
 The tyrant subtle, stern, and bold,
 My soul, with various passions toss'd,
 Is in the quick transitions lost.
 When next I see thy well-feign'd woe,
 I pity thee, although my foe ;
 With *Lady Anne* I straight relent,
And am rejoic'd that you repent.
 But when the tyrant you resume,
 And fix the hapless infants' doom,
 I scarce can think you play a part,
 But wish to stab thee to the heart.

How could thy gentle nature bear
 'T assume the murd'ring villain's air ?
 Search all the characters, you'll find
 Not one less suited to thy mind ;
 'T is here thy genius is admir'd,
 'T is here thou seem'st almost inspir'd !
 Each other part thou actest well ;
 But 't is in this thou dost excel.

To Mr. GARRICK.—1743.

Roscus, Paris, of the stage,
 Born to please a learned age,
 Come again to grace the scene
 With the lover's placid mien :
 Quick resume the sword and shield,
 Be the King in Bosworth field ;
 Show us, in his tatter'd dress,
 How a monarch bears distress :
 Teach the rigid heart of steel
 How to feel what wretches feel ;
 Now incite our hopes and fears,
 Come and fill our eyes with tears.
 Shift the scene to scenes of wit ;
 Show the whining, cuckold cit :
 In a face that 's not your own,
 Make the foolish lubbard known :
 Come and shake our sides with joy,
 In the droll *Tobacco-Boy* :
Roscus, Paris, of the stage,
 Born to please a learned age.

*Verses on the Capacities of Actor and Writer united in
Mr. GARRICK.—1749.*

FORM'D for each other's aid, these pow'rs but meet,
As nature's self shows light combin'd with heat.

Oh ! born to grace their union, let 'em share

Thy thought's exertion, and reward thy care !

The willing Arts bid all their praise be thine,

For *thee*, tun'd *discords* into music join.

What others, lab'ring hopeless, hardly gain,

'T was thine, at once to start for, and attain.

To instant growth, without gradation, drawn,

High noon leap'd backward, to embrace thy dawn.

Time and experience sunk, to speed thy way ;

And genius grasp'd *creation*, in a *day* !

Nor let malignant *Envy* blast thy claim ;

Since *Wit* and *Virtue* triumph in *thy* fame.

Each *guilt* thou paint'st by borrow'd *art* is shown :

But every *goodness* native, and thy *own*.

Oh ! let no rogue, of damn'd *Iago's* race,

To wile-tried torture, rack that *honest* face !

Seem what thou *art*,—brave, faithful, am'rous, gay :

The *noblest* passions please the noblest *way*.

Heart humaniz'd, head clear, hands clean, soul great ;

Sharp sense, mild manners, ease, adorning weight !

Sun of our stage ! *shine on* ! we *feel* thy light :

Thy warmth how *fruitful* ! and thy beam how bright !

*An Ode to Mr. GARRICK upon the Talk of the Town
about his intended Marriage.—1749 (*).*

BY MR. MOORE.

“ When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I
“ should live till I were married.”

Much Ado About Nothing.

No, no; the left-hand box, in blue;

There! don't you see her?—*See her! Who?*

Nay, hang me if I tell.

There's *Garrick* in the music-box!

Watch but his eyes; see there!—*O pox!*

Your servant, Ma'moiselle!

But tell me, *David*, is it true?

Lord help us! what will some folks do!

How will they curse this stranger!

What! fairly taken in for life!

A sober, serious, wedded wife!

O fie upon you, *Ranger!*

The clergy too have join'd the chat;

“ A Papist!—Has he thought of that?

“ Or means he to convert her?”

Troth, boy, unless your zeal be stout,

The nymph may turn your faith about,

By arguments experter.

The ladies, pale and out of breath,

Wild as the witches in *Macbeth*,

Ask if the deed be done?

(*) See Vol. I. p. 197.

O *David* ! listen to my lay ;

I'll prophesy the things they'll say ;

For tongues, you know, will run,

“ And pray, what other news d' ye hear ?

“ Married !—But don't you think, my dear,

“ He's growing out of fashion ?

“ People may fancy what they will,

“ But *Quin* 's the only actor still,

“ To touch the tender passion.

“ Nay, Madam, did you mind, last night,

“ His *Archer* ? not a line on 't right !

“ I thought I heard some hisses.

“ Good God ! if *Billy Mills*, thought I,

“ Or *Billy Havard* would but try,

“ They'd beat him all to pieces.

“ 'T was prudent, though, to drop his *Bayes*—

“ And (*entre nous*) *Old Cibber* says,

“ He hopes he'll give up *Richard*.

“ But then it tickles me to see,

“ In *Hastings*, such a shrimp as he

“ Attempt to ravish *Pritchard*.

“ The fellow pleas'd me well enough

“ In—what d' ye call it ? *Hoadly's* stuff ;

“ There's something there like nature :

“ Just so, in life, he runs about,

“ Plays at bo-peep, now in, now out,

“ But hurts no mortal creature.

“ And then there's *Belmont*, to be sure—

“ O ho ! my gentle *Neddy Moore* !

“ How does my good Lord Mayor ?

“ And have you left *Cheapside*, my dear ?

“ And will you write again next year,

“ To show your fav'rite player ?

“ But *Meropé*, we own, is fine,

“ *Eumenes* charms in ev'ry line ;

“ How prettily he vapours !

“ So gay his dress, so young his look,

“ One would have sworn 't was Mr. *Cook*,

“ Or *Matthews* cutting capers.”

Thus, *David*, will the ladies flout,

And councils hold at ev'ry rout,

To alter all your plays ;

Yates shall be *Benedict* next year,

Macklin be *Richard*, *Taswell*, *Lear*,

And *Kitty Clive** be *Bayes*.

Two parts they readily allow

Are yours ; but not one more they vow,

And thus they close their spite :

You will be Sir *John Brute*, they say,

A very Sir *John Brute* all day,

And *Fribble* all the night.

* This lady afterwards exhibited herself in that character.

But tell me, fair ones, is it so?—

You all did love him once *, we know ;

What then provokes your gall ?

Forbear to rail—I 'll tell you why ;

Quarrels may come, or Madam die,

And then there 's hope for all.

And now a word or two remains,

Sweet *Davy*, and I close my strains :

Think well ere you engage ;

Vapours and ague-fits may come,

And matrimonial claims at home.

Un-nerve you for the stage.

But if you find your spirits right,

Your mind at ease, and body tight,

Take her ; you can't do better.

A pox upon the tattling town !—

The fops that join to cry you down

Would give their ears to get her.

Then if her heart be good and kind,

(And sure that face bespeaks a mind

As soft as woman's can be,)

You 'll grow as constant as a dove,

And taste the purer sweets of love,

Unvisited by *Ranby*.

* *Julius Cæsar*.

NATURE and GARRICK.

BY MR. DAVIES.—1756.

As *Nature* and *Garrick* were talking one day,
 It chanc'd they had words, and fell out :
 Dame *Reason* would fain have prevented a fray,
 But could not, they both were so stout.

Says *Garrick*, “ I honour you, Madam, 't is true,
 “ And with pride to your laws I submit ;
 “ But *Shakespeare* paints stronger and better than you,
 “ All critics of taste will admit.”

“ How ! *Shakespeare* paint stronger and better than me !”
 Cries *Nature*, (quite touch'd to the soul ;)
 “ Not a word in his volumes I ever could see,
 “ But what from my records he stole.

“ And thou, wicked thief, nay, the story I'll tell,
 “ Whenever I paint or I draw,
 “ My pencil you filch, and my colours you steal,
 “ For which thou shalt suffer the law.

“ And when on the stage in full lustre you shine,
 “ To me all the praise shall be given ;
 “ The toil shall be yours, and the honour be mine :
 “ So *Nature* and *Garrick* are even.”

To Mr. GARRICK, on his erecting a Temple and Statue
to SHAKESPEARE.—1757.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra

Credo equidem, et vivos ducent de marmore vultus,

Tu———

VIRG.

THOUGH the proud dome and sculptur'd form declare
Immortal Shakespeare thy peculiar care ;
Yet is it *thine* a nobler fame to give,
And from himself alone to bid him live :
Thine, of his scene to make the wonders known,
And speak at once his merit, and thy own.

If souls departed human feelings know,
How must thy poet's breast with rapture glow,
When calling forth some *character* to view,
You give it, such as he and nature drew,
“ Amazing, as successive passions rise,
“ The very faculty of ears and eyes,
“ And, while attention wraps the wond'ring throng,
“ Each thought divine comes mended from thy tongue !”

Oh ! born to answer all his nobler ends !
Born to repay the mighty fame he lends !
Born each for each ! forming, with mutual rays,
In happiest union join'd, one glorious blaze.

His Muse, ere you stept forth, her cause to own,
Wept her neglected charms, and worth unknown ;
Sunk in obscurity, forsaken lay,
And mourn'd the night, despairing of the day.
This you beheld ; and, hast'ning to her aid,
Brought back in triumph the much-injur'd maid ;

Taught her with heighten'd grace the stage to tread,
 And brighter laurels twin'd around her head :
 Touch'd by thy hand, her charms new strength acquire,
 Strike ev'ry eye, and ev'ry bosom fire ;
 Again, apparent queen ! she shines confest,
 Radiant as Venus by the Graces drest.
 Thus heav'n-born Truth in Stygian gloom conceal'd,
 Time drew to light, and all her charms reveal'd.

Then cease by needless acts thy zeal to show,
 Thy idol bard to thee his fame must owe.
 No temple need thy piety to raise,
 No proud memorial to record his praise.
 His noblest monument in thee we view,
 And Shakespeare still survives ador'd in you.

*The following Verses, dropt in Mr. GARRICK's Temple
 of SHAKESPEARE, at Hampton, are said to have been
 written by a Gentleman whose poetical Productions
 have been very deservedly admired.—1758.*

WHILE here to Shakespeare Garrick pays
 His tributary thanks and praise,
 Invokes the animated stone,
 To make the poet's mind his own ;
 That he each character may trace
 With humour, dignity, and grace,
 And mark, unerring mark, to men,
 The rich creation of his pen ;
 Preferr'd the pray'r—the marble god
 Methinks I see assenting nod ;

And pointing to his laurell'd brow,
 Cry—"Half this wreath to you I owe.
 "Lost to the stage, and lost to fame,
 "Murder'd my scenes, scarce known by name,
 "Sunk in oblivion and disgrace,
 "Among the common scribbling race,
 "Unnotic'd long thy Shakespeare lay,
 "To dulness and to time a prey;
 "But, lo! I rise, I breathe, I live
 "In you, my representative!
 "Again the hero's breast I fire,
 "Again the tender sigh inspire;
 "Each side, again, with laughter shake,
 "And teach the villain-heart to quake;
 "All this (my son) again I do,
 "I,—no, (my son)—'t is I and you."

While thus the grateful statue speaks,
 A blush o'erspreads the suppliant's cheeks:
 "What, half thy wreath! wit's mighty chief!
 "O grant," he cries, "one single leaf!
 "That far o'er pays his humble merit,
 "Who's but the organ of thy spirit."

Phœbus the gen'rous contest heard,
 When thus the god address'd the bard:
 "Here! take this laurel from my brow;
 "On him your mortal wreath bestow;
 "Each matchless, each the palm shall bear;
 "In heav'n, the bard; on earth, the play'r."

Epigram.—1761,

SAYS Garrick, amongst other sociable chat,

“What could *I* without Shakespeare do? pray tell me that.”

’T was replied—

“Great connexions you have with each other, ’tis true:

“But, *now*—what can Shakespeare do, Sir, without you?”

To Mr. GARRICK, on the Report of his leaving the Stage.—1765.

—Scenis decora alta faturis.

VIRG.

WHEN *Philip's* son had overthrown
Each foe, and made the world his own,
As universal lord of all
He rul'd at will the subject ball;
And, first in merit as command,
O'er all he rul'd with equal hand;
But when stern Fate's relentless doom
Call'd him from empire to the tomb,
The *Chiefs* who under him had fought,
By his example fir'd and taught,
Deeming themselves his lawful heirs,
His world divided into shares;
This took a province, *that* a realm,
And held of government the helm;
But all unqualified to reign,
Not long their power they could maintain.

Baffled, defeated, and undone,
They lost the *world* which he had won.

Such (small with great things to comparè)
Will be the fate of many a play'r,
When we no more shall hear that tongue,
Which charm'd so wisely, charm'd so long;
And the deserted stage shall moan,
Garrick, in thee her glory gone.
Without thy talents, judgment, fire,
All to thy *parts* will then aspire;
Thy giant robes each *elf* will wear,
And think he shines the public care,
While, vex'd and tortur'd o'er and o'er,
Doubly our loss we must deplore.

O thou! to whom the sisters twain,
Who o'er the sock and buskin reign,
Have giv'n in all their charms to shine,
And bade their every pow'r be thine,
Born o'er the drama to preside,
And all its various movements guide,—
King of the stage! what thanks to thee
Shall gen'rous *Britain* not decree,
If, ere thou lay'st thy burden down,
With soft repose thy toils to crown,
Thou grateful wilt bequeath a race,
To fill (if possible,) thy place?
Then, (if so far thy art can reach,)
Deign some accomplish'd youths to teach,
With all thy *nature*, all thy art,
To mould at will th' obedient heart,

That, wond'ring and transported, we
 May think our *Garrick* still we see.
 And may thy gen'rous labours raise
 A *Ranger*, *Macbeth*, or a *Bayes*,
 Some stripling *Hamlet* " to surprise
 " The faculties of ears and eyes ;"
 Or on the stage a *Drugger* bring,
 Or *Lear*, " *who's ev'ry inch a King.*"

Hear then our wish ! extend thy cares
 To future scenes, and distant years ;
 Exert thy art, and form a race,
 The buskin and the sock to grace,
 And (that our pleasure ne'er may pall,)
 In thy *own likeness* form them all. R. B.

On Mr. GARRICK's Picture by a Bust of SHAKESPEARE.

BY DR. HARRINGTON OF BATH.—1767.

THE soul's chief virtues are in symbols shown :
 By wisdom's bird, is sage *Minerva* known ;
 Idalian turtles speak love's gentle fire,
 The Muse is mark'd by *Phœbus*' golden lyre.
Art may express yon venerable bust,
 And form each feature to resemblance just ;
 But *Nature* pleas'd, with choicest tints design'd
 Thee ! happy symbol of her *Shakespeare's* mind.

GARRICK and SHAKESPEARE.

BY MR. MICKLE.—1771.

FAIR was the graceful form *Prometheus* made,
 Its front the image of the Gods display'd.

All heav'n admir'd it, ere *Minerva* stole
 The fire of *Jove*, and kindled up the soul.
 So *Shakespeare's* page, the flower of poesy,
 Ere *Garrick* rose, had charms for ev'ry eye :
 'Twas Nature's genuine image, wild and grand,
 The strong-mark'd picture of a master's hand.
 But when his *Garrick*, *Shakespeare's Pallas*, came,
 The bard's bold painting burst into a flame ;
 Each part new force and vital warmth receiv'd,
 As touch'd by Heav'n, and all the picture liv'd.

To Mr. GARRICK, on the Report of his leaving the
 Stage.—1775.

WHEN, rarely now to public eyes confest,
 The sun of *Shakespeare* beams on *Garrick's* breast,
 To circling crowds he deals th' electric fire,
 As joy or grief, as love or rage, inspire :
 Such storms of mirth once easy *Pritchard* rais'd ;
 Such wat'ry eyes on melting *Cibber* gaz'd ;—
 But, ah ! their chaplets fade beneath the tomb,—
 On *Garrick's* head may wreaths more lasting bloom !

But say, shall *Fame* declare, while *Shakespeare* dies,
 His old confed'rate, England's *Roscius*, flies ?
 Sees *Smith* inter his lover's cold remains,
 And savage *Macklin* hang his kings in chains ?
 Nature's plain dress far off lets *Reddish* fling,
 And lead her forth a prim, patch'd, powder'd thing ?

Shall equal wrong attend his publish'd lays,
 Where critic ivy choaks poetic bays ?

His obvious sense shall *Warburton* refine,
 And *Hanmer* smooth each nobly rugged line ?
 His language *Theobald* vamp with faithless art,
 And *Upton's* learning freeze his plastic heart ?
 Shall final ruin *Johnson*, *Steevens*, bring,
 Who clog, with notes of lead, his active wing ?
 While press'd he sinks, and but survives to tell
 That sexton *Capel* tolls his passing-bell ?

Garrick ! 't is thine his suff'ring worth to shield,
 Bestride the vanquish'd, and regain the field :
 One meaning glance of eyes like thine can show
 What lab'ring critics boast in vain to know.
 Once more let *Cawdor* grasp his midnight steel, !
 And *John* his wish half utter, half conceal ;
 In death's sad hour bid gay *Mercutio* smile,
 Or sportive *Philip* Austria's calf revile ;
 Else, idly sculptur'd *Hampton's God* appears,
 A boast of wealth, a sight for gaping Peers ;
 For while thy tongue deserts his friendless strain,
 Thy generous hand has rear'd his shrine in vain,

*Epigram on the Report of Mr. GARRICK's having
 quitted all Connexion with the Stage.—1776.*

“ INDEED ! ” cried hot Richard, and redden'd with
 rage,
 “ Has then renown'd Roscius quite quitted the stage ?
 “ By gad, then, the public is prettily fobb'd,
 “ By Garrick is cheated, is cozen'd, and robb'd.”

“ How ! robb'd ? and by Garrick ? ” cries Tom, “ Sir,
I fear ” —

“ By Garrick, I say, Sir, I'll make it appear :

“ Of pleasure the stage has long been the sweet source,

“ And who robs me of pleasure may as well take my
purse.

“ Then Roscius has *robb'd* us, I solemnly swear ;

“ For the stage is no stage, if no Garrick be there.”

NON-PAREIL ; or SHAKESPEARE and GARRICK.—1779.

WHEN *Shakespeare* died, he left behind

No mortal of an equal mind.

When *Garrick* play'd, he liv'd again,

Unrival'd 'mongst the sons of men.

But *Garrick* dies ! and (mark the sequel)

The world will never see their equal.

W. O.

Elegy on the Death of Mr. GARRICK.

BY MISS BOWDLER, OF BATH.

THE last sad rites were done ; the sacred ground

Was clos'd, and Garrick's dust to dust return'd ;

In life, in death, with gen'ral honours crown'd ;

A nation own'd his worth, applauded, mourn'd.

For who like him could ev'ry sense controul,

To Shakespeare's self new charms, new force impart ?

Bid unknown horrors shake the firmest soul,

And unknown feelings melt the hardest heart ?

Oft, when his eye, with more than magic pow'r,
 Gave life to thoughts, which words could ne'er reveal,
 The voice of praise awhile was heard no more ;
 All gaz'd in silence, and could only feel !

Each thought suspended in a gen'ral pause,
 All shar'd his passions, and forgot their own ;
 Till rous'd, in mighty thunders of applause,
 Th' accordant dictates of each heart were known,

Oh ! lost for ever to our wond'ring view !
 Yet faithful mem'ry shall preserve thy name ;
 E'en distant times thy honours shall renew,
 And Garrick still shall share his Shakespeare's fame.

Thus musing through the lonely aisle I stray'd,
 Recall'd the wonders of his matchless pow'rs,
 And many a former scene in thought survey'd,
 While all unheeded pass'd the silent hours.

With mournful awe I trod the sacred stones,
 Where kings and heroes sleep in long repose ;
 And trophies, mould'ring o'er the warrior's bones,
 Proclaim how frail the life which fame bestows.

Now sunk the last faint gleam of closing day,
 Each form was lost, and hush'd was ev'ry sound ;
 All, all was silent as the sleeping clay,
 And darkness spread her sable veil around.

At once, methought, a more than midnight gloom,
 With deathlike horror chill'd my throbbing breast ;
 When, lo ! a voice deep-murm'ring from the tomb,
 These awful accents on my soul impress'd :

- " Vain are the glories of a nation's praise ;
 " The boast of wit, the pride of genius vain ;
 " A long, long night succeeds the transient blaze,
 " Where darkness, solitude, and silence reign !

 " The shouts of loud applause, which thousands gave,
 " On me nor pride nor pleasure more bestow ;
 " Like the chill blast that murmurs o'er my grave,
 " They pass away, nor reach the dust below.

 " One virtuous deed, to all the world unknown,
 " Outweighs the highest bliss which these can give ;
 " Can cheer the soul, when youth and strength are
 flown,
 " In sickness triumph, and in death survive.

 " What though to thee, in life's remotest sphere,
 " Nor nature's gifts, nor fortune's are consign'd,
 " Let brightest prospects to thy soul appear,
 " And hopes immortal elevate thy mind.

 " The sculptur'd marble shall dissolve in dust,
 " And fame, and health, and honours pass away ;
 " Not such the triumphs of the good and just,
 " Not such the glories of eternal day.

 " These, these shall live, when ages are no more,
 " With never-fading lustre still shall shine !—
 " Go then, to heav'n devote thy utmost pow'r,
 " And know—whoe'er thou art,—the prize is thine."

*To the Memory of GARRICK.**By Miss HANNAH MORE, in her Poem called SENSIBILITY.*

1782.

SAY, can the boasted pow'rs of wit and song,
 Of life one pang remove, one hour prolong ?
 Presumptuous hope ! which daily truths deride ;
 For you, alas ! have wept—and *Garrick* died !
 Ne'er shall my heart his lov'd remembrance lose,
 Guide, critic, guardian, glory of my muse !
 O shades of Hampton ! witness as I mourn,
 Could wit or song elude *his* destin'd urn ?
 Though living virtue still your haunts endears,
 Yet buried worth shall justify my tears !
 Garrick ! those pow'rs which form a friend were thine ;
 And let me add, with pride, that friend was mine :
 With pride !—at once the vain emotion 's fled ;
 Far other thoughts are sacred to the dead.
 Who now with spirit keen, yet judgment cool,
 Th' unequal wand'rings of my muse shall rule ?
 Whose partial praise my worthless verse ensure ?
 For Candour smil'd when Garrick would endure.
 If harsher critics were compell'd to blame,
 I gain'd in friendship what I lost in fame ;
 And friendship's fost'ring smiles can well repay
 What critic rigour justly takes away.
 With keen acumen how his piercing eye
 The fault conceal'd from vulgar view would spy !
 While with a gen'rous warmth he strove to hide,
 Nay vindicate, the fault his judgment spied.

So pleas'd, could he detect a happy line,
 That he would fancy merit e'en in mine.
 O gen'rous error, when by friendship bred !
 His praises flatter'd me, but not misled.
 No narrow views could bind his lib'ral mind ;
 His friend was man, his party human kind.
 Agreed in this, opposing statesmen strove
 Who most should gain his praise, or court his love.
 His worth all hearts as to one centre drew ;
 Thus Tully's Atticus was Cæsar's too.

His wit so keen, it never miss'd its end ;
 So blameless too, it never lost a friend ;
 So chaste, that modesty ne'er learn'd to fear ;
 So pure, religion might unwounded hear.

How his quick mind, strong pow'rs, and ardent heart,
 Impoverish'd nature, and exhausted art,
 A brighter bard records *, a deathless muse !—
 But I his talents in his virtues lose :
 Great parts are Nature's gifts ; but that he shone
 Wise, moral, good, and virtuous—was his own.
 Though Time his silent hand across has stole,
 Soft'ning the tints of sorrow on the soul ;
 The deep impression long my heart shall fill,
 And every mellow'd trace be perfect still.

* Mr. Sheridan's Monody.—See p. 438

*Prize Monody on the Death of Mr. GARRICK.**For the Vase at Bath Easton, February 11, 1779.*

BY MISS SEWARD.

DIM sweeps the shower along the misty vale,
 And Grief's low accents murmur in the gale.
 O'er the damp vase Horatio sighing leans,
 And gazes absent on the faded scenes ;
 And Sorrow's gloom has veil'd each sprightly grace,
 That us'd to revel in his Laura's face,
 When, with sweet smiles, her garlands gay she twin'd,
 And each light spray with roseate ribands join'd.
 Dropt from her hand the scatter'd myrtles lie ;
 And lo ! dark cypress meets the mournful eye ;
 For *thee*, O Garrick ! sighs from Genius breathe,
 For *thee*, sad Beauty weaves the funeral wreath.

Shakespeare's great spirit, in its cloudless blaze,
 Led him unequall'd through th' inventive maze ;
 'Midst the deep pathos of his melting themes,
 Through the light magic of his playful dreams.
 He caught the genuine humour glowing there,
 Wit's vivid flash, and Cunning's sober leer ;
 The strange distress that fires the kindling brain
 Of feeble madness on the stormy plain ;
 Or when the pale youth, in the midnight shade,
 Pursues the steel-clad phantom through the glade ;
 Or, starting from the couch with dire affright,
 When the crown'd murd'rer glares upon the sight
 In all the horrors of the guilty soul,
 Dark as the night which wraps the frozen pole.

—Our subject passions own'd the sway complete,
And hail'd their Garrick as their Shakespeare great.

That voice, which pour'd its music on our ear,
Sweet as the songster of the vernal year,
Those graceful gestures—and that eye of fire,
With rage that flam'd, or melted with desire,
Awak'd the radiant joy in dimples sleek,
Or made the chilly blood forsake the cheek—
Where are they now?—Dark in the narrow cell
Insensate, shrunk, and still, and cold they dwell;
A silence solemn and eternal keep,
Where neither Love shall smile, nor Anguish weep.

Breathe, Genius, still the tributary sigh!
Still gush, ye liquid pearls, from Beauty's eye!
With slacken'd strings suspend your harps, ye Nine,
While round his urn yon cypress wreath ye twine!
Then give his merits to your loudest fame,
And write in sun-bright lustre *Garrick's* name!

LIST

OF

MR. GARRICK'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

I. **THE Lying Valet.** A comedy of two acts. 8vo. 1740. First acted at Goodman's Fields, and afterwards at Drury Lane.

II. **Miss in her Teens ; or, The Medley of Lovers.** A farce in two acts, performed at Covent Garden. 8vo. 1747.—The hint of this piece was taken from *La Parisienne* of Dancourt.

III. **Lethe.** A dramatic satire, acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1748.—This admirable performance, which ranks with the first of its kind, was originally represented in a very imperfect state at Goodman's Fields, when the author was engaged there. The first sketch, as then performed, was printed in 12mo. 1745, under the title of *Lethe, or Æsop in the Shades*.

IV. **Romeo and Juliet.** A tragedy, altered from Shakespeare, acted at Drury Lane. 12mo. 1750.

V. **Every Man in his Humour.** A comedy, altered from Ben Jonson ; acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1751.—This alteration consists chiefly of omissions and transpositions, with the addition of

a whole scene in the fourth act. It was excellently acted. Those who remember the original performers, do not expect to see a play so completely filled again in every character. Prologue by Mr. W. Whitehead.

VI. *The Fairies*. An opera. Altered from Shakespeare. Set to music by Mr. Smith. 8vo. 1755. Prologue written and spoken by Mr. Garrick.

VII. *The Tempest*. An opera. Altered from Shakespeare. Set to music by Mr. Smith. 8vo. 1756.—The prologue to this piece, evidently by Mr. Garrick, is printed only in Lloyd's *St. James's Magazine*, Vol. I.

VIII. *Florizel and Perdita*. A dramatic pastoral, in three acts, performed at Drury Lane, 1756.—This is taken from the *Winter's Tale*, and was originally acted under that title. It was not printed until 1758.

IX. *Catherine and Petruchio*. A farce, acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1756. An alteration of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*. Performed on the same night as *Florizel and Perdita*.

X. *Lilliput*. A dramatic entertainment, acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1757.—This piece was acted by children, among whom Mr. Cauthery made a distinguished figure. In 1777 it was revised by the author, and performed at the Haymarket.

XI. *The Male Coquet*; or, *Seventeen Hundred and Fifty Seven*. A farce, acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1757.—This little piece was first acted at Mr. Woodward's benefit. It was planned, written, and acted, in less than a month.

XII. *The Gamesters*. A comedy. Altered from Shirley and C. Johnson. Acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1758.

XIII. *Isabella*; or, *The Fatal Marriage*. A play altered from Southerne. Acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1758.—An alteration of *The Fatal Marriage*, by a total omission of the comic scenes.

XIV. *The Guardian*. A comedy, in two acts. Performed at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1759.—This was performed the first time for the benefit of Christopher Smart, a very agreeable, but unhappy poet, then under confinement. It is taken, in a great measure, from the celebrated *Pupille* of Mons. Fagan.

XV. *The Enchanter*; or, *Love and Magic*. A musical drama, acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1760.

XVI. *Harlequin's Invasion*. A speaking pantomime, acted at Drury Lane, 1761. Not printed.—We are told this was originally performed at Bartholomew Fair.

XVII. *Cymbeline*. A tragedy, altered from Shakespeare. Acted at Drury Lane. 12mo. 1761.

XVIII. *The Farmer's Return from London.* An interlude, performed at Drury Lane. 4to. 1762.—This made its first appearance at Mrs. Pritchard's benefit.

XIX. *The Clandestine Marriage.* A comedy, acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1766.—This was a joint production with Mr. Colman, was acted with great applause, and may be considered as one of the best comedies in the English language.

XX. *The Country Girl.* A comedy, altered from Wycherley's *Country Wife*. Acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1766.

XXI. *Neck or Nothing.* A farce in two acts, performed at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1766.—This farce is ascribed to Mr. Garrick, although it has also been given to Mr. King. It is an imitation of the *Crispin Rival de son Maitre* of *Le Sage*.

XXII. *Cymon.* A dramatic romance, acted at Drury Lane with great success. 8vo. 1767.

XXIII. *A Peep behind the Curtain; or, The New Rehearsal.* A farce, acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1767.

XXIV. *The Jubilee.* A dramatic entertainment, acted at Drury Lane, 1769.—This piece, which is not printed, was one of the most successful performances ever produced on the stage.

XXV. *King Arthur; or, The British Worthy.*

Altered from Dryden. Acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1770.

XXVI. Hamlet. Altered from Shakespeare. Acted at Drury Lane about 1771. Not printed.

XXVII. The Irish Widow. A comedy of two acts, performed at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1772.—The intention of this piece seems to have been merely to introduce Mrs. Barry (afterwards Mrs. Crawford) in a new light to the audience, and is very successfully executed. The characters of Whittle, Sir Patrick O'Neale, and Thomas, are extremely well sustained, and that of Kecksey, by Dodd, admirably.

XXVIII. The Chances. A comedy, with alterations, acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1773.—This is the Duke of Buckingham's play, taken from Beaumont and Fletcher, with the same title. The alterations are chiefly omissions of indecent passages, which the refinement of the present times would not suffer.

XXIX. Albumazar. A comedy, with alterations, acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1773.—This excellent old comedy was revived with all the strength of the house, as it had been before in 1748; yet, notwithstanding, was not so successful as it deserved to have been.

XXX. Alfred. A tragedy, altered from Mallet, Acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1773.

XXXI. A Christmas Tale, in five parts, acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1774.—This hath since been reduced to two acts, and performed as an after-piece.

XXXII. The Meeting of the Company. A prelude, acted at Drury Lane, 1774. Not printed.

XXXIII. May-Day. A ballad opera, acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1775.

XXXIV. Bon Ton; or, High Life above Stairs. A comedy, in two acts. 1775.

XXXV. The Theatrical Candidates. A prelude, acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1775.—The last two pieces are printed together.

He also made some alterations in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, *Mahomet*, and many other pieces which were performed during his management (*).

(*) The following LETTERS did not meet the Editor's eye in time to be inserted in their proper place, Vol. I. p. 141 ; but he thinks that they should not on that account be omitted.

LETTERS TO AND FROM MR. GARRICK.

[Soon after the late Mr. Garrick had purchased a moiety of Drury Lane theatre, he discovered that the company wanted a considerable recruit of low actors : in the

choice of those he generally paid an attention to person and look, more than to genius; for as they seldom had any thing to say, the eye was principally consulted. There was at that time about the theatre a very whimsical fellow, whose name was *Stone*; he had much humour, but never could be prevailed upon to tread the stage. Mr. Garrick, however, found him something to do, and he was employed in recruiting about the town for the drama; whenever he brought a person who was permitted to make an essay, whether successful or otherwise, he had a certain sum given him for his trouble; and for three or four years, this man (who had acquired the appellation of the Theatrical Crimp) made in this kind of service a tolerable subsistence. A variety of letters passed between Mr. Garrick and Stone during the course of their negotiations. The four following were written in the year 1748.]

“ SIR,

Thursday Noon.

“ Mr. Lacy turned me out of the lobby yesterday,
 “ and behaved very ill to me—I only *ax'd* for my two
 “ guineas for the last Bishop *, and he swore I should

* The person here called the Bishop was procured by Stone, and had often rehearsed the part of the Bishop of Winchester in the play of Henry the Eighth with such singular eclat, that Mr. Garrick frequently addressed him at the rehearsal as Cousin of Winchester. The fellow, however, never played the part, although the night of his coming out was announced in the public papers. The reader will soon guess the reason, from the two following letters that passed between Mr. Gar-

“ not have a farthing. I can’t live upon air—I have a
 “ few Cupids you may have cheap, as they belong to a
 “ poor journeyman shoemaker, who I drink with now
 “ and then. I am your humble servant, W. STONE.”

Answer.

“ STONE,

Friday Morn.

“ You are the best fellow in the world—bring the
 “ Cupids to the theatre to-morrow. If they are under
 “ six, and well made, you shall have a guinea a-piece
 “ for them. Mr. Lacy will pay you himself for the
 “ Bishop—he is very penitent for what he has done. If
 “ you can get me two good Murderers, I will pay you
 “ handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who
 “ keeps the apple-stand on Tower Hill; the cut in his
 “ face is just the thing. Pick me up an Alderman or
 “ two, for Richard, if you can, and I have no objection
 “ to treat with you for a comely Mayor. The bearer
 “ will not do for Brutus, although I think he will suc-
 “ ceed in Mat.

“ D. G———”

rick and Stone on the very evening that he was to make his appearance.

“ SIR,

“ The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the
 “ Bear—and swears d—n his eyes if he’ll play to-
 “ night. I am yours, W. STONE.”

Answer.

“ STONE,

“ The Bishop may go to the devil—I do not know a
 “ greater rascal except yourself. D. G———”

LIST

OF

CHARACTERS ACTED BY MR. GARRICK.

A.

Antony and Cleopatra——Antony.
 Alchemist——Abel Drugger.
 Athelstan——Athelstan.
 Agis——Lysander.
 Alfred——Alfred.

B.

Barbarossa——Achmet.
 Busy Body——Marplot.
 Boadicea——Dumnorix.
 Brothers——Demetrius.

C.

Chances——Don John.
 Creüsa——Aletes.
 Cymbeline——Posthumus.
 Careless Husband——Lord Foppington.

D.

Discovery——Sir Anthony Branville.
 Distrest Mother——Orestes.

E.

Every Man in his Humour——Kitely.

Edward the Black Prince——Edward.

Eurydice——Periander.

Elvira——King, Don Alonzo IV.

Eugenia——Mercœur.

F.

Foundling——Belmont

Fair Penitent——Lothario and Sciolto.

Farmer's Return——Farmer.

Fatal Marriage——Biron.

G.

The Gamester, a tragedy——Beverly.

The Gamesters, a comedy——Wilding.

Gil Blas, a comedy——Gil Blas.

Guardian, a farce——Guardian.

H.

Hamlet——Hamlet, and the Ghost.

Henry IV. 1st Part——Hotspur.

—— — 2d Part——The King.

—— V. —— —— Chorus.

I.

Inconstant——Duretête.

Jane Shore——Hastings.

John (King)——King, and the Bastard.

Jealous Wife——Oakly.

Isabella——Biron.

Irene——Demetrius.

L.

Lear——Lear.

Love makes a Man——Clodio.

Lethe, or Æsop in the Shades——Lord Chalkstone, Poet, Drunken Man, and Frenchman.

Lying Valet——Sharp.

Love's Last Shift——Loveless.

M.

Merope——Eumenes.

Macbeth——Macbeth.

Merry Wives of Windsor——Dr. Caius.

Much Ado about Nothing——Benedict.

Mock Doctor——Gregory.

Mourning Bride——Osmyn.

Mahomet——Zaphna.

Miss in her Teens——Fribble.

Mistake——Carlos.

O.

Old Bachelor——Fondlewife.

Oroonoko——Oroonoko and Aboan.

Othello——Othello and Iago.

Orphan——Chamont.

Orphan of China——Zamti.

Ode on Shakespeare——Recitation of it.

P.

Provok'd Wife——Sir John Brute.

Provok'd Husband——Lord Townly, Sir Francis Wronghead.

Pamela——Jack Smatter, supposed to be written by himself.

R.

Richard III.——Richard, first time of his acting, Goodman's Fields, October 19, 1741.

Romeo and Juliet——Romeo and Mercutio.

Rehearsal——Bayes.

Recruiting Officer——Plume, Capt. Brazen, and a Recruit.

Rule a Wife——Leon.

Roman Father——Horatius.

Regulus——Regulus.

S.

Stratagem——Archer and Scrub.

Siege of Aquileia——Æmilius.

Suspicious Husband——Ranger.

School for Lovers——Sir J. Dorilant.

Schoolboy——Master Johnny.

T.

Trip to the Jubilee——Sir Harry Wildair.

Tancred and Sigismunda——Tancred.

Tender Husband——Sir Harry Gubbins.

V.

Virginia——Virginius.

Venice Preserved——Jaffier and Pierre.

Upholsterer——Pamphlet.

W.

Wonder, a Woman Keeps a Secret——Felix.

Way to Keep Him——Lovemore.

Winter's Tale——Leontes.

Wedding Day——Millamour.

Z.

Zara——Lusignan (*).

(*) To the foregoing we add—

*A List of the Characters performed by Mr. GARRICK,
chronologically arranged.*

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|-------|-----|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1741. | 1. | <i>Richard III.</i> | In King Richard III. |
| | 2. | <i>Clodio,</i> | Love makes a Man. |
| | 3. | <i>Chamont,</i> | Orphan. |
| | 4. | <i>Jack Smatter,</i> | Pamela. |
| | 5. | <i>Sharp,</i> | Lying Valet. |
| | 6. | <i>Lothario,</i> | Fair Penitent. |
| | 7. | <i>Ghost,</i> | Hamlet. |
| 1742. | 8. | <i>Fondlewife,</i> | Old Bachelor. |
| | 9. | <i>Costar Pearmuin,</i> | The Recruiting Officer. |
| | 10. | <i>Aboan,</i> | Oroonoko. |
| | 11. | <i>Witwou'd,</i> | The Way of the World. |
| | 12. | <i>Bayes,</i> | The Rehearsal. |
| | 13. | <i>Master Johnny,</i> | The Schoolboy. |
| | 14. | <i>King Lear,</i> | King Lear. |
| | 15. | <i>Lord Foppington,</i> | The Careless Husband. |
| | 16. | <i>Capt. Duretête,</i> | The Inconstant. |
| | 17. | <i>Pierre,</i> | Venice Preserved. |

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| | 18. <i>Captain Braxen,</i> | The Recruiting Officer. |
| | 19. <i>Captain Plume,</i> | The Recruiting Officer. |
| | 20. <i>Hamlet,</i> | Hamlet. |
| | 21. <i>Archer,</i> | The Stratagem. |
| 1743. | 22. <i>Millamour,</i> | The Wedding Day. |
| | 23. <i>Lord Hastings,</i> | Jane Shore. |
| | 24. <i>Sir Harry Wild-</i> | |
| | air, | Constant Couple. |
| | 25. <i>Abel Drugger,</i> | The Alchymist. |
| 1744. | 26. <i>Macbeth,</i> | Macbeth. |
| | 27. <i>Regulus,</i> | Regulus. |
| | 28. <i>Lord Townly,</i> | The Provoked Husband. |
| | 29. <i>Biron,</i> | The Fatal Marriage. |
| | 30. <i>Zaphna,</i> | Mahomet. |
| | 31. <i>Sir John Brute,</i> | The Provoked Wife. |
| | 32. <i>Scrub,</i> | The Stratagem. |
| 1745. | 33. <i>King John,</i> | King John. |
| | 34. <i>Othello.</i> | Othello. |
| | 35. <i>Tancred,</i> | Tancred and Sigismunda. |
| 1746. | 36. <i>Hotspur,</i> | King Henry IV. |
| 1747. | 37. <i>Fribble,</i> | Miss in her Teens. |
| | 38. <i>Ranger,</i> | The Suspicious Husband. |
| | 39. <i>Chorus,</i> | King Henry V. |
| 1748. | 40. <i>Jaffier,</i> | Venice Preserved. |
| | 41. <i>Young Belmont,</i> | The Foundling. |
| | 42. <i>Benedick,</i> | Much Ado about No- |
| | | thing. |
| 1749. | 43. <i>Poet,</i> | } Lethe. |
| | 44. <i>Drunken Man,</i> | |
| | 45. <i>Frenchman,</i> | |
| | 46. <i>Demetrius,</i> | Irene. |

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| 47. | <i>Iago,</i> | Othello. |
| 48. | <i>Dorilas,</i> | Merope. |
| 1750. | 49. <i>Prince Edward,</i> | Edward the Black Prince. |
| | 50. <i>Horatius,</i> | The Roman Father. |
| | 51. <i>Romeo,</i> | Romeo and Juliet. |
| | 52. <i>Osmyn,</i> | The Mourning Bride. |
| 1751. | 53. <i>Gil Blas,</i> | Gil Blas. |
| | 54. <i>Alfred,</i> | Alfred. |
| | 55. <i>Kitely,</i> | Every Man in his Humour. |
| 1752. | 56. <i>Mercœur,</i> | Eugenia. |
| | 57. <i>Loveless,</i> | Love's last Shift. |
| 1753. | 58. <i>Beverley,</i> | The Gamester. |
| | 59. <i>Demetrius,</i> | The Brothers. |
| | 60. <i>Dumnorix,</i> | Boadicea. |
| 1754. | 61. <i>Bastard,</i> | King John. |
| | 62. <i>Virginus,</i> | Virginia. |
| | 63. <i>Lusignan,</i> | Zara. |
| | 64. <i>Aletes,</i> | Creüsa. |
| | 65. <i>Don John,</i> | The Chances. |
| | 66. <i>Achmet,</i> | Barbarossa. |
| 1755. | 67. <i>Don Carlos,</i> | The Mistake. |
| 1756. | 68. <i>Leontes,</i> | The Winter's Tale. |
| | 69. <i>Athelstan,</i> | Athelstan. |
| | 70. <i>Leon,</i> | Rule a Wife and have a Wife. |
| | 71. <i>Lord Chalkstone,</i> | Lethe. |
| | 72. <i>Don Felix,</i> | The Wonder. |
| 1757. | 73. <i>Wilding,</i> | The Gamesters. |
| 1758. | 74. <i>Lysander,</i> | Agis. |

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| | 75. <i>King Henry IV.</i> | King Henry IV. Part II. |
| | 76. <i>Pamphlet,</i> | The Upholsterer. |
| | 77. <i>Marplot,</i> | The Busy Body. |
| 1739 | 78. <i>Heartley,</i> | The Guardian. |
| | 79. <i>Periander,</i> | Eurydice. |
| | 80. <i>Mark Antony,</i> | Antony and Cleopatra. |
| | 81. <i>Zamti,</i> | The Orphan of China. |
| | 82. <i>Oroonoko,</i> | Oroonoko. |
| 1760. | 83. <i>Lovemore,</i> | The Way to keep Him. |
| | 84. <i>Æmilius,</i> | The Siege of Aquileia. |
| | 85. <i>Sir Harry Gub-</i> | |
| | <i>bins,</i> | The Tender Husband. |
| 1761. | 86. <i>Oakley,</i> | The Jealous Wife. |
| | 87. <i>Mercutio,</i> | Romeo and Juliet. |
| | 88. <i>Posthumus,</i> | Cymbeline. |
| 1762. | 89. <i>Sir John Dori-</i> | |
| | <i>lant,</i> | The School for Lovers. |
| | 90. <i>Farmer,</i> | The Farmer's Return. |
| 1763. | 91. <i>Alonzo,</i> | Elvira. |
| | 92. <i>Sir Antony Bram-</i> | |
| | <i>ville,</i> | The Discovery. |
| | 93. <i>Sciolto,</i> | The Fair Penitent. |
| 1769. | 94. <i>Ode, on dedicating a Building, &c. to</i> | |
| | <i>Shakespeare.</i> | |

* * It has been said, that *Orestes*, *Sir Francis Wronghead*, *Doctor Caius*, and the *Mock Doctor*, had been also performed by Mr. Garrick : but as the London play-bills afford no authority for such information, the names of these characters are not inserted in the foregoing catalogue.

CEREMONIAL
OF THE
FUNERAL OF MR. GARRICK (*),
FEB. 1, 1779.

AT ten o'clock in the morning, the Adelphi Terrace, and the streets leading to it, began to be crowded with people, and several mourners came to Mr. Garrick's house before eleven; at twelve the Strand, all the way from thence to the Abbey, was thronged; the windows of all the houses, and the very house-tops, were crowded with innumerable spectators, and so many carriages in the streets that they were not passable; for curiosity hardly ever appeared so very pressing as on the above occasion.

The time fixed for the commencement of the ceremony was one o'clock; about a quarter after one the company got into the coaches, and in a slow, solemn pace proceeded to the Abbey in the exact manner hereafter described, and arrived there at about a quarter past two; but the whole of the

(*) The account given by Mr. Davies of this funeral was so meagre and mutilated, that we have been induced to supply its place by a more perfect statement.

persons in the procession were not out of their carriages till near a quarter past three; when, on entering the church, they were met by the Dean and Chapter, who accompanied the corpse to the grave, while the gentlemen of the choir sung Purcell's grand funeral service, accompanied by the organ; and the corpse was interred, close to the monument of Shakespeare, in Poets' Corner, amidst the tears of a great number of his friends, who appeared to speak a heart-felt woe.

The Order of the Procession.

Four Porters with staves.

State lid of Feathers.

Six Pages—*Hearse, with the Body*—Six Pages.

Six Horsemen with cloaks.

The Penon on horseback.

Two Supporters.

Six Horsemen with cloaks.

Surcoat, Mr. Evans, Treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre.

Helmet, Crest, and Mantle, Mr. Kirk,
Housekeeper.

State Coach empty.

2d Coach, four Clergymen, Dr. Hamilton, Rev.

Mr. Wright, Rev. Mr. Bowyer, Rev. Mr. Este.

Five Coaches with Pall-bearers.

3d Coach, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Camden,

4th, Lord Spencer, Lord Ossory.

5th, Lord Palmerston, Hon. Mr. Rigby.

6th, Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart. Hon. Mr. Stanley.

7th, Albany Wallis, Esq. John Paterson, Esq.

Chief Mourner.

8th Coach, R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

Two Train-bearers.

9th Coach, Family Mourners, Rev. Carrington

Garrick, David Garrick, Esq.; Nathan Gar-

rick, Esq.; Capt. Schaw.

10th, Physician and Apothecary, Dr. Cadogan

and Mr. Lawrence.

Butler, Carpenter to D. L.; Fosbrook, Book-
keeper; two Horsemen with cloaks.

Gentlemen of the Theatre, Drury Lane.

11. Messrs. King and Smith.

12. Messrs. Yates, Dodd, and Vernon.

13. Messrs. Palmer, Brereton, Bensley, Moody.

14. Messrs. Aickin, Parsons, Baddeley.

Two Horsemen in cloaks.

Gentlemen of Covent Garden Theatre.

15. Messrs. Mattocks, Clark, Aickin, Baker.

16. Messrs. Hull, Lewis, Wroughton, Reinhold.

17. Messrs. Lee Lewes, Whitfield, Quick, Wilson.

Two Horsemen in cloaks.

Gentlemen of the Literary Club.

18. Lord Althorp, Hon. T. Beauclerc, Sir Charles

Bunbury, Edmund Burke, Esq.

19. John Dunning, Esq.; Dr. Percy, Dean of Carlisle; Dr. Samuel Johnson; Dr. Morlay, Dean of Ferns.
20. Edward Gibbon, Esq. George Colman, Esq. Joseph Banks, Esq. Anthony Chamier, Esq.
21. William Jones, Esq. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hon. Charles James Fox, William Scot, Esq.
22. Dr. G. Fordyce, Robert Orme, Esq. Bennet Langton, Esq. — Chetwynd, Esq.
Two Men on horseback with cloaks.

Intimate Friends.

23. Sir Grey Cooper. Bart. Thomas Harris, Esq. Sir Thomas Mills, Henry Hoare, Esq.
24. John Robinson, Esq. General Hale, George Hardinge, Esq. Richard Belfenger, Esq.
25. Henry Wilmot, Esq. — Rupert, Esq. Robert Adam, Esq. John Hoole, Esq.
26. Richard Cumberland, Esq. — Calvert, Esq. Richard Cox, Esq. Thomas Wyld, Esq.
27. Rev. Henry Bate, Dr. Ford, Rich. Tickell, Esq. Thomas Linley, Esq.
28. Nathaniel Barwell, Esq. George Ramus, Esq. Hon. and Rev. Mr. Cholmondeley, George Ramus, Esq. jun.
29. William Whitehead, Esq. Benjamin Wilson, Esq. Dr. Burney, Joseph Airey, Esq.
30. Mr. Theobald Forrest, — Parson, Esq.

James Crawford, Esq. Thomas Vaughan, Esq.

31. — Angelo, Esq. Mr. Racket, jun. Mr. Racket, sen. — Churchill, Esq.

32. Mons. de Louthembourg, Mr. Bennet, Mons. Texier, Mr. Becket.

33. Thomas Walker, Esq. Thomas Johnes, Esq. Mr. Noverre, Edward Capel, Esq.

Mr. Garrick's Family Coach empty; Capt. Schaw's ditto, followed by the gentlemen's family carriages, to the number of thirty-four, the coachmen and footmen in black silk hatbands and gloves.

After the burial service, which was performed by the Bishop of Rochester, was over, the mourners severally quitted the Abbey, but did not return in form as they came there.

The mourning coaches were drawn by six horses in each, and pages walked on both sides.

The coffin was crimson velvet with silver gilt nails and plate, on which was at the top the arms of the deceased, underneath this motto,

“ RESURGAM,”

and his name, the day he died, and his age, in Latin.

Not the least accident happened during the whole of the ceremony; and the regularity and order preserved throughout plainly proved that the

directors of the funeral were very properly chosen for that business.

Rings were given to all the gentlemen who attended the funeral.

The expenses were estimated at upwards of 1500 *l.* (*). The fees paid to the Dean and Chapter were 100 guineas.

A party of Guards preceded the procession from Mr. Garrick's house to the church, where two other parties formed a lane for the ceremony to pass through.

(*) This pompous funeral drew the following **IM-PROMPTU** from Mr. Henderson, the actor :

As from the borders of Cocytus' wave,
 Not yet enfranchis'd by the closing grave,
 Garrick just peep'd into the world above,
 And saw a sombrous long procession move ;
 Saw the Strand glitter with the tawdry state,
 Part grave, part gay, part tinsel, and part plate ;
 The prim deportment of lugubrious mutes,
 And the taught tossings of the feather'd brutes ;
 " Another *Jubilee*," he cries, " appears,
 " Go, bid the managers dismiss their fears ;
 " No more from empty theatres despair,
 " And dread of duns deliver to the air !
 " Call all my carpenters—bid George (†) attend,
 " And ransack Monmouth Street from end to end ;

(†) His brother George Garrick.

“ Buy all the blacks, defraud the starving moth,
 “ Or let him, if he will, defile the cloth :
 “ Bring moth and all—we have no time to lose—
 “ If there’s not black enough, then buy the blues.
 “ Dye all the truncheons, and their edges gild,
 “ All but that truncheon I was wont to wield ;
 “ Buy from the pastry-cooks their Twelfth-night flags,
 “ To flame in front, the train be clos’d with rags ;
 “ The dirtiest wardrobe will the rear supply,
 “ Our stage perspective will deceive the eye :
 “ All to your several offices repair,
 “ Whilst I determine—in what shape or where
 “ This gaudy mummerly may best appear ;
 “ If for Ophelia, by young Hamlet mourn’d :
 “ Or for poor Juliet, yet alive inurn’d.”

Thus far he spoke in an imperial tone,
 And quite forgot the funeral was *his own*.

Alas ! poor Garrick, in Elysian meads,
 Where new delight to new delight succeeds :
 Still shall the phantom *wealth* thy steps pursue,
 And tinge thy pleasures with a *careful* hue.

MR. GARRICK'S WILL.

I DAVID GARRICK, of the Adelphi, and of Hampton in the county of Middlesex, Esquire, do make public and declare this to be my last will and testament, as follows: I give and devise unto the Right Hon. Charles Lord Camden, the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, John Paterson, Esq. and Albany Wallis, Esq. of Norfolk Street, all that my dwelling-house at Hampton aforesaid, and the outhouses, stables, yards, gardens, orchards, lands, and grounds thereunto belonging, or therewith now by me used, occupied, or enjoyed, together with the two islands or aytes on the river Thames, with their and every of their appurtenances, and the statue of Shakespeare; and also all that my dwelling-house in the Adelphi, with the appurtenances; and also all and every the pictures, household goods, and furniture, of and in both the said houses at Hampton and Adelphi, at the time of my decease (of which an inventory shall be taken); To hold to the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, their heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, in trust for and to the use of my wife Eva Maria Garrick, for and during the

term of her natural life, for her own residence, she keeping the house and premises in good repair, and paying all quit-rents, taxes, and other rents and outgoings for the same. I give to my said wife all my household linen, silver plate, and china ware, which I shall die possessed of, or entitled unto, both in town and country; together with my carriages and horses, and all the stock in my cellars at both houses, to and for her own use and benefit: I also give to my said wife one thousand pounds, to be paid immediately after my death, out of the first money that shall be received by my executors: I give to my said wife the further sum of five thousand pounds, to be paid twelve months after my decease, with interest for the same, at the rate of four pounds *per centum*: and I also give to my said wife, Eva Maria Garrick, one clear annuity or yearly sum of fifteen hundred pounds of lawful money of Great Britain, for and during the term of her natural life, to be paid to her quarterly, to and for her sole and separate use, without being subject to the debts, controul, or intermeddling of any husband she shall or may marry, and her receipts alone to be sufficient discharges from time to time for the same, to my executors and trustees (*).

(*) It might have been expected of Mrs. Garrick, for whom her deceased husband had made so liberal a

It is my request and desire, that my wife shall continue in England, and make Hampton and the

provision, that she would have placed a stone over his grave, *in pii memoriam* ; but no such act of affection or gratitude has reached our ears. A handsome monument, however, was erected ten years ago, in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of Mr. Albany Wallis. That gentleman waited for a long time with an idea that orders for that purpose would be given by Mrs. Garrick. But, finding at last, upon an application made to that lady, that nothing of the sort was to be expected from her, Mr. Wallis resolved, in a most liberal manner, to pay that mark of respect to his deceased friend. He employed an ingenious artist to plan and execute the work ; and, to enable him to go on, placed three hundred pounds in his hands. That money, however, was totally lost, as the statuary became a bankrupt. Mr. Wallis was not deterred by this event ; he had recourse to that eminent statuary, Mr. Webber, who finished the business in an elegant style. The whole, including the former disbursements, amounted to the sum of one thousand pounds. Mr. Wallis has lately paid his debt to nature. It may be said of him, that sepulchral honours are not wanted. When he did honour to the memory of Mr. Garrick, he raised, by that act of munificence, a monument to himself. The sculpture comprises three full-length figures, the principal of which is Mr. Garrick in a theatrical attitude ; Tragedy and Comedy are seated beneath him ; and immediately over his head is a small medal-

Adelphi her chief places of residence ; but if she shall leave England, or reside beyond sea, or in Scotland, or Ireland, in such case, which I hope will not happen, but in that case, I revoke and make void all the devises and bequests to her, or for her use herein before mentioned, which shall, on such event, become due and payable to her ; and instead thereof, I give her only a clear annuity

lion, with a profile, we believe intended to represent Shakespeare. The following Epitaph (by Mr. Pratt) is inscribed on a tablet beneath the group :

“ To the Memory of David Garrick ;

“ who died in the year 1779, at the

“ Age of sixty-three.”

“ To paint fair Nature, by divine command,

“ Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,

“ A Shakespeare rose ; then, to expand his fame,

“ Wide o’er the ‘ breathing world,’ a Garrick came.

“ Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,

“ The actor’s genius bade them breathe anew ;

“ Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,

“ Immortal Garrick call’d them back to day ;

“ And, till eternity, with power sublime,

“ Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,

“ Shakespeare and Garrick, like twin stars, shall shine,

“ And earth irradiate with a beam divine.”

“ This Monument, the tribute of a Friend, was erected

1797.”

of one thousand pounds of lawful money of Great Britain, for and during the term of her natural life, payable quarterly. Provided nevertheless, and I hereby declare, that the provision hereby made for my wife, and the legacies and bequests hereby given to her, are meant and intended to be in lieu of and full satisfaction for the dividends, interest, and profits of ten thousand pounds, which by our marriage settlement is to be paid, and agreed to be invested in stocks, or securities, for the purposes therein mentioned; and also in bar and full satisfaction of her dower, or thirds at common law, which she may be entitled to out of my real estates. And I further declare it to be an express condition, annexed to the said legacies and bequests, so given to my wife, that if she shall not, within three calendar months next after my decease, testify her consent in writing, to my executors, to take under this my will, and to relinquish all claim to the interest and dividends of the said ten thousand pounds mentioned in our marriage settlement; then, and in such case, all the annuities, legacies, devises, and bequests to her, or for her benefit, hereafter mentioned, shall become null and void, and the annuities herein given to her shall sink into, and become part of my estate. And from and after the decease of my wife, or from and after the determination or forfeiture of her interest in the pre-

wives, as aforesaid, I direct my said trustees, and the survivors, or the heirs, executors, or administrators of the survivor, to sell, dispose of, and convey my said houses, gardens, and land at Hampton and the Adelphi, with their respective appurtenances, pictures, household goods, and furniture, herein before given (except the statue of Shakespeare), by public or private sale, as they shall think proper, for the best price that can reasonably be got for the same, and turn the same into money upon the trusts and for the purposes hereinafter mentioned. I give and devise all that messuage and garden, now occupied by, and in possession of my nephew David Garrick, at Hampton, and all the furniture therein, and all other my messuages, farms, and lands in the parish of Hampton (except those given to or for the use of my wife), unto and to the use of my said nephew David Garrick, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns. I give and devise all that my manor of Hendon, and all other my manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, with their and every of their rights, royalties, members, and appurtenances, unto the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, and the survivors or survivor of them, and the heirs of such survivor, in trust

to sell, dispose of, and convey the same together or in parcels, by public or private, or in one or more sale or sales; and the clear money arising from such sale or sales, as the same shall be received, after defraying the expenses attending such sales, to place out upon government or real security at interest in their names, in trust, and for the purposes hereafter mentioned. I give and bequeath the statue of Shakespeare (after my wife's death), and all my collection of old English plays, to the trustees of the British Museum, for the time being, for the use of the public. I give all the rest of my books, of what kind soever (except such as my wife shall choose, to the value of one hundred pounds, which I give and bequeath to her), unto my nephew Carrington Garrick, for his own use. I give the houses in Drury Lane, which I bought of the fund for decayed actors of the theatre there, back again to the fund. I give and bequeath all the rest of my personal estate whatsoever, not specifically given, to the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, their executors, administrators, and assigns, in trust to be by them with all convenient speed sold and disposed of to the best advantage, and out of the money to arise therefrom, and any other money or personal estate, in the first place to pay the said legacies of one thousand pounds,

and five thousand pounds to my wife, and the residue to be placed in their names in government or real security at interest, upon trust, that they the said trustees, and the survivors and survivor of them, and the executors, administrators, and assigns of each survivor, shall and do, out of the dividends, interest, profits, and proceeds thereof, or a competent part thereof, from time to time, pay or cause to be paid to my wife, Eva Maria Garrick, the said annuity of fifteen hundred pounds, herein before given to her during her natural life as aforesaid; and for that purpose I direct that part of my personal estate, and of the money to arise from the sale of my real estates, and the securities on which the same shall be vested, shall be set apart, sufficient for the interest thereof to pay the annuities of fifteen hundred pounds, or one thousand pounds, as the case may happen, to my wife, during her life as aforesaid; and in case any such securities so set apart for the purposes aforesaid, shall fail or prove deficient, I direct others to be appropriated to make good the same, so as that the said annuities and provision may be fully and punctually paid to my wife, in preference to every other legacy, payment, or bequest whatsoever. And I give to my brother George Garrick the sum of ten thousand pounds. To my brother Peter Garrick,

the sum of three thousand pounds. To my nephew Carrington Garrick, the sum of six thousand pounds. To my nephew David Garrick, the sum of five thousand pounds, besides what I agreed to give him on his marriage. I direct my executors and trustees to stand possessed of six thousand pounds, part of my personal estate, in trust for my niece Arabella Schaw, wife of Captain Schaw, and to pay and dispose thereof, in such manner as my niece Arabella Schaw shall (notwithstanding her present coverture, by writing, signed by her in the presence of two credible witnesses) direct or appoint: and in default of such direction or appointment, to pay one moiety thereof to her personal representatives, the other moiety to become a part of my personal estate. I give to my niece Catherine Garrick the sum of six thousand pounds, to be paid to her at the age of twenty-one years, or day of marriage, with interest at the rate of four *per cent. per annum*. I give to my sister Merical Doxey, the sum of three thousand pounds. I give to my wife's niece, who is now with us at Hampton, the sum of one thousand pounds. All which legacies I direct shall be paid by my executors, out of the residue of my personal estate, which shall remain after paying the legacies to my wife, and securing the annuities as aforesaid; and if there shall not be sufficient to

answer and pay all the said last-mentioned legacies, the legatees shall abate in proportion to their legacies, and wait until the death of my wife, when the money arising by the sale of Hampton and the fund for payment of the annuities, will be at liberty, and become part of my personal estate, to answer and pay the said legacies in full, provided always, that if any one or two of my trustees shall die before the several trusts hereby in them reposed, shall be fully and completely executed and finished; then, and in such case, the survivors and survivor of them shall, in convenient time, assign, transfer, and convey such of the estates, stocks, funds, and other securities, as shall then remain undisposed of for the purposes aforesaid, so as the same may be vested in the survivors or survivor; and as often as any of the said trustees shall die, a new one shall be named to be joined with the survivors, so that the number may be kept filled up; and all such new trustees shall stand possessed of the estates, stocks, funds, and securities, jointly with the survivors, to the same uses, and upon the same trusts, intents, and purposes, herein before declared and appointed: provided also that it shall be lawful for my said trustees and every of them, and all future trustee and trustees, in the first place, to retain to themselves out of the trust estates, from time to time, all such costs, charges,

and expenses, as they or any of them shall respectively be put unto or sustain in the trust hereby in them respectively reposed; and that none of them, or any future trustee or trustees, shall be answerable for the other or others of them, or more than he himself shall actually receive, or wilfully lose or destroy; and in case, after the payment of all the said legacies, bequests, and expenses, there shall remain any surplus money, or personal estate, I direct the same to be divided among my next of kin, as if I had died intestate; and I nominate and appoint the said Charles Lord Camden, Richard Rigby, John Paterson, and Albany Wallis, to be executors of this my will, which I declare to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former and other wills by me at any time heretofore made. In witness whereof, I the said David Garrick have to two parts of this my will, contained in seven sheets of paper, set my hand to each of the said sheets, and my seal to the first and last sheets, this twenty-fourth day of September, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight.

DAVID GARRICK. (L. S.)

FINIS.

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